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THE HISTORY
OF THE
FRENCH REVOLUTION,

1789 TO 1795;

OR
A COUNTRY WITHOUT A GOD.

BY
HENRY H. NORTHROP.

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Μὴ πλανᾶσθε, Θεὸς οὐ μνηστῆρίζεται· ὁ γὰρ ἐὰν σπεύρῃ ἄνθρωπος, τοῦτο
καὶ θερίσει.

GALATIANS, vi. 7.

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1890.

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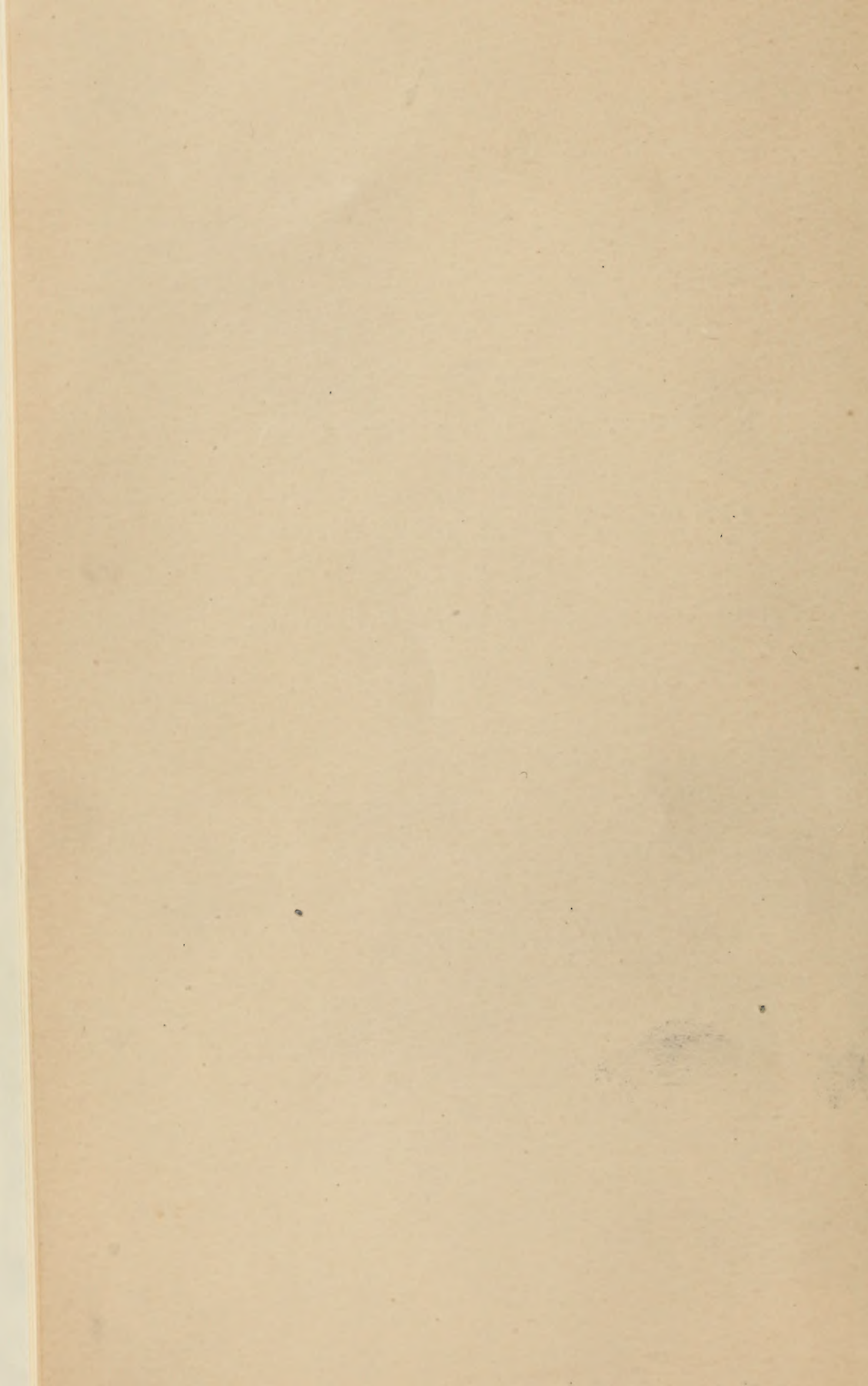
This Book

IS

RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED

BY

THE AUTHOR.



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PREFACE.

My first endeavor in writing this History has been to tell the truth. The work is not designed for the scholar alone, but for the masses of the people also. The subject of the French Revolution has occupied my leisure hours, more or less, for thirty-five years. During a vast historical reading on many subjects, I have perused almost everything published in English, and much in French, upon this theme. Besides possessing a considerable library of my own, I have had full access to the Brown University Library, and the Public Library of Providence, R. I. In previous studies upon the French Revolution, I spent a year among the treasures of the Astor Library in New York City. This work is the fruit of honest research and wide and impartial study for many years.

I have been solicitous to do full justice to all the great actors in this mighty drama and terrible and bloody tragedy. I have sought to exhibit Louis XVI., Marie Antoinette, the Duke of Orleans, Lafayette, Bailly, Dumourier, Petion; the Terrorists Danton, Robespierre, and Marat, and the illustrious women like Madame Roland, as they actually were. I have weighed the probabilities in conflicting statements as to facts and tried to give that which seemed to me nearest to the truth. My effort has been to write an impartial history. But in doing so I have not forgotten God and his government, nor Christ and his religion. I have freely presented the moral suggestions which naturally arise in contemplating and in recording the events of that dreadful convulsion.

I have been very full in my descriptions of the pathetic and humane scenes of the Revolution. I have derived great assistance in this direction from such works as Beauchesne's Louis XVII., Madame Campan's Memoirs, Memoirs of Bouille, of Dumourier, Lives of Marie Antoinette by Weber, by Yonge, and many others, and the Revolutionary memoirs

and records. I have faithfully gone over the volumes of the *Moniteur* for 1789, '90, '91, '92, '93, '94, and '95, in which the debates of the Constituent and Legislative Assemblies and of the Convention are fully recorded; and where accounts of the trials of Custine, Louis XVI., Charlotte Corday, and Marie Antoinette are minutely given. The writings of Lamartine, Von Laun, Taine, H. A. Stevens, Mignet, Michelet, Alison, Louis Blanc, Thiers, Von Sybel, Gardiner, and a large number of other historians of the French Revolution have been fully and carefully perused; and there is not a single fact in this book, neither a description nor a dialogue, neither a speech nor an event, which is not based on authority. The Memoirs of Ferriers, of Peltier, and as to the Vendean War, of Madame de La Rochejacquelin and many others, have been of great help.

This book is written from the standpoint of Evangelical Christianity, but I have sought most conscientiously to be entirely just, truthful, and fair. That it is imperfect, as all human productions are, the author well knows.

I return my sincere thanks to Mr. Edward C. Bixby of the Providence Public Library, to Dr. R. A. Guild, Librarian of Brown University, and to Professor L. W. Russell, Principal of the Bridgeham Street School of Providence, for the valuable assistance they have given me either as to books or in criticism.

HENRY H. NORTHROP.

31 ARCH ST., PROVIDENCE, R. I.
March 20, 1890.

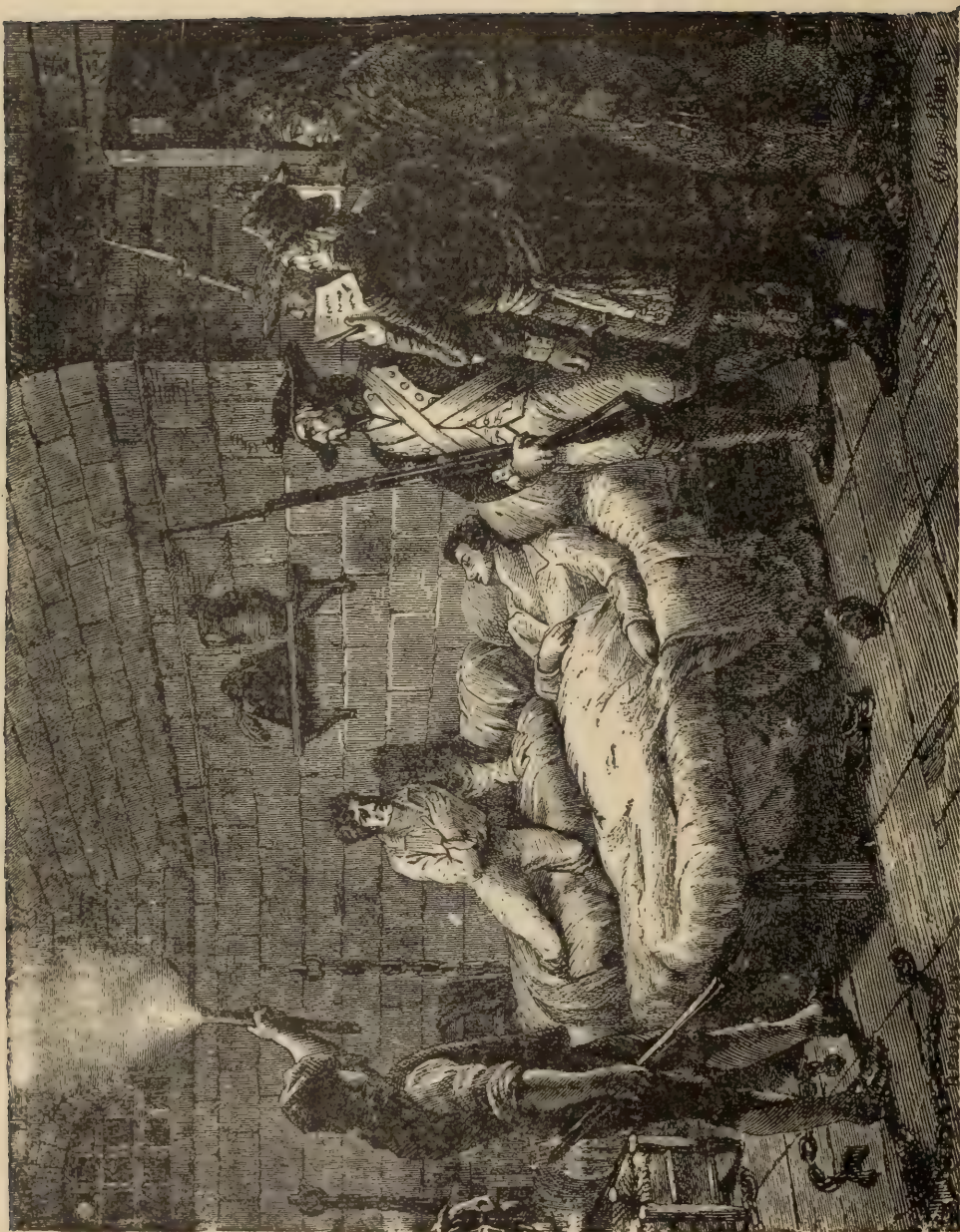
N. B.—I adopt the spelling Dumourier instead of Dumouriez when using that general's name, and I believe I have sufficient authority for doing so.



GENERAL BONAPARTE.

Bonaparte

. 1798.



LOIZEROLLES GIVING HIMSELF FOR HIS SON.

AUTHORITIES.

BOOKS USED AMONG MANY OTHERS IN THE PREPARATION OF THIS WORK.

Alison's History of Europe, 4 vols.
Moore's Journal, 1788, 1789, 1790, 1791, 1792, 2 vols.
Arthur Young's Travels in France, 1787, 1788, 1789.
Travels in Spain, by the Chevalier, 1789.
The Ancient Régime, by de Tocqueville.
Life of Burke (English Men of Letters).
Moore's Life of Sheridan, 2 vols.
Taine's Ancient Régime.
Memoirs of Madame de Genlis, 6 vols.
The House of Orleans, 3 vols., by W. Cooke Taylor.
Guizot's History of France, 6 vols.
Martin's History of France, 4 vols.
Leckey's History of Rationalism, 2 vols.
Howitt's History of the Supernatural, 2 vols.
Mrs. Jackson's Ancient Régime, 2 vols.
James' Louis XIV., 2 vols.
Morley's Diderot, 1 vol.
Morley's Rousseau, 1 vol.
Parton's Life of Voltaire, 2 vols.
Voltaire's Age of Louis XIV., 2 vols.
Lewis' History of Philosophy.
Reclus' Europe, 6 vols.
Life of Marie Antoinette, by Yonge.
Life of Marie Antoinette, by Madame Campan.
Life of Marie Antoinette, by Weber.
Life of Marie Antoinette, by Lady Jackson.
Life of Marie Antoinette, in Plutarch Series.
Lafayette, a Memorial.
Life of Lafayette, anonymous.
Life of Lafayette, by Mrs. Farmer.
Life of Lafayette, 2 vols.
Lafayette in America.
Life of Mirabeau.
Mirabeau, by Dumont.
Mirabeau, reviewed by Macaulay.
Mirabeau's Works.
Memoirs of Roland.
Memoirs of Madame Roland, by herself.
Life of Robespierre, by Lewes.
Leckey's Eighteenth Century, 6 vols.

- Knight's History of England, 8 vols.
 Jesse's History of the Reign of George the Third, 3 vols.
 Pitt, by Macaulay.
 The English Jacobins.
 Mignet's Revolution Française, 2 tomes.
 Michelet's Revolution Française, 1 tome.
 Louis Blanc, Revolution Française, 6 tomes.
 Lamartine's Histoire des Girondins, 3 tomes.
 Riouffe's Memoirs.
 Barbaroux's Memoirs.
 Louvet's Memoirs.
 Sanson's Memoirs, translated.
 The Diamond Necklace.
 Beauchesne's Louis XVII., 2 vols.
 Lacretelle's History, 6 tomes.
 Smythe's Lectures on the French Revolution, 2 vols.
 The Merovingians, 2 vols., by Thierry.
 Sharon Turner's Anglo-Saxons, 2 vols.
 Cæsar's Commentaries, 1 vol.
 The Ancient Britons, 1 vol.
 Pre-historic Man in Britain, 2 vols.
 Guizot's Cromwell, 1 vol.
 Sufferings of the Royal Family of France, 1 vol.
 Precise Record of the Revolution, 2 vols.
 The War in La Vendée, George J. Hill, 1 vol.
 Memoirs of Madame de La Rochejacquelin, 1 vol.
 Life of Louis Phillippe, by B. P. Poore, 1 vol.
 Guizot's Memoirs, edited by his daughter.
 Memoirs of Napoleon, by Bourrienne, 3 vols.
 The French Revolution, by Gardener, 1 vol.
 French Revolution, by Morris, 1 vol.
 French Revolutionary Epoch, by Von Laun, 2 vols.
 Stevens' French Revolution, vol. 1.
 History of the French Revolution, by H. Taine, 3 vols.
 History of the French Revolution, by Von Sybel, 4 vols.
 History of the French Revolution, by Thomas Carlyle, 2 vols.
 Essays on the French Revolution, the Guillotine, by Crocker.
 Revolutionary Tribunal, etc., by John Wilson Crocker, 1 vol., very candid.
 Memoirs of Fouche, 1 vol.
 Memoirs of Cambaceres, 2 vols.
 Memoirs of Count Mathieu de Dumas, 2 vols.
 Geographical History, by Freeman, 1 vol.
 Atlas, 1 vol.
 Tableau Révolution Française, 2 tomes.
 Mirabeau, 1789, *ad infinitum*.
 Annual Register, 1789, etc.
 Edinburgh Review, 1804, etc.
 Memoirs of Bouille.
 Memoirs of Dumourier.
 Russell's History of Europe, 3 vols.
 Montgaillard in quotations.
 Jourgniac's Twenty Hours of Agony.

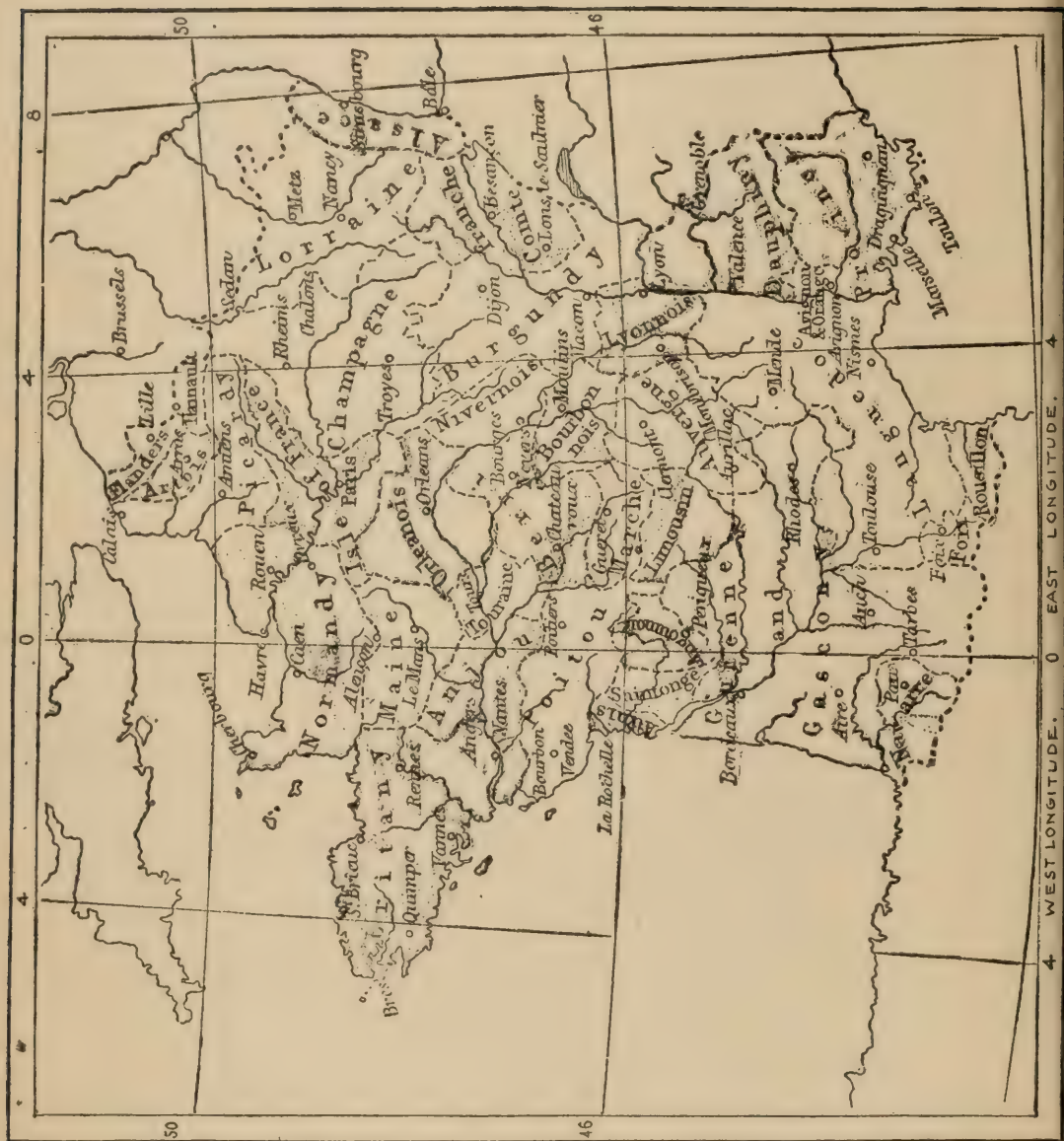
- History of France, by Duruy.
 Memes' Life of Josephine.
 Abbé Edgeworth's Last Hours of Louis XVI.
 Memoirs of Clery.
 Memoirs of M. Hué.
 Memoirs of Madame the Duchess of Angoulême, "Madame Royale."
 Buckle's History, 2 vols.
 History of the Bastile, by Adam, 1 vol..
 Histoire de la Révolution Française, Janin, 2 tomes, folio, elegantly illustrated with portraits and wood engravings.
 Thiers' History of the Revolution, 3 vols.
 Edinburgh Review.
 Quarterly Review.
 North British Review.
 Westminster Review.
 The Nineteenth Century.
 The North American Review.
 The Democratic Review.
 Memoirs of the Marquis of Ferrieres, 2 vols.
 From this work comes the vivid account of the opening of the States General, and the Fêtes of July, 1790. It is from the Memoirs of Madame de La Rochejacquelin that we have the striking details of the War of La Vendée. It is from M. Hué's memoirs, from Clery, from Weber, from Sanson, from Memoirs of Abbé Edgeworth, from papers, magazines of those dates, 1792, '93, '94, that many varied facts are gathered as to Louis XVI. Besides these books the author has for twenty-five years read, among a vast historical reading, literally thousands of volumes more or less related to this work, and its subject.
 Victoires des Français, Paris, 1818.
 Remusats Napoléon, 3 vols.
 Iconographie des Gontemporains depuis 1789 jusqu'à 1829, 2 tomes, Paris, 1833.
 Madame d'Abrantes' Napoleon, 2 vols.
 Sir John Stephens' Lectures on French History.
 Burke's Works for 1789, '90, '91, '92, '93, '94, '95.
 The Moniteur 1789-1790, 1791-2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9-1800, etc.
 Parliamentary Debates, many vols.
 Gentleman's Magazine, 1780, 1800.
 Draper's Intellectual Development of Europe, 2 vols.
 Lewis' History of Philosophy.
 Farrar's Critical History of Free Thought.
 Hurst's History of Rationalism.
 Works of Rosseau, Spinoza, Kant, D'Holbach, etc., etc.
 Crowe's History of France.
 Revolutionary Memoirs, many vols.
 Life of Madame de Staël, A. Stevens, 2 vols.
 Neckar's Works.
 The Eighteenth Century, by Lacroix.
 Causes of the French Revolution.
 Letters from France, Helen Williams, 2 vols.
 Memoirs of Beaumarchais, 1 vol.
 Memoirs Justificatio Louis XVI., 1 vol.
 Hallam's Middle Ages,

- James' Life of Charlemagne.
 Charles VIII, by Segur, 2 vols.
 Memoirs of Mallet Du Pau, 2 vols.
 Memoirs of Lafayette, 3 vols.
 Memoirs of Talleyrand, 1834.
 Life of Talleyrand.
 Histoire de la Terreur, Mortimer Ternaux.
 Révolution de Thermidor, par M. de Héricourt.
 Barruel's History of the French Clergy during the Revolution. London, 1794.
 La Justice Révolutionnaire, par Berriot St. Prix.
 History of Chivalry, St. Paule.
 History of the Huguenots, 2 vols.
 Massacre of St. Bartholomew, White.
 The Huguenots, after the Revocation, Smiles.
 Life of Coligny, Besant.
 Tacitus.
 Suetonius.
 Ammianus Marcellinus.
 Neander's Church History, 6 vols.
 Giesler's Church History, 4 vols.
 Mosheim, 6 vols.
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 Guizot's History of Civilization, 4 vols.
 Macaulay's Essays, Articles. Barrere, Mirabeau, etc.
 Walks about Paris, Hare.
 Sprüner's Historical Atlas (German).
 Revolutionary Pamphlets, many copies.
 Abbot's Louis Phillippe.
 History Modern Europe, Fyffe, 3 vols.
 Literary Men and Women 18th Century. Arsene Houssaye. 2 vols.
 Contains bright biographies of Dufresny, Fontenelle, Marivaux, Piron, Florian, Boufflers, Rurais, Gretry, Diderot, Crebillon, La Motte, Madame Pompadour, etc.
 Louis XIV. and His Court, 2 vols., Julia Pardoe.
 Histoire Revolution Française, Michelet.
 Histoire Revolution Française, Louis Blanc. Many volumes.
 History of Jacobinism, 4 vols. London, Barruel.
 Biographical Memoirs of French Revolution, John Adolphus, 2 vols. London, 1799.

THE FOLLOWING IMPORTANT WORKS UPON THE FRENCH
 REVOLUTION WERE ALL PUBLISHED *BEFORE* 1799.

- Anecdotes du Regne Louis XVI., Paris, 1791, 6 vols.
 Vie du Dauphin, Père de Louis XVI., M. Montjoye.
 Eloge Historique et Funèbre de Louis XVI.
 Appelle de l'Impartiale Posterite.
 Memoirs de Bertrand Molleville.
 Conjuraton d'Orleans, 3 tomes.
 Memoirs de la Duchesse de Polignac, par la Comtesse Diane de Polignac.
 Neckar on the Revolution.
 History of Jacobinism, Barruel, 4 vols. (English Translation.)

- Residence in France, edited by Gifford.
 Impartial History of the French Revolution, 2 vols.
 Essay sur la Société des Illuminés.
 Rabaud's History.
 Défenseur de la Constitution, par Maximilien Robespierre.
 Mémoires of Lally-Tollendal.
 Cristie's Letters on the Revolution.
 Le Livre Rouge, printed in red ink.
 La Règne de Louis XVI.
 Late Pictures of Paris, Peltier.
 Histoire de la Conspiration du 10 Août, par M. Bigot de St. Croix.
 Mémoires Court of Berlin, Pages.
 Clery's Mémoires.
 Mercurie Française, 1791, 1792.
 Letters in 1793, Miss Williams.
 Robespierre et ses Committans.
 Jordan's Political State of Europe.
 Procès des Bourbons.
 Deniers Regicides.
 Views of the Causes French Revolution, Moore.
 Apologie des projets des chefs de la Révolution.
 Mémoires par Garat.
 Mémoires d'un Déténeé, par Honoré Riouffe.
 Roland's Appeal.
 Madame Roland's Works, Translated, 1799.
 Brissot a ses Committans.
 Barruel's History of the Clergy.
 Tableaux des Prisons sous Robespierre.
 Dumourier Unmasked.
 Mémoires Dumourier.
 Mémoires Bouille.
 Bastille dévoilée.
 Conspiracy of Robespierre.
 Tench's Correspondence.
 Rights of Man, Thomas Paine.
 Considerations of Nature, French, Rev. Mallet du Pan.
 History of the Brissotines.
 Life of Brissot.
 Précis de la Conduite de Madame de Genlis depuis la Révolution.
 Conjuración de Robespierre, Montjoye.
 Les Crimes de Robespierre et de ses Principaux Complices.
 L'État de la France.
 Suite de l'État de la France, par M. le Comte de Montgaillard.
 Mémoires du Jacobinisme, par Barruel.
 Moniteur,—Brown University Library possesses a complete set of this invaluable daily journal, from May 5, 1789, to 1859. There the debates, the trials, the acts of the Commune, letters, articles, etc., all of the greatest interest, can be found. The author has read with great care the trials of Louis XVI., of Charlotte Corday, of General Custine, Marie Antoinette, of the Girondists, all of which are very fully reported. Such reports cease from Dec. 1793, until Oct. 1794, and then with the trials of Carrier and Fouquier-Tinville recommence.



INTRODUCTION.

A BRIEF SURVEY OF THE CAUSES OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

FRANCE was known to the ancient Greeks as Galatia, and to the Romans as Gallia, which we have modernized into Gaul. The great Celtic invasion, several hundred years before Christ, gave not only to Gaul, but to the British Islands, a vast population which drove before them the ancient races. Whether those races were Cimmerian or the geological man of the Stone Age, is yet a much-debated question among scholars.

That there were remoter races in all these western lands is proved by the union of the Iberians in Spain with the Celtic invaders, forming those potent Celt-Iberian tribes which demanded the whole energy of Augustus Cæsar in the plenitude of his power to subdue and annex to Rome.

The Celts a hundred years before Christ were not so powerful as when under their Brehns they assaulted the Rome of Camillus, invaded the domains of the Macedonian King Ptolemy Ceranus, and established a victorious power in the heart of Asia Minor. What they were as to character and temperament when Ammianus Marcellinus described them in the fourth century A.D., they continued to be through later centuries, "hot, rash, impetuous, violent when the frenzy came upon them, cruel by impulse, licentious by blood, terrible in assault, but easily discouraged and craven in defeat." The Celt of France was the cousin of the Briton, of the Caledonian in the north of the British Island and of the Celts of Erin, now called Ireland. In 1889 it can be truly affirmed, that, as to race, descent, and peculiarities, the Highlanders of Scotland, the Irish, the Welsh, and the Walloons of Belgium are nearly allied by blood to the Frenchman.

Celtic Britain was invaded by Julius Cæsar, B.C. 50, and a hundred years later (A.D. 45) under the Emperor Claudius was permanently conquered and added to the Roman Em-

pire. Gaul was for four centuries a vast, splendid, civilized province. It was traversed by Roman roads and filled with beautiful cities. It was early Christianized, and had great names like Irenæus and heroic martyrs like those of Lyons. When the Roman power fell in this province, as in Spain, it was by the invasion of the German tribes beyond the Rhine. Blue-eyed, tall, and strong, in A.D. 404 the hosts of the Franks, Allemanni, and Suevi crossed over that river in the winter time, ravaged the whole of Gaul, and finally became its conquerors.

It is not the purpose of this work to detail how, early in the sixth century, Clovis, the chief of the Salian Franks or Freeman, from a small territory, comprising a portion of modern Belgium, advanced to the South; how he married a Christian wife, and besought in battle the "God of Clotilda," for a victory which he won; how he was converted to the idolatrous Christianity of that day, and was baptized by a bishop who said, "Burn, Sicambrian, what thou hast adored, and adore what thou hast burned." He was an astute statesman and a great warrior, and, driving the Visigoths into Spain, he brought under his dominion nearly the whole of what is modern France.

Clovis established the Merovingian Dynasty, a purely German rule and nobility imposed by the sword upon France. This truth must not be forgotten by the student of the causes of the French Revolution. For nearly fifteen centuries the German blooded royalty and nobility kept their feet on Celtic France; and it is a fact of history that blond hair and blue eyes characterized many of the most ancient aristocracy of France in 1789. "Blond perukes," shorn from the heads of the noble ladies of France who were guillotined, were freely sold in Paris during the frenzy of 1793.

The dynasty which,—through the triumphs of Carl Martel,—succeeded in driving back the vast hordes of Mohamedan Arabs at Tours, and which after being for many years Mayors of the Palace, displaced the then feeble Merovingians,—was yet more German than the monarchs who had been cast aside. Pepin and Charlemagne were German Franks, and the most successful campaigns of the latter were against the Saxons across the Rhine, led by their great King Witikind. Charlemagne, crowned Emperor of the West in A.D. 800 by the Roman Pontiff Leo,



gave Christianity and the beginnings of civilization to Germany, and died a Frank Emperor.

The Carlovingian dynasty was *Teutonic* by descent and haughtily ruled the *Celts* of France. The empire of Charlemagne stands out like a beacon above the barbarian gloom of the ninth century, and in its laws, courts, and letters casts the light of a beneficent and scholarly influence over Western Europe. The Ebro on the south, the Elbe and Danube on the east, the Duchy of Beneventum in Italy and the Greek empire,—these alone marked the limits of the rule of the mighty Emperor of the Franks. Charlemagne was a great warrior, an earnest scholar, legislator, and religionist, and made possible a hopeful future for discordant Europe.

But through his paternal fondness Charlemagne made a fatal political mistake. He very unwisely divided his vast empire among his sons, and the dissensions, changes, and wars that followed abundantly prove the greatness of the error which he then committed.

The whole tenth century was occupied by the selfish and ambitious conflicts of the descendants of this powerful monarch.

The power of his imperial successors wasted away rapidly under Charles the Bald, Louis the Debonair, and other sovereigns. The feudal system was inaugurated, which led to a total disintegration of France, and, by the year A.D. 1025, we have a congeries of almost independent provinces, under their own dukes and counts, surrounding the monarch who claimed at Paris to be King of France. All these sovereigns, except those of Brittany and Normandy, were Germanic in tendency and distinct from the millions of Celts whom they ruled.

It was the law and power of conquest,—the sword of the victor,—which created for the French nobility those *exclusive rights* which existed in feudal forms a thousand years. The Normans who conquered England were lost after three centuries in the Englishmen whom they had subdued. But the Franks who conquered Gaul formed a noble class which, with all the modifications and immense changes of fifteen hundred years, rejoiced, even until 1789, in tracing their long descent back to the warriors of Germany. Conceive of the Normans, after eight centuries of rule, maintaining at this day their insolence, domination, and feudal rights in England, and we have a fair picture of the relations of the

WITKIND SURRENDERING TO CHARLEMAGNE.



nobles to the people in France at the opening of the Revolution.

There were three hundred thousand aristocratic tyrants in central and eastern France, under all the forms, changes, collisions, and wars of Francis I., of Henry II., of the expiring Valois dynasty, of the Bourbon rule under Henry IV., Louis XIII., Louis XIV., Louis XV., down to 1789 in the reign of Louis XVI., and these despots were harrying, grinding, depressing, starving, and ill-treating twenty millions of the French people with *tailles*, *corvées*, *gabelles*, detestable feudal rights and innumerable feudal claims.

In Brittany and La Vendée (or Poitou) and Anjou, the rule was different. Those countries had for centuries been distinct from France. The Duke of Brittany ruled in independent pomp and splendor at Rennes as late as the time of Charles the Eighth (1485) and it was only in the last decade of the fifteenth century that, by the marriage of its heiress Anne with the ruler of France, Brittany became a part of the French Monarchy. The nobles who dwelt on the banks of the pleasant Loire and all through the seacoast provinces of France were of the same blood with the people; and there we see those paternal relations which made the life of the Vendean almost an idyl. In the body of our history they are fully described.

In seeking the causes of the French Revolution the growth and power of the feudal system must always be carefully considered. The Monarchy which was destroyed in 1789 existed from the time of Hugh Capet (A.D. 987). Within two centuries the empire of Charlemagne had been broken into pieces, and the tenth century was a century of disorganization. It was then that Germany separated from France and became the Holy Roman Empire, which in its successive Saxon, Swabian, Franconian, and Austrian dynasties existed with varying powers until 1806. In A.D. 1000 Burgundy, Aquitaine, Normandy, Gascony, Flanders, Champagne, and Toulouse were all practically independent of the King of France. France was a name but not a real power. All the great feudal lords had become supreme rulers in their own domain, held their authority by hereditary right, and were only nominally subject to the throne at Paris. If we gaze on the map of France as it was in A.D. 1150, we observe the vast dominions of the Anjouan King of England, Henry II. Normandy, Poitou, Anjou,



CHARLEMAGNE.

and many other provinces are his. The south is under the control of the Counts of Toulouse. The east is yet German, and only the Isle of France, Champaign, and Picardy are actual royal domains.

Through the constant changes produced by the conquests of the English during their wars with the French from 1340 until 1440, the France of one decade was not the France of another. It was only in 1475 that the country began to assume its present form. Then Louis XI. consolidated his power, added many provinces, and enabled Charles VIII., his successor, to place France in the position of a great nation and to acquire Brittany as Louis had obtained Burgundy. But in all these changes, the laws and the surroundings of the peasantry greatly and constantly differed, because of the collisions, independencies, and transformations of a hundred years.

France in 1789 was, as it had been for two hundred years, a congeries of provinces with several internal revenue lines. But as a result of the religious wars of the sixteenth, and by the success of the despotic and concentrating policies of Richelieu and Mazarin in the seventeenth centuries, it was governed by an absolute King and an army, and had changed from a feudal state into an autocratic monarchy. It possessed its parliaments, but they had no power as against the will of the monarch.

The inhabitants of Central and Eastern France were badly governed. There the *corvée*, the *gabelle*, and the oppressions of the bailiffs were great and terrible, and there the cases of absenteeism surpassed those of Ireland in 1886. The poverty of the peasants and the oppressions which they endured were heart-rending. These abused men were compelled to make those beautiful roads over which Arthur Young traveled in 1787. For all their toil they received no recompense. They were ground to the dust by salt duties and bridge duties, by the nobles when hunting destroying their crops, by church tax, nobles' tax, and King's tax. It was natural that in those frightfully oppressed provinces there should be the most terrible revolt, and that from those parts of France should come those republican armies which awed Europe, conquered La Vendée, and overthrew all revolts against the Commune in Paris during 1793 and 1794.

Passing from the German conquest, and from the separations and diversities created by feudalism, to the period of

the growth of the *absolute* monarchy,—we find that growth associated with the continuance of all the social and property powers, rights, and results of *feudal* manners and laws. In this fact we detect a third cause of the French Revolution. Only Ireland as it exists to-day, infected by the conspiracies and discontent of its people, can afford to us any parallel of the awful sufferings of the French peasants as the result in Central and Western France of the development of a feudal system into an absolute monarchy with the rights of feudalism over the *people* continued. That development was not with such equalities as were visible during the imperialism of the mighty Napoleon, but with all the rights, vexations, and oppressions of the cruel past still left to the nobles, yet with the military power and concentrated autocracy of the King supreme.

The absolute monarchy of France was the creation of Richelieu. It was fostered by the faithful regency of Mazarin, and found its full development when, in 1661, Louis XIV., young, handsome, and proud, slapped his boot with his riding-whip, before the Parliament of Paris, and said imperiously, “L’État, c’est moi.” “The State, it is I.” Louis XIV. was the greatest of all autocrats. He ruled the literature, he ruled the arts, he ruled the sciences, he ruled the religion, he ruled even the thoughts of France. He was a tyrant, but in every fiber a *gentleman*. Despite the detractions of these days, we venture to assert that Louis XIV. was a great King and a great man. He was thoughtful, appreciative of literature, and a generous friend of material improvements. He was candid, and at times tolerant. He gathered around him a galaxy of the greatest men France had ever seen. In material improvements, Colbert; in the church, Massalon, Bourdaloue and Fenelon; in letters, Molière and Racine. Those imperishable men were all his protégés. He was cruel, intolerant, and persecuting in religion, extravagant in life, and execrated after his death; but after all he was a monarch of more than ordinary endowments. He was courteous, affable, and even forgiving when his creed was not involved.

All the appointments in the state and army, and all the offices of France were in the hands of Louis. He distinctly claimed as monarch that he *owned* France and *all* in France. His smiles were life and wealth, his frown banishment if not poverty. He was the “Grand Monarque,” and the



LOUIS XIV.

genius of Macaulay, of Thackeray, and the memoirs of the age have revealed his hollow grandeur, tiresome etiquette, and splendor. Louis XIV. by his constant wars and his prodigal and interminable expenses, laid the foundation of the Revolution. When he was dead his funeral procession was almost hooted by the people.

To acquire the money for Versailles, for Marly, for his many expensive campaigns against Austria, Holland, William III., and Europe, Louis starved and taxed all Central and Eastern France, and even carried his tyranny into Brittany.

For many years he stood on an exalted pedestal of splendor and power, from which he could alone be hurled by the combined armies of Europe, directed by the genius of Marlborough and Prince Eugene.

After the dissolute, atheistic, speculative, and yet good-natured regency of the Duke of Orleans, and the ministry of Cardinal Fleury, the aristocratic despotism which succeeded has never been surpassed in its meanness. Louis XV. was the vilest of men. He ruled France by harlots like Pompadour and Du Barry. He reveled in lust, and the infamy of his *Parc-aux-cerfs* shall not be detailed by me. His horrible reign is a key corroded by grief, tears, and despair, which unlocks many a secret cause of the "holy" Revolution, as Carlyle calls it. Such infamies of lust have no parallel except in Tiberius, Caligula, and Nero.

Louis XV. rivaled those heathen monsters in debauchery, but was not cruel, as they were. He was humane and kind. The court was magnificent, the nobles were splendid, there were art, science, history, poems, essays, the resplendencies of a really foul, but outwardly a decent and even elegant court. To maintain this court in marvelous splendor all Central and Eastern France toiled like galley slaves. The aristocracy reveled while the nation was groaning in starvation, oppression, and direst misery. Louis XV., wicked as he was, possessed brains, and indolent as he was, could discern the signs of the times; for it was he who said, "After me the deluge"—"*Après moi le deluge.*"

The condition of the church and of what was called *religion* also entered as a factor of the greatest importance into the causes of the French Revolution. The French church developed into a powerful hierarchy through the superstition and liberality of the Middle Ages. Though at



J. Halpin. sc.

LOUIS XV.

first primitive under Irenæus and the apostolic teachers, yet in four centuries it became Papal.

Its bishops were, as Guizot well shows, powerful centers of law and order during the barbarism and disintegration which immediately followed the fall of Roman authority in the West. The Merovingian and the Carlovingian monarchs were its liberal patrons. Charlemagne was what the ninth century termed a very pious ruler, and his gifts and those of his predecessors and successors established great ecclesiastical authorities not alone in Germany but in France. The piety of Louis VII. and of Louis IX., the gifts of the people and the nobles, added to the superstitious devotion of a thousand years, made the Catholic church in France a mighty estate.

It has been said that in 1788 that church owned half of the land of the monarchy. Convents and monasteries were everywhere. The monks swarmed like the frogs of Egypt. They were a lazy, selfish crowd, and especially those of the Capuchin order. They were plunderers, debauchees, robbers, sycophants before the rich, and threateners of the poor. Many of their buildings were in Paris, where these idle hordes nestled. When the monks and nuns were driven out in 1791, nearly forty of these convents and monasteries were appropriated for the imprisonment of its victims, or for the debates of its clubs, by the Terror which succeeded.

The Roman church in Central and Eastern France was an oppression. It ground the peasants to despair by its rates, tithes, and excessive demands. The poor laborer found himself the rough foundation upon which rested the whole triple weight of the Church, Nobility, and King. His condition became intolerable. He was plundered, abused, starved, and lived and died like an unpitied dog. Arthur Young in his travels gives many vivid pictures of the condition of things in the French Provinces in 1789, all of which prove the accuracy of what we have described.

The Roman Hierarchy had quelled the Huguenot revolt of the sixteenth century as a *religious propaganda*, and it had been subdued as a *political power* by the genius and armies of Richelieu in the seventeenth. After the fall of Rochelle Protestantism was tolerated in France as a worship, but under a cloud until the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes in 1683. That story of cruelty and tyranny is one of the most terrible in the history of the terrible religious persecutions of France. Thousands of noble men and women fled

from their country, thousands were tortured, abused, and killed, thousands were sent to the galleys, and other thousands died in prison. But the persecution seemed to attain its object. For a hundred years, and until 1789, external Catholicism had an absolute uniformity of authority and worship throughout France.

The leavening piety of two millions of Huguenots was largely withdrawn, and the persistent attacks on Christianity in every form, which commenced under the regency of the Duke of Orleans in 1715, soon undermined in Paris and in Central and Eastern France all faith in the supernatural and even in a God.

Many bishops, prelates, and abbés were vain triflers; the religious institutions were often the refuge of immoral persons who by kingly authority were vested with power, and the hierarchal church in 1775 was despised. Nothing was more common than for the King's repudiated harlot to become an abbess or a prioress.

Louis XV., the "most Christian King," was an atheist at heart, and many even of the higher clergy secretly ridiculed a faith which they had learned to employ for financial or political support, but which they secretly condemned. Tallyrand, Sieyes, Gobel, and many others were examples of such men.

Despite all these iniquities in Central, yet in all Western France there existed an entirely different state of affairs. La Vendée (which is described as to its condition and peculiarities very fully in the body of this work) was devoted to its priests, its church, and its nobility, because of the goodness and fidelity of all these classes. The great body of the Roman parish clergy of France, the humble pastors, were a pure, upright, hard-working class of men, willing to suffer and die, as they proudly did, for conscience and God. But to the fevered mind of Central and Eastern France which associated together church and state, the hierarchy had become in 1788 a symbol of vile superstition, falsehood, hypocrisy, and oppression.

Yet another potent force at work at this period in France was in the influence of England and her liberal institutions. A journey of only thirty-four miles from Dover to Calais, placed the free Englishman upon the soil of an intolerable despotism. During the eighteenth century many Frenchmen of education and enlightenment traveled in England,

and crowds of the English swarmed into France and were fascinated by Paris. Both Voltaire and Rousseau lived some time in London, while Walpole and Burke, Fox and Wilkes, were as familiar with the French capital as with the British metropolis itself. Let the student of the Revolution read carefully that elaborate chapter in Buckle's History of Civilization, in which, by a profuse mass of proof from writers of the times, he reveals the great and increasing influence of English ideas, freedom, poetry, and literature upon the French mind. Buckle declares that it was common for gifted Frenchmen to understand English in 1775, whereas in 1710 hardly one in a hundred understood that language.

These free institutions, that powerful Parliament, the increase and progress of wealth and comfort in Great Britain as contrasted with a Louis XV., a debauched court, and a poverty-stricken and abused people, were most potent factors in producing the Revolution.

To all these causes must be added the growth of a *democratic literature and infidelity*. The literary influence of Voltaire upon his age was immense. Outside of France, kings and autocrats hailed him as a friend. In France he became a mighty power against what he called tyranny and all religion. He assaulted every form of faith, and infidelized Paris and great masses of the French. He was aided by Rousseau and his "Contrat Social," by Diderot, Helvetius, Condillac, D'Alembert, and the Encyclopædists, and by a host of obscure writers or pamphleteers. D'Alembert possessed great powers, and he with Diderot and Voltaire undermined all faith in miracles and prophecy, and prepared the way, perhaps unconsciously, for the atheistic outburst of 1793.

It must also be realized that the prejudiced minds of the bourgeois and of the professions had come to associate with Christianity—and most *naturally*—tyranny,—but with heathen Greece and Rome true liberty. These men saw the Christian religion in its corruption, its pomp, its hierarchical apostacies. "Destroy despotism," they cried, "Abolish Christianity, substitute reason! Away with churches and ministers of religion, Catholic or Protestant, and the era of true freedom will dawn." This was one of the most widespread illusions of all classes in Central France and of the learned professions in Paris, and even of many proud

nobles, in 1788; and with the debaucheries, the tyrannies, the wicked men, the splendor they witnessed in the church, and all in the name of Jesus, it was, we repeat, natural.

In 1789 it could be said that discontented France was influenced by four classes of aspirants for change: 1. Those who wished a very limited reform in the despotism of the state, because this class was already rich, protected, and noble. 2. Those who aspired to inaugurate a constitutional monarchy, such as existed in England, with a legislative body as powerful as the British Parliament, because belonging to the ranks of scholars, merchants, and men comfortable in money, but deprived of official advancement and rights. 3. Those who made the end of their goal a Republic with throne and church abolished, because able, gifted, aspiring, but kept down by Hindoo caste and laws. 4. And finally a large class whose secret inclinations were toward anarchy, because dissolute, idle, and hating law, order, and work. In the beginning of the Revolution now to be described, we shall see how the Constituent Assembly represented the first and second of these classes; how in the Legislative Assembly the third came to the front, and how in the Convention the conservative Republicans contended with anarchy and for a period were overwhelmed by the triumph of the last class and by the blood and horrors of the Reign of Terror.

The army itself was demoralized and infected by a spirit of insubordination and liberty.

To these causes many others, because of ethnical idiosyncracies and peculiarities, might be added. A reader must be versed in the philosophy, the literature, the religious life, the contiguous foreign life of the eighteenth century,—the frivolity and atheism of the higher classes,—the aspirations of degraded and oppressed human nature to break its chains,—the secret societies such as the *Illuminati* and others,—and he must clearly apprehend what was the travail for a thousand years of feudal, chivalric France, and later of despotic and literary France, in order to clearly arrange in his mind all the open, the occult, and often the obscure forces which produced that stupendous eruption which overwhelmed Europe for twenty years with its lava tides.

Louis XV. died in 1774, of the small-pox. He was universally despised. He was succeeded upon the throne by his grandson Louis XVI.; an amiable, feeble-willed, but

virtuous Prince. Louis in 1770 had espoused the beautiful Marie Antoinette, Archduchess of Austria. Amid the ringing of bells, over roads lined with flowers, and greeted by the applause of the people, the beautiful Princess entered France. Gay, lively and frivolous, at first she bewitched but soon tired the hearts of the French by her German manners, her indiscretions, and her hatred of etiquette.

Louis XVI., with all of ancient pomp, was crowned King of France and Navarre at Rheims in 1774. As the crown was placed on his brow he murmured, "It hurts," and it is said a gem from the diadem fell to the floor.

From his accession Louis XVI. was troubled by his finances and the discontent of the people. In this brief and compact introduction we do not design to enter into the full details of the efforts made by various ministers to cure the evils of the state, which a hundred years of changes since—on the whole beneficent to the people—have not wholly rectified.

The great minister Turgot was a remarkable man. He had introduced the potato,—that foe to starvation; and had suppressed as intendant of Limoges the corvées and the gabelles, and had ameliorated in many ways the conditions of the poor. When he became prime minister in 1774, he urged upon Louis XVI. the great and sound maxims: "No bankruptcy, no increase of taxation, and no borrowing." He paid off, by wise financial regulations, in twenty months one hundred millions livres of debts. He proposed many good reforms, afterwards introduced by the Revolution, such as the imposition of the land tax on the nobility and clergy, the recall of the Huguenots, liberty of conscience, equalization of taxes by truthful land surveys, and freedom of commerce and industry, with freedom of thought and expression. Such radical ideas awakened the hatred of the Queen, then careless and profuse, and the opposition of the Parliament.

Maurepas, the chief minister, undermined the power and the influence of this great and wise reformer, and in 1776 Turgot was dismissed. Malesherbes resigned, but Turgot awaited dismissal, with the memorable words to the weak Louis XVI.: "My only desire, sire, is that you shall always be able to believe that I have been mistaken and that I have warned you of fancied dangers. I hope that time will not justify my fears, and that your reign may be as happy

and as peaceful as your people have expected from your principles of justice and benevolence."

Neckar, the Swiss banker, now took the helm of affairs from 1776 to 1781. Contending against the indolence and weakness of Louis XVI., and the antagonism of the Court and of the Queen, pressed also by the necessities of the American war,—Neckar, Duray says, "acquitted himself with ability," but many historians can deny that assertion. In 1781 he issued his Budget, which created a great sensation. He made in this report the receipts of the government to be *ten millions* above its expenditure, a false and deceitful statement. Neckar retired in that year, and did not appear again until 1788.

Meantime the American colonies, brave and Christian, had revolted against the tyranny of Lord North and George III. They had resisted taxation without representation, and now took up arms against further British aggression. At Concord Bridge the "embattled farmers" stood and fired the "shot heard round the world," while Bunker Hill revealed to the whole nations what a heroic yeomanry could do when roused to battle for home, for country, and for the rights of man. Washington had reached Cambridge in the summer of 1775,

" Whose streaming flag, 'mid storm or sun,
Had never known disgrace."

and the great Virginian, with a Fabian wisdom and the determination of a Cæsar, had taken command of the American armies.

The first foreign effort of the revolted colonies was to secure the succor of France, always England's enemy, and the astute Franklin was the envoy of the new republic of the west, which declared its independence on the 4th day of July, 1776.

Franklin made a powerful impression upon the excitable French. He was received as a sage and a philosopher by the lovely Marie Antoinette, then in the blossom of her superb beauty. The Yankee Scotchman, John Paul Jones, in 1777, through Franklin's influence and that of Silas Deane, obtained that *Le Bonhomme Richard* with which he fought the British man-of-war *Serapis* off Flamborough Head on the North Sea coast of England, and after a contest unparalleled in naval annals for its ferocity and carnage captured his enemy.

Franklin pens, images, busts, shoe-ties, electricity, philosophy, almanacs, were everywhere, and through his influence and that of Lafayette, in 1777 Louis XVI. joined the American Colonies and declared war against England.

The French fleet and army which lay so long at Newport, R. I., with the gallant Custine, the gay Lauzun, the brilliant D'Estaing, the noble Rochambeau, the flower, chivalry, and manly beauty of France, wooed liberty to their hearts, and all these warriors returned after Yorktown and peace to their own land, devotees of new ideas and new changes.

The influence of the American war through the propaganda of liberty by the French army and navy among the regiments of France can never be over-estimated. It is sufficient to show that Custine, Lauzun, and Rochambeau all became Revolutionary generals, and that Custine and Lauzun, then called General Biron, perished by the guillotine.

The American war was a success for France as a military power, but it was fatal to her as a despotism.

The student of history must be referred for the great progress also of the human mind in electricity, air-ships, magnetism, steam, and other discoveries, to other pages than these. The influence of the Free Masons, of Cagliostro, of the Illuminati as they were called, upon the French intellect of that period, is left to Alexandre Dumas in his historical tales, and to speculative writers on demonology and ghostology, if it is allowable to coin such a word.

Calonne, the spendthrift, held the ministry from 1781 to 1787. He blew golden bubbles, inaugurated new South Sea schemes and Mississippi enterprises, not of that kind which ruined Law, but as vain and weak and unsubstantial. He seemed to possess a Fortunatus pocket-book, and he filled the purses of courtiers, Queen, nobles, pensioners, and all, with gold—gold for festivities, gold for orgies, gold for lust, but presto ! demand came for the payment of the loans he had contracted, and this charlatan vanished amid curses. Then came Lomenie de Brienne, and other vain efforts in 1787, followed by the stern contest in the Assembly of Notables and Parliament of Paris, where the boldness of D'Espremenil and the impudence of the Duke of Orleans were alike manifested,—and still other futile plans which failed to fill the jaws of the terrible deficit with cash, until finally in 1788 Neckar once more loomed up from

Switzerland, and with Neckar the necessity of the States General.

The States General had never been called together since 1614. Neckar now recommended to the King that they be presently convoked and the aggravated evils of the state be considered. We believe for the ordinary student that the best discussion in our language of these many events,—the most comprehensive and full,—is to be found in the first volume of the celebrated lectures of William Smythe on the French Revolution. There can be found the whole outline of the peculiarities of the ministers, the efforts of Malesherbes and Turgot, of Neckar and Calonne, of Lomenie de Brienne, of the Parliaments, and the Notables of 1787, and of the stand made by D'Espremenil. The design of this history has rendered such a discussion here impossible.

Before the assembling of the Third Estate, a notable scandal had occurred as far back as 1785, which was extremely ruinous to the reputation of Marie Antoinette, though beyond question she was innocent.

The Cardinal de Rohan, a relative of the monarch, a great prelate but a depraved and excessively impure man, was in disgrace. Marie Antoinette, despite the foulest libels against her chastity, was a pure woman, wife, and mother. She abhorred a licentious prelate. But De Rohan, blinded by depravity, believed the beautiful Queen to be as debauched in secret as himself, and ardently longed to be restored to her favor. A designing woman called the Countess La Motte took advantage of this desire, and undoubtedly made him the victim of a swindle. La Motte beguiled the Cardinal with the assertion that the Queen secretly favored him. The Countess was almost a physical likeness of Marie Antoinette. Disguised as the Queen she obtained an interview with the great jeweler of Paris, Boehmer, and negotiated for a diamond necklace of immense value. She agreed in her character as the Queen to pay for it in instalments, but said that she was compelled to keep the purchase a secret, on account of the King's antagonism to what he termed her "extravagance."

Boehmer was completely duped and readily agreed to keep the secret. The Cardinal de Rohan was himself deceived into believing that it was Marie Antoinette who really purchased the valuable jewelry. That prelate confidently assured Boehmer that all was correct. The merchant,

satisfied by such an endorsement, for a while was silent. But when months passed by and no portion of the purchase-money was paid, Boehmer became uneasy, and finally very much alarmed.

In his desperation, he sought an interview with the Queen, and appealed to her for payment. Marie Antoinette, who was totally innocent of any part in the infamous conspiracy, was astonished and indignant. She denied ever having purchased or ordered to be purchased the diamond necklace. Boehmer was overwhelmed, and ruin stared him in the face.

The Queen revealed the whole plot, as it unfolded itself to her, to the King. La Motte was arrested, tried, the swindle discovered, and she was punished by a whipping, branded as a thief, and banished from France.

The Cardinal de Rohan was summoned into the presence of Louis, severely rebuked by the enraged monarch, and banished to his estates. This scandal greatly increased the unpopularity of Marie Antoinette. The prejudiced French believed that she was guilty, that La Motte was a victim, and that Cardinal de Rohan was the Queen's dupe. A hatred resulted, and a contempt which increased the secret ferocity of the people toward a Queen whom they believed to be a common swindler, and this untoward fraud had the most powerful influence upon succeeding events. "Mark that miserable affair of the necklace," said Talleyrand, then bishop of Autun. "I should not be surprised if it overturned the monarchy."

The verdict of investigating history has been that Marie Antoinette was an entirely innocent victim.

The winter of 1788 and 1789 in France was extremely severe. The poor suffered greatly. In Paris want and famine pinched many homes. The cry of the nation increased for the amelioration of their sad and cruel condition, and for the immediate convening of the States General.

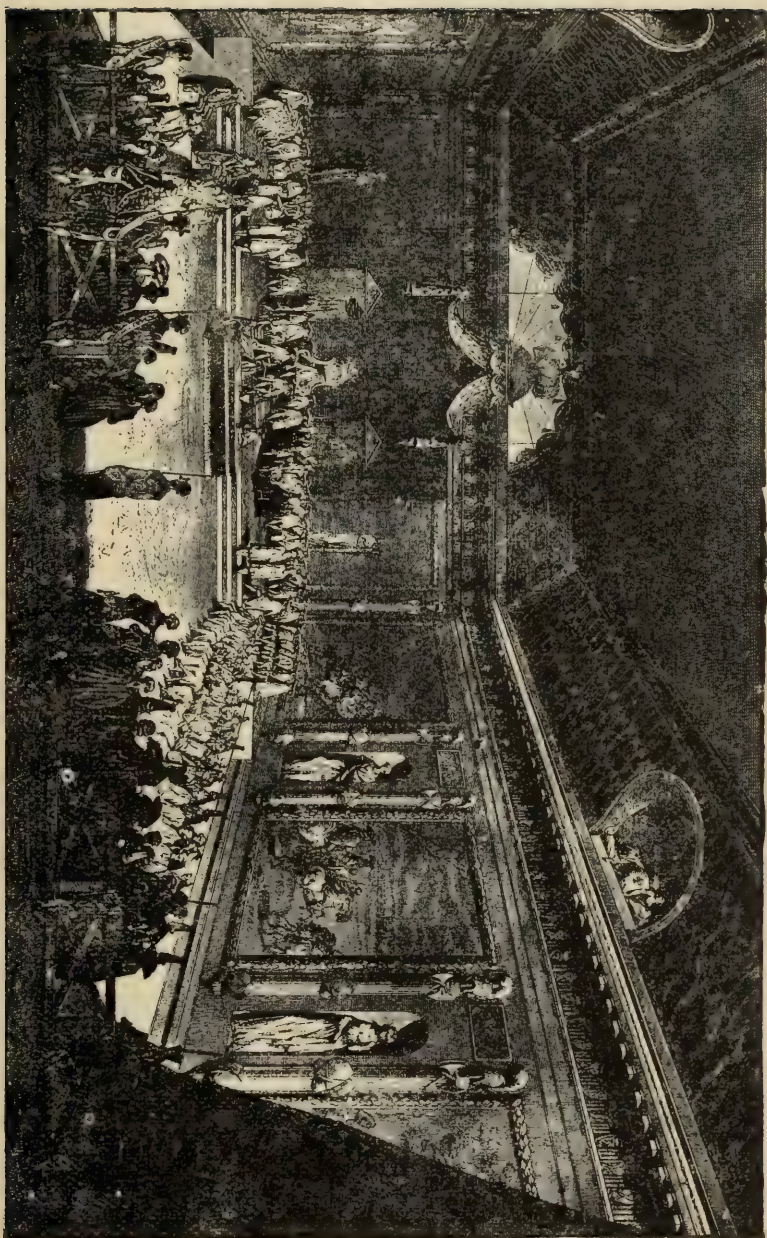
The people were filled with illusions as to possible remedies. They were enchanted by visions of an era of reason and benevolence, of progress and of prosperity, to be inaugurated by this Assembly—an era which, alas, was only to come after the deluge of a bloody Revolution, and during future slow progress which was to go on for nearly a century.

France awaited with anxiety and anticipative joy the approaching session of the States General, and with touch-

ing and increasing hope. All classes save the Court were intoxicated by dreams of a new paradise, and even the army as well as the people were pervaded by sentiments and aspirations, which looked joyfully forward to the establishment of liberty and to the overthrow of the feudalism, privileges, and despotism of the absolute State.

It was amid such deliriums of expectation, and after such experiences of the past, that the great drama of the Revolution commenced, whose honest and truthful record we shall now undertake to give.





THE ASSEMBLY OF NOTABLES, 1787.



LOUIS XVI.



MARIE ANTOINETTE.



NAPOLEON—EMPEROR.



DUKE OF ORLEANS.

THE HISTORY OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

CHAPTER I.

THE OPENING OF THE STATES GENERAL AT VERSAILLES.

ON the morning of the 4th of May, 1789, the day before their legal opening, the States General, headed by King Louis XVI. and the Royal Family, proceeded with great pomp to the splendid and antique Cathedral of St. Louis in Versailles. The sanctions of the solemn and magnificent rites of the Catholic church were to inaugurate the hopes of liberty.

The day was mild and beautiful. The city was gayly decorated with rare tapestries, which hung from the many windows, and with fragrant festoons of early flowers, encircling pillars, arches, olden gables and balconies, and making a floral bower of sculptured doors.

Long and brilliant ranks of Royal infantry lined the great avenue leading to the Cathedral. There, could be seen by the exultant and admiring multitudes the haughty and loyal Swiss Guards arrayed in red and gold uniforms. On their heads were great black bearskin shakos surmounted by enormous white plumes, and their buff lower dress was of buckskin and doe. On the opposite side stood the serried array of the French Guards, the heroes of Fontenoy, attired in red and blue uniforms, cocked hats, and snowy cockades. The white banners of Bourbon absolutism flaunted in the faint breeze, and from the lines of soldiers came the swell of martial music and roll of drums. Every window along the line of procession was crowded with elegantly attired ladies and opulent or devoted citizens, whose countenances were radiant with joy and illusive

hopes. Each face wore a sunlit expression of the most confident happiness. Each eye sparkled with rapture, and every heart was intoxicated with the most extravagant yet philanthropic ideas of a Utopian era now about to commence. The music from many bands filling the air with melody, the life, the color, the expectation, the splendor of the whole scene added to the momentary delirium of the spectators.

The States General marched through the avenues thus crowded and decorated, in the midst of a constant storm of the most affectionate and enthusiastic applause.

First came, preceded by a company of the French Guards, the benevolent monarch, Louis XVI. He was portly in person and had a full face, receding but wide brow and the Bourbon nose and lips. His mien was affable; his countenance, while kind, showed some traces of care and anxiety, and his royal robes of violet and crimson gave dignity to his otherwise commonplace personality. He wore on his head a jeweled hat surmounted by the plume of his warrior ancestor Henry IV., and carried in his hand a regal scepter. A canopy was borne over his head, and as the King moved along with slow and stately step, he was greeted by incessant cries of "Vive le Roi."

Immediately behind Louis came his wife, Marie Antoinette. She was in all the pride of her maternal loveliness, with beautiful eyes, a complexion of rose and snow, a superb but somewhat voluptuous form, and a royal and autocratic manner. After this royal pair followed the Count de Provence, who was the Queen's enemy. He was the brother of the King. That slim, austere young libertine, the Count d'Artois, was by his side. D'Artois was a man of the most despotic ideas, and was the younger brother of Louis XVI.

To this gorgeous group succeeded the Princes of the Blood. Their leader was the Duke of Orleans, afterwards the celebrated Philippe Egalité. He was a merely tolerated presence. He was hated by the Queen and despised by the Court as a man drunken in habits and as one who had made his mistress, the talented but frightfully licentious Madame de Genlis, the educator of his children. The Duke was clad in royal habiliments, and was received by the people with applause as a sympathizer with liberty. The spectators could discern upon his unprincipled face a

smirk of insolent contempt and satisfaction. The Queen heard the exclamations which greeted her bitter enemy, and it is asserted that she was so affected as almost to faint.

The clergy came next, preceded by a splendid cross. The Bishops displayed the pomp of the Catholic and Apostolic church. They wore purple, scarlet, and violet robes; aprons of white lace depended from their girdles, while various caps accurately designated their hierarchal rank. The curés and common clergy, clad in long robes of simple black, marched behind these exalted dignitaries.

And now succeeded the French Nobles in all the pride and grandeur of their rank. They were arrayed in garments of black decorated with gold and diamonds. An abundance of feudal orders adorned their breasts, and white plumed hats covered their heads. Their looks were assured, their faces wore a haughty and cold expression, and in every movement they exhibited the pride, confidence, and power produced by six centuries of arbitrary rule over the French People.

But the eyes of the spectators turned with curiosity and devoted love to the great body of the Third Estate, who now came into view, and who marched in crowded sable ranks; no gold, no white plumes, no jewels, but in their plain garbs a united and imposing body nearly eight hundred strong. In black attire, with short black cloaks and black hats, as they moved along they were constantly greeted with the loudest acclamations.

In those firm ranks could be seen Mirabeau, a quiescent volcano, a man of most immoral life and atheistic ideas, but of such terse and sublime eloquence as the world had not heard since Demosthenes uttered his Oration on the Crown. Kings were to tremble and nations turn pale under his burning words. There also might be observed the scientist Bailly, who in the crisis of his country's fate had forsaken his astronomical studies for the tribune; a man of a superior, pure, and intellectual countenance, and a calm, courageous, and indomitable mind. Far off and unknown was that awful day of horror and outrage, on which this very revolution was to lash him, cold and half-naked, to the guillotine. In that dense array appeared Robespierre, then a young and modest deputy from Arras, and unknown except as an advocate for the abolition of all bloodshed. Barnave was there, that impulsive genius, "so young, so

beautiful, so brave," and all the best elements of scientific, learned, philosophic, legal, and commercial France.

Thus, amid the enchanting strains of martial music, the shrill notes of the trumpet, the beating of the drums and the diapasons of far-off harmonies, this magnificent body moved on with stately steps to the vast and splendid Cathedral of St. Louis. The edifice was magnificently adorned with white banners and festoons of flowers. Within this storied building, wondrously wrought draperies of azure, of Tyrian and crimson dyes hung in stately folds dependent from its walls. These hangings were covered with the golden or silver lilies of France. At the dim end of the Cathedral rose a throne provided for the King, and on either side of the royal chair were dais and seats for the monarch's family.

The vast multitude soon filled the Cathedral; while their forms were illumined by the obscure and variegated light cast by the stained windows of the historic edifice. The scene was magnificent in the extreme. And now the King was seated upon his throne, and the superb Queen and nobles were grouped on either side, in a splendor revealed alone by flashes of diamonds and the sparkling of gold and silver amid the sacred gloom. The Princes of the Blood, with their white-plumed hats in their hands, stood upon the purple-carpeted steps. The nobles were ranged below in a solid and imposing body. The royal ladies and noble dames were seated on adjacent benches. They were a galaxy of beauty. Clothed in various colored and gorgeous robes, their haughty brows radiant with gems whose immense value might have relieved all the starvation of Paris, if not of France,—they seemed like a bower of female loveliness. Many of those beautiful heads before many months were to be severed by the keen knife of the guillotine, nor were that absolute King and proud Queen to escape. But this was for the future.

Below, and in the background, stood the immense mass of the Third Estate, stern, calm, silent, decorous, a great multitude of uncovered heads and black attired men, the very present hope of France.

The impressive services commenced. Thrilling and dulcet arose the solemn "*Veni Creator Spiritus*," and as its penetrating strains of sweetness warbled through those "dim historic aisles," they affected every heart, and

inspired, as music alone can inspire, every soul. Then followed the mighty hymn of Ambrose, the "Te Deum." All that vast audience, whether clinging frantically to the monarchy as it then was, or looking fondly at the alluring visions of freedom and happiness which they expected immediately to be realized, were alike affected and subdued by its tremendous strains. When the splendid rites of the Catholic church had been consummated, the Bishop of Nancy ascended the pulpit and delivered a striking and almost prophetic sermon. He was heard with interest and respect. The august ceremonies finally closed, and the procession, returning in the same state and magnificence to the Palace of Versailles, there dispersed, that its members might prepare for the more important duties of the next day.

All were not carried away by the enthusiasm of that ecstatic hour. Madame de Staël, who was at this time the wife of the Swedish Ambassador, tells us that she was a spectator of the imposing scene. Being the daughter of the Minister Neckar, she was naturally filled with boundless enthusiasm. The lady by her side was Madame Montmorin. Madame de Staël spoke to her in the most confident and rapturous language of the hopes and prospects of the coming States General. "You are wrong," said Madame Montmorin sadly, "you should not rejoice. In this event I see that which forebodes much misery to France."

The words of Madame Montmorin as to herself were true presentiments. She perished, together with one of her sons, on the scaffold; her husband was massacred on the second of September, 1792; a son was drowned; her eldest daughter was destroyed, after frightful outrages, in a revolutionary prison; and her only remaining child, horrified by the past terrors, lived for a few mournful years, and then died broken-hearted. He was only thirty, and had experienced an "Iliad of woe."

But such as to that day was the splendid, the peaceful, and the joyful inauguration, amid tears of Utopian happiness and the ecstatic illusions of a fervent and emotional people, of the most dreadful Revolution that has ever devastated Europe. From the pompous and gorgeous scenes which I have so minutely described commenced that striking series of Revolutionary events, which so soon over-

turned the absolute throne ; scattered or destroyed the nobility ; obliterated a feudal and ecclesiastical system which had existed from the age of Charlemagne ; and which swept away, as by a flood, the boundaries of provinces, the authority of the ancient laws and institutions, the terms of property, and the whole mediæval and royal past. The Revolution was a deluge ; but like the deluge of Noah, when its appalling waves had subsided, there presently could be discovered an Ararat, and overarching the summits of that new mountain of hope and peace, a rainbow of promise which spoke of true freedom and of a just and holy God.

While neither bigoted nor narrow, the writer of this book will keep constantly before him Sinai, with its legal code, and Calvary, with all its divine possibilities.

On the 5th of May, 1789, the States General were formally opened. The great Hall des Menus had been selected as of a size sufficient to accommodate more than a thousand deputies. It was magnificently hung with blue and violet velvets, adorned with the lilies of the Bourbons. Its upper portion was splendidly furnished for the King and royal family. Its floors were covered with rich carpets, and its windows blazed with gilded decorations. Art was exhausted to make it a place worthy of the great event about to be inaugurated.

A throne had been erected, canopied by crimson and blue curtains, and adorned with the arms of France. Stalls of fine wood ranged upon either side of the throne were to receive the nobility and higher clergy. The lower portion was set apart for the Third Estate, and was occupied by plain benches, while a broad aisle ran through the center of the hall, ending at the steps of the throne.

The States General had not been assembled since the year 1614. A hundred and seventy-five years of civil and military despotism had since ensued. The long reign of Louis XIV., splendid, warlike, and oppressive ; the vicious rule of the licentious Louis XV., with its infamous supremacy of mistresses like Du Pompadour and Du Barry ; the great and bloody wars of the Succession ; the victories of Marlborough and of Frederick the Great, all had become past history during the long interval. There had been the struggles of France in Canada and in the Indies, where British valor had prostrated Montcalm on the plains of Abraham, and Dupleix among the nations of the Carnatic ;

there had been the American war, with the advent of the sage Franklin, and the hero Lafayette ; and from 1774 Louis XVI. had experienced, after his dismissal of Turgot, the folly or failure of a series of ministers such as Calonne, Malesherbes, and Brienne. The deficits in finances had grown more threatening, and the fever of discontent became daily more violent. The infidel writings of Voltaire and Rousseau, of Diderot and the Encyclopedists, had penetrated and stirred masses of the French people ; and now, finally, as a last expedient, Neckar had wrested from the reluctant King the mandate by which the States General were to assemble.

The Third Estate was a dignified and able body of men. It numbered many lawyers of eminence, and in its ranks were scientists of European celebrity. But its marked personage from his entrance was the Count de Mirabeau.

Mirabeau was already a man of European celebrity. His adventurous career and his immoralities had attracted the attention of France. He was an atheist in religion, and so licentious, that even the dissipated nobles of the Court turned from him in disgust. His personal appearance was striking, and in height he was above the average Frenchman. His head was immense, and was covered with a profusion of curling black hair, which he proudly called his "lion's mane." His face was ugly, and pitted with small-pox ; but his eyes, protruding and large, were beautiful with the bright fires of passion and genius. His chest was broad and his structure massive ; while his deep bass voice had the rumble of thunder among the mountains. In his intellect, he was clear, prophetic, and penetrating, of giant grasp and profundity. In temper he was an aristocrat and a patrician ; but both a sincere desire for the amelioration of the despotism of the past, and an instinct of pride and ambition, transformed him into a popular leader. He was intensely in earnest, to establish a constitutional monarchy with the dignity of the King unimpaired ; but guarded and restrained by the same forms employed in the British Islands. With no conception at this time of the radical horrors to be revealed by the future, Mirabeau took the lead as the most courageous, gifted, and determined of all the Third Estate. By his magnetism and wonderful oratorical powers, united to an audacity that never failed, he either charmed or terrified all opposition.

Mirabeau was not an unselfish Pym nor a devoted Hampden. Such a man as he, in the English Parliament which tried Strafford, and defeated Charles the First, would have been to those calm, stern, religious Saxons, as a brushwood flame in the light of a star, or a sun ; but in a body largely composed of ideologists and infidels, and poisoned against Christianity by the satires and disbelief of a host of superior men who laughed at the Bible, and secretly ridiculed the very clergy who formed a part of themselves,—Mirabeau was a power soon to be manifested, and never to be quelled, except by death.

Mirabeau had visited Frederick the Great, that laughing scoffer at the head of a Lutheran church ; he had seen him at Sans Souci in all his royal abandon of flutes and grayhounds, of poets and musicians ; he had witnessed the aged warrior as, staff in hand, he had drilled two hundred thousand automatons and military slaves, called the Prussian army. The Count had written a eulogistic book upon Frederick which was as courtly as the letters of Pliny to Trajan ; and now he was about to appear in the rôle of an iconoclast of despotism against the mild, peaceful, and benevolent Louis XVI. It was he who was, with his words of flame, and volcanic and eruptive eloquence, to apply the match to the combustibles of Revolution, and cause the explosion already fully prepared by a nation on the very borders of social convulsion.

On this memorable 5th of May, 1789, the King seated himself on his elevated throne. He was arrayed in violet velvet adorned with gold and jewels ; and his head was covered by a heavy white-plumed hat. His attitude was that of dignity and interest. The Queen, the Princess Elizabeth, and his brothers, with the strictest attention to etiquette were stationed near his side. On his left were the Princes of the Blood, and the higher nobility clothed in their robes of state. The clergy, composed of princes and bishops of the Catholic church, were seated upon his right.

The Third Estate, nearly eight hundred in number, were placed in front of the monarch, and formed a foil, by the plainness of their attire, to a scene of almost monotonous magnificence. They filled all the seats to the extremity of the hall.

Guards in gorgeous uniforms, and ushers in blue and silver, crimson halberdiers, and the scarlet of the Swiss

Grenadiers, gave color and additional life to the deeply impressive and splendid spectacle.

The galleries were thronged by an ardent multitude of the female aristocracy and a host of all that was learned, wealthy, and noble in France. "*The great, the eventful day had come !*"

The King arose, his countenance illuminated by kindness and benevolence. He gazed for a moment with evident emotion upon the impressive scene, and then said : " The convocation of this assembly has fallen into disuse ; but I have not hesitated to establish a custom from which the Kingdom may derive new force, and which may open to the nation a new source of happiness. I have already ordered considerable retrenchment in the expenditure. I shall direct the exact state of the finances to be laid before you. The public mind is agitated, but an assembly of the representatives of the nation will, without doubt, only listen to the dictates of wisdom and prudence. You must yourselves have felt that these counsels have been swerved from on many recent occasions, but the reigning spirit of your deliberations will correspond with the true sentiments of a generous nation, whose love for its King has been its distinguishing characteristic. I discard every other recollection," said Louis. " All that can be expected," he continued, " from the tenderest interest in the public welfare ; all that can be asked of a Sovereign, the firm friend of his people, you may and ought to hope from me. That a happy harmony may reign in this assembly, that this epoch may become ever memorable for the happiness and prosperity of the kingdom, is the wish of my heart, the most ardent of my vows ; it is, in short, the prize that I expect from the rectitude of my own intentions and my love for my people."

Barentin, the keeper of the seals, then made a long address, and was followed by the Minister Neckar, who gave a delusive and prolix exposé of the finances of the State.

The Third Estate listened with gloom and interest, as the Minister confessed a deficit in the treasury of fifty-six millions of livres. They recalled bitterly the profusion of the Court at Versailles ; the useless pensions ; the vast sums squandered on the Queen's rural palace of little Trianon, on the debaucheries of the nobility, and the extravagancies

and pleasures of the King's brothers ; and they were in no compliant mood.

Finally the Monarch again arose. He announced that the session of the States General had commenced, and commanded them, that, retiring to their several halls, they should verify their powers, and begin their legislative work. He placed his hat upon his head, the nobility followed his example, and, with their slouched hats, the Third Estate dared to do the same. The nobles observing this dangerous innovation, expressive of the new spirit of the new times, cried out in anger and indignation, "Hats off ! Hats off !" The Third Estate heard their exclamations, calm and unmoved, and remained seated in the hall, after the higher orders had departed, with *hats on*.

Small as this incident was, it caused a sensation in Versailles and Paris, and betokened plainly, to both the King and Court, the mettle and purpose of the representatives of the people.

A struggle now commenced which excited the profound interest of the nation, and greatly increased the political ferment so intensely agitating the popular mind.

The unfortunate and short-sighted policy of the narrow and foolish Minister Neckar, which, however, he claimed was originated by necessity, immediately bore its fruit.

He had consented to the representation of the Third Estate being double that of the nobility and clergy. By this expedient he had hoped that while in all general matters the Third Estate would consent to act in a separate hall, and by the vote of each order, yet that nevertheless, in the consideration of *financial* affairs, when it might be expedient in a momentary crisis to appeal to them, he could carry any plan he might form, by holding a *special* session of all orders of the States General and falling back on the majority vote of the Representatives of the people.

It was the delusion of a statesman who understood neither the deplorable condition of France, the hopeless situation of the finances, nor the aggressive and revolutionary spirit of the age.

The Abbé Sieyès had just published an able and caustic pamphlet, "What is the Third Estate?" He had defined what the power of nobles and clergy had become, and he had asked pungently, "But what is 'the Third Estate'? *Nothing !* What does it desire to become? *Something !*"

Yet deaf and blind to all the sounds and sights of a threatening storm, Neckar had, like a dreamer, placed a powerful weapon in the hands of an exasperated people, and then conceived that he could direct its blows, and that it would not be used to overthrow and destroy.

The consent of the King to this fatal and infatuated step of double representation was not obtained without a most vigorous remonstrance from the nobility ; but when, despite all their representations, the plan of Neckar was triumphant, a great victory was achieved for the cause of reform.

The Third Estate perceived the immense advantage it had obtained, and resolved to win success by aggressions of the most radical character upon the ancient order of business. If the States General remained as a single body in one hall, then, as a numerical majority, the Third Estate could always rule ; but, on the contrary, if they consented to legislate in different chambers, and by orders, then, as they constituted but one of three orders, two of which could be depended upon to give the King their suffrages, the Third Estate would remain in a helpless and hopeless minority. The Commons in the States General as a *single body* might hope to achieve everything for the regeneration and freedom of France. The nobility and clergy, in the States General as a body divided *by orders*, could withstand the utmost efforts of the advocates of reform, and bestow only those changes which a reluctant despotism might feel that it was wise to permit.

The conflict was vital, and at once became determined. The Third Estate was animated by high motives, but their position as an historical truth *was revolutionary*.

This fact, however, did not daunt those talented, eminent, and enthusiastic men. They were stimulated by the knowledge that back of them were *twenty millions* of the French people. Patriotic men, they believed that they were now to be the mouth and hands of a France for so many centuries abused and dumb ; that on them rested the solemn and sacred duty to break the iron chains of a dreadful feudalism ; that a thousand years of tears, despair, suffering, and injustice called on them for reform ; that earnest eyes and anguished hearts looked on them *alone* as the sufficient authority to abolish or modify that despotic rule, which had beaten the nation into the dust ; which had sent its sons to useless wars ; which had consigned its daughters to foul

parc-aux-cerfs ; which had starved the peasants, and repressed by Hindoo barriers every rank of society belonging to the people, in order that *two hundred thousand effeminate nobles*, and a dissipated and reckless court, might riot in splendor and revel in lust and folly, while the millions toiled, suffered, and died.

These considerations infused into their hearts a sublime courage, and nerved them to dare all and endure and meet all in order to achieve their country's salvation. France looked up to them for liberty ; but it was only by a single chamber, in which the power of their numbers would be decisive, that the expectations of the people could be realized.

A life or death struggle immediately began, a battle between the absolute throne of the past and the resolute purpose of the Third Estate to achieve a position where they could surely change a despotic into a constitutional monarchy, legal, just, and free.

Across the English Channel, and only separated from France by a few miles of sea, was the prosperous Kingdom of Great Britain. English ideas, English dress, English books, and love of liberty, had penetrated France and divided into new channels of thought and purpose the life of the French people. That great land had in its Parliament, its constitution, and a King restrained by law, presented for a century to the degraded and oppressed masses of France a constant example of the happiness, the wealth, the power, the prosperity in all orders of society, enjoyed by a nation subject to a liberty regulated by law. While in France the King's will was absolute, in England it was restrained by legislative authority. While in France any subject could be arrested by a *lettre-de-cachet* of the King, and, without trial or jury, could be arbitrarily hurried to rot and die forgotten in the dungeons of Vincennes, or the Bastile, just as a Russian Socialist of to-day can perish in the mines of Siberia,—in happy England, on the contrary, the house of the poor man was his castle ; the right of *habeas corpus* his protection ; and though without a physical defense, yet that poor man well knew that his King at the head of all his armies would not dare to enter in or arrest him without the regulated authority of a free and just court.

The Third Estate understood all these contrasts ; they had read, traveled, seen, reflected, and, full of ardent aspirations to give to France such a liberty, small wonder that

they dared, in the only way possible to them at that moment, to make an effort for freedom. What American citizen can refuse his sympathy to these struggling patriots at this hour? They ventured all, that they might win all for the people!

When Louis XVI. on the 5th of May retired, the nobility entered the hall to which they were assigned and verified their powers. The clergy followed their example. The Third Estate remained in the Hall des Menus, as on account of its size this splendid chamber had been appropriated for their sessions. A revolutionary position was immediately taken. Assuming the attitude that they were not yet a verified power, *and were not able to become one* without the presence of the nobles and clergy, they sent to the other two orders an invitation to unite with them and organize. Then they remained quiescent. They did not verify, they transacted no business, and remained in expectation. They declared that they could not organize and form a regular body, and that they could not engage in any legislation whatever, until they were united as one body in the same hall with the other orders.

The sensation caused by this attitude was indescribable. The King was perplexed and confounded. He realized for the first time that his distinct commands were disobeyed and defied. The nobles were furious, and they were loud in language of the most intense indignation. Those haughty aristocrats trembled for their privileges and estates, and in this attitude of the Commons they saw, like Belshazzar, the handwriting on the wall, not only declaring that they were "*weighed in the balance and found wanting*," but that "*their Empire was about to be given to another*."

Only forty of their number possessed any generous or liberal tendencies, and the leaders of this little band were Lafayette and Lally Tollendal.

Those heroic nobles courageously avowed their opinions and asserted that a union of the clergy and nobility with the representatives of the people would hasten the emancipation of the monarchy. But the haughty and frivolous advocates of autocracy—coxcombs, yet brave—resolved to the utmost extremity to maintain the ancient method.

The clergy were also divided. The common curés, sprung from the *people*, well knew the poverty, the oppressions, and the galling chains which bound and depressed the energies of their parishioners and themselves. They secretly

resented those impassable barriers, which separated by blood and rank virtuous and learned ecclesiastics from the bishoprics and loftier positions of the church. They were of the Commons and naturally clung to the Commons. They would have responded at once to the invitation of the Third Estate ; but the haughty, godless, and licentious clergy of noble birth threatened, frowned upon, and terrified them. Yet even in the highest ranks were many beautiful-souled and saintly priests, like the Bishop of Arles, whose princely blood was sanctified by the utmost fidelity and purity, and by a truly Christian love for humanity and righteousness. These good men began to exercise a great influence over the proud and careless ecclesiastics, whose sole aspirations had been and were now for the pomp, power, and money of their positions. But as yet the clergy as well as the nobility outwardly adhered to the King's commands.

A complete and sudden stop, as of an arrested world, now took place, not alone to the legislation of the States General, but in its reactive influence to all the ordinary wheels of civil government. France rocked and trembled to her very center in convulsions of anxiety, wrath, and despair. The monarchy, society, and the state were loosened down to their foundations ; and the lines between parties were as distinctly drawn as, in the American war, between the Union men and Secessionists.

On the one side stood the absolute King and the hoary, ancient monarchy, with its feudal lords, its class privileges, its unjust laws, its Bastiles and police, its intolerable repressive restrictions and tyrannies, and *seemingly* yet controlling an army of three hundred thousand disciplined soldiers.

On the other side was the New France of untitled men,—of austere thinkers, scientists, orators, merchants, great not by birth nor privilege, but by brains, culture and energy. Pitying their fellow-sufferers among the peasantry of the country ; despising and hating the innumerable divisions and differences in the local government of the kingdom, and panting to cast aside all this slavery, they were resolved to never yield until they secured equality before the law, equal taxation for equal burdens, constitutional rule, all offices open not alone to blood, but to merit ; and a monarchy secured by an assembly of the people, and a constitution.

While the exigencies of their position made it necessary that their efforts should for the present be directed to obtain

a *single* chamber, in contrast with the two chambers of free England, a House of Lords and a House of Commons, yet when freedom should be secured, such an arrangement as that in Great Britain was the *ultimate* purpose of some of the most honest and faithful members of the Third Estate. But now it was either to contend firmly for a single chamber, or to witness the destruction of their most cherished hopes and those of the nation which had sent and which trusted in them.

The Deputies of the Third Estate were not alone ; they were backed by a tremendous constituency. The masses of France were with them. The scholarship, the intellect, the patriotism of young and old were by their side. Many of the soldiers of the army and of the royal French Guards espoused their cause and cheered and encouraged their fidelity.

For three weeks, from May 5 until May 27, earnest efforts were made by conciliatory and timid men to arrange matters, to bring together, on an accepted basis, the different orders, and to reason with the recalcitrant Third Estate. It was all in vain.

One of those attempts came from the clergy. They sent an invitation to the Third Estate to hold *with them* a conference on the distresses of the poor. The Representatives saw in this request a subtle effort to compel an acknowledgment of the clergy as an order separate from themselves. To acquiesce would be to acknowledge also the nobles, and to retire vanquished from the position they had taken. The deputies were greatly embarrassed. They feared the effect upon their constituencies of the refusal of so plausible and charitable a proposition, at a moment when Paris and France were in the greatest distress through poverty and suffering.

In this crisis Robespierre arose. His words, uttered in a sententious voice, relieved the assembly. Addressing the ecclesiastical deputation he said : " Go tell your colleagues that if they *are* so desirous of ameliorating the distress of the nation, they should hasten to unite themselves in this *hall* with the *friends* of the people. Tell them no longer to retard our proceedings and the public good by contumacious delays, nor to try their point by such stratagems *as this*. Rather let them, as ministers of religion, as worthy servants of their Master, renounce the splendor which surrounds them and the luxury which insults the indigent. *Dismiss* those insolent lackeys who attend you ; sell your

gaudy equipages, and convert those odious superfluities into food for the poor." These remarks were received by the Third Estate with a strong and flattering murmur of approbation, and the clerical deputies retired, blushing at the just contrasts of the higher French clergy of the day with the poverty and humiliation of their God and Saviour Jesus Christ.

"The die was now cast." No retreat to faithful and high-spirited men was possible. Day after day the beautiful May mornings lengthened, and the trees and flowers brought forth new blossoms. The Deputies were in sight of a magnificent palace. They were in view of the finest cascades, fountains, statues, walks, and esplanades. They were near the most magnificent gardens in Europe, and could hear from their leafy depths the gentle songs of those birds who loved the half rural, half city life of the storied and splendid Versailles. Day by day amid these beautiful scenes that vast body of black-attired men marched slowly to their hall. Always themselves dignified and calm, they were sometimes greeted by applause, and now and then, when the partisans of the Court were in the majority, by violent hisses; but, steady as the Roman Senate when in the white marble temples of Rome it awaited Brennus and his Gauls, daily the Commons proceeded to and fro and heeded not. Each morning they took their accustomed seats, and sent invitations to the other orders to unite with them, which as often met with a refusal, and at intervals with contempt.

The Third Estate had no thought of retreating; it was victory or destruction. It was "All or nothing," in an infinitely nobler sense than when used by Napoleon in Germany in 1813.

The nobles were now almost insane with blinded wrath. How much did they dare to do? France was a match; should they light it? Before the actual and the probable even they paused and hesitated. But they hurled their anathemas of words at the assembly, and yet, confident in the loyalty of the army, they urged the vacillating King to bring his troops up to Versailles and Paris and to vindicate his authority. "Dismiss, Sire," they cried, "these rebels against the just and ancient laws of the monarchy and commands of your Majesty."

The nobles *did* have the *right* of the old method and law

on their side. It *was* as *three orders* that the States General had met in 1614, but what were brown and ancient parchments when employed to hinder the determined resolution of the patriot Third Estate to correct the abuses of the past?

The clergy, diversely agitated as their blood was aristocratic or plebeian, on the one side heard approvingly the strenuous debates of the nobles, and on the other listened with delight to the pointed arguments of the Third Estate.

The people of France in all their great centers were profoundly excited. The citizens of Nantes and Norman Rouen, of Bordeaux and Toulon, those cities of the fervent south, of haughty Lyons and commercial Marseilles, were alike stirred; and restless throngs filled their streets, in imitation of Paris. Young officers in garrisoned towns (like Napoleon Bonaparte, who was then at Valence) began to argue as to the rights of man. Storied and German Strasbourg, over its beer and sausage, was agitated as only a half-French inoculation could agitate Teutonic phlegm. But the blood-heat of excitement was most terribly manifested in those provinces where the peasantry had been the worst abused and harassed: Burgundy, Auvergne, Champagne, Franche-Compte, Berry, and other feudal divisions of old France. There the fierce and enraged inhabitants were already on the extreme verge of those fearful outbursts so soon to come.

Over twenty days had now passed in this stern conflict, and not one thing had been attempted nor accomplished for legislation or reform; and all this time the Third Estate remained in dogged quiescence.

The streets of Versailles became thronged with anxious and excited multitudes. Paris was filled with crowds, who gathered at the Palace Royal and in the gardens of the Tuileries and Luxembourg. Orators were heard, and debates resounded on all sides. You could not wash nor shave, nor go to the laundry, nor purchase at a greengrocery, nor enter a hall, nor visit a friend, nor go to a public hotel, nor walk a street, nor lounge in an alley, nor sail on the river Seine, nor ride, nor sit, nor eat,—but what some patriot or royalist engaged you in a hot debate, as to the attitude of the Third Estate, the position of the King, or the obstinacy of the nobles and clergy. It was a Macbeth cauldron, with “Bubble, bubble, toil and trouble.”

Strangers congregated from all parts of the kingdom, and especially from England and the nearer states of Europe. Englishmen were visible in clubs and vehemently engaged in argument. Almost unanimously and noisily they were on the side of the rebellious Third Estate. From Prussia hurried Anacharsis Clootz, and from Italy came the talented Alfieri, while even remote Sweden had its representative in the Queen's friend so intimately associated with the scandals of her life—the Count de Fersen. Delegates from Paris and other cities of France exhorted the Third Estate to remain firm. They implored them not to abandon the nation by submission again to bondage.

The King was like Mohammed's fabled coffin in Medina. As the contending forces reached him he went up to the nobles or down to the people. Everything, to the calm eye of reason and common sense, seemed about to fall into inextricable confusion and discord. This astonishing and lamentable spectacle, the seeming collapse of a great and dominant state, excited the fear and amazement of Europe.

The tension in France and Versailles at length became intolerable ; some step to untie or cut the Gordian knot of the existing condition became imperative. On the 27th of May the Count de Mirabeau arose in the Third Estate and made an impressive and eloquent speech. He besought the representatives "*to decide upon something,*" and no longer delay to satisfy the just desires of their vast constituency. He urged the Third Estate to send a message immediately to the clergy, requesting an explanation of their course, and earnestly soliciting them to unite with the Commons. The proposition was eagerly adopted. Target—who was afterwards rendered infamous by his cowardly refusal to become one of the defenders of Louis XVI. in the trial of that fated Prince—was selected as the spokesman of the deputation to the ecclesiastical body. It proceeded at once to the hall of the clergy. "The Third Estate," said Target, "invite the clergy in the name of the God of peace, and for the national interest, to meet in the hall of the assembly, to consult upon the means of effecting the concord so necessary at this moment to the public welfare." The ecclesiastics were moved. The lower orders in their ranks received the invitation with acclamations, but the bishops and archbishops, true to the instincts of their noble and royal blood, were cold and reluctant, and restrained by

their attitude any movement toward the union proposed. The clergy finally answered Target, "that *they would deliberate*," and with this ambiguous answer he was compelled to return to the Third Estate.

The sending of this delegation only served to increase the anger of the nobles, the dismay of the Court, and the exasperation of the royal party. At this moment also, by a domestic calamity the aristocracy were temporarily deprived of the presence and counsels of their firmest supporter, the fascinating, proud, and courageous Marie Antoinette. Though the Queen was excited and indignant as daily tidings came to her of the audacious attitude of the Third Estate, yet her mind was now largely preoccupied by her tender and maternal solicitude for her eldest son, the Dauphin. A noble but sickly child, he had always been in delicate health. In the midst of the conflicts and crises we have described, he fell ill, and after a few weeks of suffering, in the early part of June, 1789, he suddenly expired. The Queen was overwhelmed with grief by this unexpected event. She was prostrated, and remained in seclusion for several weeks. It was a most vital period.

The King partaking of her grief, for he was a tender father, was deprived of her counsels and advice so important to him in the hour of his greatest need. The consequence was that he fell into a state of the most miserable perplexity and indecision. With a heart wounded by domestic affliction Louis XVI. eagerly looked around for some wise, some sufficient, some friendly support, or for some method of action which would be available in this trying hour. Alas! he found partisans and friends, but no guiding hand or directing mind to assist his efforts. The intellect, wisdom, and culture of France were, at this moment, almost unanimously arrayed against the absolute throne.

The King's most bitter enemy was the Duke of Orleans, his nearest blood relative out of the direct royal line. We have already incidentally referred to this prince. He was ambitious, but unprincipled. A writer of great genius, Macaulay, has said of his grandfather the regent, that he looked upon all men as the embodiment of Swift's "Yahoos." The same temperament was prominent in the present Duke. He was constantly tormented by his vile appetites, his insatiable love for brandy and lewd women, and the contempt of

the Court, but he was a man like all of the family of Orleans, of intrepid courage. He had offered to go up with Montgolfier in the first balloon ascent of that adventurous man in 1785, and was ridiculed by France as the "Aeronaut." The wealth of the Duke was gigantic, and the Palace Royal was his private property; but he was penurious and avaricious. He had no tact to conceal his vices nor shame to hide his sins; he was inconsistent and vain, and felt the rebuking power of the virtuous and honest life of Louis XVI. His only redeeming trait was his strong affection for his children.

The Queen was a pure woman, though so foully slandered by the Duke of Orleans, and, during its frenzy, by Paris also. She had been indiscreet and often reckless, but she detested the constant immoralities of a prince who was so near to the throne by blood. With a mind which had now developed from frivolity into astuteness, she penetrated his ambitious purposes and recognized his courage, craft, and talents, but yet could not reconcile herself to conciliate so formidable an enemy. Taking their cue from the Queen, the courtiers daily slighted, outraged, or repelled the Duke. The Prince was continuously wounded in his sensibilities by this treatment, and he was as constantly enraged. He kept aloof from the Court, sought favor among its most violent assailants, and though treated with distant courtesy by the King, his anger against Marie Antoinette could not be placated. He permitted the lowest pamphlets to be published against her purity, pamphlets which, with their vile illustrations, made all the foul in Paris laugh.

He had cajoled by his flatteries and subsidized by his wealth a host of obscure but malignant writers, who being dependent on his bounties, while they glorified him to the skies, exhausted the language of vituperation and invective against the Queen and Court. He had opened freely his gardens in the Palace Royal to the most seditious meetings, and encouraged the most violent oratorical assaults on the monarchy. He constantly *posed* before the restless Parisians as a second Brutus, a kind of royal apostle of liberty, ready to sacrifice his rank, titles, and even his life for freedom. But all his secret aims were toward the throne: efforts which led him to the scaffold, but which were realized in his eldest son, when that astute Prince became "Louis Phillippe, King of the French." At this moment-

ous period he held aloof from the tormented and grief-stricken King, and used all his power and wealth to aid in the downfall of Louis XVI. His course is one of the most solemnly instructive to be found in history, and proves that there is a God who punishes the turpitude of men. He was an atheist, and despised, with the cynicism of a Voltaire, Christ, the Gospel, and all Divine truth.

The collisions which had taken place between the Third Estate and the other two orders now threatened anarchy. Hordes of armed ruffians infested the country as soon as the ordinary restraints of royal authority were removed, and taking advantage of the preoccupation of the public mind in watching the supreme struggles at Versailles, they began to pillage farms and rob the lonely country villages. The ordinary protections of society became insufficient, and the citizens in many localities felt compelled to form themselves into "leagues of order," in the interest of their homes and property. Such was the practical effect of even the *threat* of a Revolution to abolish a grossly tyrannical power which had been established for centuries, and which was fairly civilized.

Events hastened rapidly toward decisive action. Six weeks of intense strain had racked the mind and hearts of all. Some solution must be found. For the Third Estate retreat meant the destruction of all their hopes of a constitutional government. The nobles were equally obstinate, and believed that their resistance was essential to their future existence. The clergy wavered.

Louis XVI., the last of monarchs to rule a storm already so threatening, was at the head of all. As a man he was just, benevolent, and upright; he had a true, tender, and amiable heart. He was sincerely religious, according to the best life of the Catholic church. He was fondly attached to his wife and children, and an irreproachable husband and father. His understanding was good. He excelled in geography and history, and had sketched in 1786, for the unfortunate mariner La Perouse, the course of his cruise around the world. Of a retired and peaceful temperament, he delighted in mechanics, and was never so happy as when, in a little shop which he had constructed for himself in Versailles, he donned the apron of a locksmith and engaged in fabricating keys. He became an expert workman. He was timid and fickle in his personal distrust of his abilities,

but a man of complete physical courage in any dangers that threatened him or his family. His supreme fault was *his instability under pressure*; he relied too much on the opinions of others, and was greatly swayed by his autocratic Queen. Hence his course in the Revolution was fluctuating to such a degree as to discredit with the people his sincerity, and to lead to some of the worst excesses of the future.

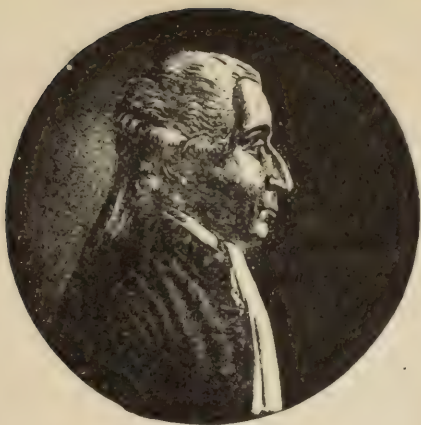
It was human nature in the King to cling to his prerogative and to resist assaults which meant an entirely new era. Had he occupied a stable constitutional throne like that of England, he would have been a model ruler. But his weak and vacillating hand possessed no skill nor power to guide the barque of the French State over the stormy seas of revolt, which now began to surge against it. It is in the personal temperament of Louis XVI. and his mental structure, that we find one cause of the disasters which now became inevitable.

Indignant at what he considered the obstructions of the Third Estate, he listened with conviction to the pleadings of the nobility and courtiers to bring forward his armed forces. He began to gather troops from various parts of France. At first only a few regiments appeared, but the rumble of artillery and the tramp of cavalry became a portentous sound in the people's ear.

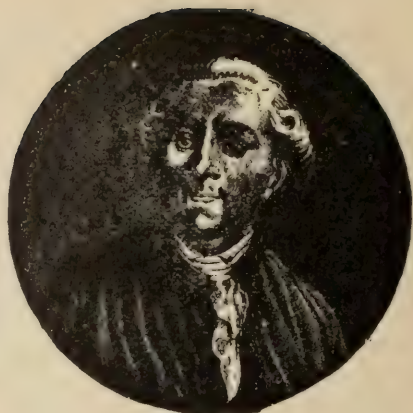
The upheaval of society was more evident each day. Arthur Young, the celebrated and critical English traveler, was at this time in Paris. A candid observer and practical thinker, his pages are of the most vivid interest to the honest student of the French Revolution. He entered the book-stalls of the Palace Royal, owned and rented by the Duke of Orleans, who resided in the main building. All Paris was like a bubbling, boiling cauldron. The booksellers issued swarms of pamphlets; these were almost universally filled with the most violent attacks on the King, the nobles, and the clergy. On one day thirteen, on another fifteen, in a week as many as ninety-two of these productions, witnessed the effervescence of the public mind. Everything that was *old*, laws, institutions, rank, must, they asserted, be abolished. Sentiments were presented as to social equality, popular rights, and governmental changes which verged on anarchy, and could only be realized by a total destruction of the Monarchy and an entire transformation of society.

In the coffee-houses of the Palace Royal, the most extravagant and exciting debates were of daily and even hourly occurrence. These were secretly encouraged by the Duke of Orleans, as a means of increasing his popularity. Crowds assembled ; they filled even the doors and windows, and listened with loud applause to orators, who, from a table, a chair, or a bench for a rostrum, uttered rabid and insurrectionary sentiments. Neither the King, nor the Minister, nor any of the authorities made an effort either to answer or stop any of these revolutionary harangues. It is, moreover, a striking fact in the character of Louis XVI. that with all his anxieties he did not omit his days of hunting in the adjacent forest of Meudon. The King now drew yet more closely toward his nobility, and began also to have the company, and once more the advice, of his indomitable wife.

At length the patience of the Third Estate was exhausted. Seven weeks had passed, and it was the middle of June. The dead-lock still continued, and threatened to become interminable. The time had come for either a total surrender or an audacious exertion of revolutionary power. The Commons chose the latter, and took that decisive step which was to have such vast results upon France and Europe for the next hundred years.



BAILLY.



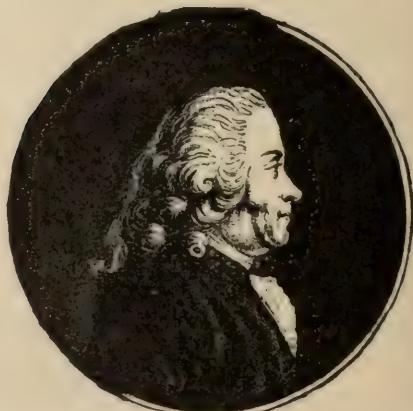
NECKAR.



MIRABEAU.



LAFAYETTE.



MALESHERBES.

FAMOUS MEN OF THE STATES GENERAL.

CHAPTER II.

THE NATIONAL ASSEMBLY.

ON the 16th day of June the Commons met for the last time under the name of the Third Estate. The uncertainty which was rapidly drifting France into the vortex of anarchy, they were convinced must now be stopped, and stopped at once. The situation was alarming in the extreme, and the bonds of society were already loosened. The decisive moment had finally come.

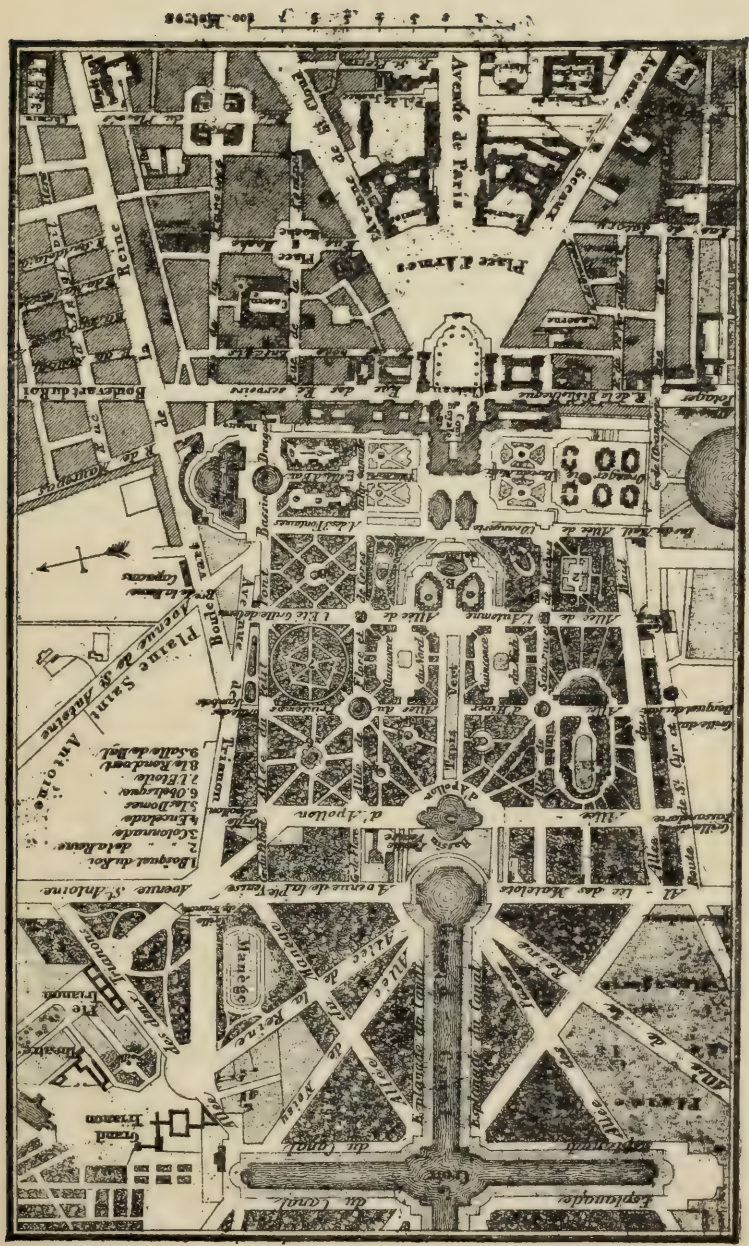
In the national body was that Abbé Sieyes, to whom was reserved the singular destiny of taking an important part in both the commencement and close of the Revolution. It was he who, impelled by a sense of the danger and critical situation of both France and her representatives, now determined to inaugurate a vital change; and if we look down the vistas of ten terrible and warlike years we shall see him in 1799 one of the leaders in that 18th Brumaire, which placed Napoleon on his Consular throne. In 1789 Sieyes was about forty-five years of age, and had already made a deep impression by his pamphlet upon the Third Estate. On this eventful day the Abbé arose. His voice was weak, and he was no orator, but his mind was as sharp as a Damascus sabre. Amid the deepest silence, he averred that, "since the opening of the States General the deputies had displayed calmness, patience, and dignity; that they had exhibited all respect—compatible with their character—for the nobility and clergy. They had been repaid by subterfuges and hypocrisy." He declared that the Assembly could not remain idle for a longer period without betraying its duties to the most pressing interests of its constituents. "We must now verify," he declared, "our powers. We represent ninety-six hundredths of the nation."

It was decided in the most solemn manner, in response to this speech, that the Third Estate should immediately proceed to verify their powers, and to invite, collectively and

individually, their fellow-deputies to unite with them. This whole action was momentous, new, and revolutionary.

When the Third Estate had verified its powers, Abbé Sieyès made another motion which was still more radical. He declared that the Third Estate should repudiate that badge of slavery, its name, and assume the title of "*The National Assembly*." "Firstly," he argued, "because the members of which it was composed were the sole representatives of the mass of the nation; secondly, because nearly the whole people had elected them; and thirdly, because *their representation* was one and indivisible, no deputy, no matter in what order or class he may have been chosen, having any right of exercising his functions *apart* from the present Assembly." Although the Count de Mirabeau, by an extraordinary inconsistency, opposed the resolution, it was carried by a majority of four hundred and ninety-one to ninety, amid vehement applause. The minority were, however, extremely violent. They were noisy and furious, and they employed every expedient that disorder and sound could furnish, to delay this tremendous step. But all their efforts were futile. The new National Assembly in dignified language voted an address to the King, explaining and justifying its actions; and then, with great determination and dignity, from that important moment it calmly proceeded to assume and exercise the *whole legislative power*. It legalized by a vote the taxes then being collected, and declared the national debt to be under the safeguard of the State.

To affirm that the King, the Court, and the nobles were astounded is but to use a most feeble expression. Such an extremely audacious and revolutionary course the absolutists had never conceived possible. Their surprise was as great as that of Dathan, Korah, and Abiram when the rod of Moses was uplifted and the rebels saw the pit yawn for their destruction. This move of the Third Estate was of the most formidable character. The humble representatives of the people began to loom up as the mighty "*National Assembly*," armed with the representative authority of twenty million French who stood behind them. The Royal party was still more dismayed, when on the next day three of the clergy from Poitou joined the nation's ranks and, day by day, amid enthusiastic shouts and embracings, from two to six ecclesiastics were added to the Commons. The National



VERSAILLES IN 1,8).

Assembly was profuse in its compliments to the patriotic priests. One of the first to enter its hall was the Abbé Gregorie of Embermeine, and he was greeted with an ovation.

On the 17th of June the National Assembly declared itself constituted. It took the oath, "We swear to fulfill the duties committed to us, with zeal and with faithfulness." Bailly the scientist was declared President.

On the 18th of June, a procession of the Holy Sacrament moved through the crowded streets of Versailles. The stern deputies were present in a body, and marched between the ranks of the Royal Guards, many of whom scowled at them as they passed. The people were sombre, anxious, and restless. They were subdued by the electric forces of the coming storm, and nowhere could be witnessed that enthusiasm and abandon of joy which had so strikingly characterized the ceremonies of the 4th of May. Many faces in the ranks of the Assembly wore a jaded and haggard expression, but the fire of determination gleamed in every eye.

On Friday, the 19th of June, the National Assembly proceeded to form its committees, and on that day, at six o'clock in the evening, another portion of the priesthood entered the hall.

Neckar, the Minister of State, was in a pitiful condition of dismay, astonishment, and perplexity, on learning of these decided steps. He saw the Abyss of Revolution opening at his feet, and trembled at the dark shadow of the anarchy ahead. Greatly agitated he interviewed Louis XVI., and besought him to call without delay a royal sitting. The enraged and trembling courtiers and nobility for a moment joined their efforts to those of a minister whom they hated and despised. They advised the monarch to suspend the sitting of the States General for three days, and then, in a special séance, to give his authoritative commands to the recalcitrant Commons. It was their plan to have the King appear surrounded by the utmost pomp of feudal splendor, and to thus awe the National Assembly into submission. But they manifested their infatuated pride by the malice, ignorance, and folly of their methods. They had been taken by surprise by the unexpected actions of the Third Estate, and *time* was now to them of the greatest importance, in order that they might formulate their plans and arrange for a victory over the "*rebels*."

The King, vacillating and weak, was captured by his wife and his nobility, and readily submitted. He agreed to carry out all their purposes.

On the morning of the 20th of June, a battalion of the French Guards took possession of the Hall des Menus. Sentinels were posted at the doors, and their white and red uniforms, bearskin caps, and the gleaming of their bayonets, could be plainly seen as they were scattered through the people's sanctuary. At nine o'clock, seemingly or actually ignorant of this event, the National Assembly began to arrive in front of the hall, and Bailly, its President, approached the awkwardly closed doors. As Bailly with a dignified manner appeared, an officer of the French Guard quickly stepped forth, and confronted him. It was the Count de Vertans. The President of the National Assembly indignantly addressed him, and in a loud and earnest voice demanded admission for the deputies into their own chamber. The Count became very pale. The members of the Assembly were calm, but their flaming countenances revealed their restrained wrath. The Count declared that it was his orders from the King to close the hall until a special session, which was announced for the 23d. When Bailly endeavored to press forward, he was politely but firmly hindered by the soldiers. The formidable shakos of the French Guards and their bayonets appeared behind the Count, and barred the entrance of the nation's representatives. *This was indeed despotism.* For twenty minutes many of the Assembly remonstrated and persisted, but it was in vain. Finally, in great indignation and confusion, the Commons descended the steps before the hall, and Bailly having obtained the papers of the Assembly, they all crowded down the avenue of Versailles. As they marched in groups they were greeted by the jibes and jeers of the reckless courtiers who lined the stairs, but they passed these infatuated scoffers in silence and with contempt.

The King had proclaimed through the streets of Versailles a royal sitting for the 23d of June, but he had sent no notice to the President of the Assembly. This flagrant neglect, to use no harsher term, added to the aggravation of feeling experienced by that able and august body. The Deputies esteemed themselves scorned and rejected. They gathered in angry groups—while workmen entered their hall,—and conferred with each other what they should do.

Versailles shook with wrath as it heard of their treatment, while agitated crowds gathered in the streets and cheered the homeless representatives.

Suddenly a cry was heard, "Let us proceed to the Tennis Court." This was a long and wide building, plain and unfurnished. It had been used by the Count d'Artois in former times for his games of skittle and tennis. It was now unoccupied. The room within the court was spacious, but the walls and floors were bare. The incensed Assembly immediately hurried thither. An arm-chair was provided for the President (as there were no seats in the hall). The eight hundred deputies and the clergy grouped around Bailly, in indignation and filled with contending emotions. It was a sublime and striking scene. It was as impressive as when the heroic Long Parliament cried "Privilege, privilege!" into the despotic and reluctant ears of Charles the First, when seeking the five patriotic members who dared to denounce his treachery and his tyranny. It was as sublime in the political world as Luther's stand at Worms when he was ready to die for religion, and when he said, "I will not," to the Diet who called upon him to abandon the Reformation. The majestic attitude and lofty look of Bailly; the earnest manner of the excluded deputies, whose black attire was rendered more sombre by the dim light of a clouded and threatening day, and who represented the genius, culture, intelligence, and patriotism of France; the thronging, sympathetic, and earnest masses of people, and without the voices of excited and debating multitudes,—all formed a spectacle of fervor, of devotion, of firmness, of enthusiasm, forever to be engraved upon the mind. There, as the rain began to beat against the windows, and the fury of a rising storm to assail the walls; there, in that darkening hall, arose Bailly. Raising his hand toward heaven, he cried to the deputies: "You swear never to separate, and to assemble wherever circumstances will permit, until the constitution of the kingdom is established, and founded on a solid basis." His voice, loud and distinct, was heard outside of the building. The deputies lifted their hands toward him and shouted in response, "*We swear, we swear.*" Art has delineated the scene and the spirit of the event. The memory of the "*Oath of the Tennis Court*," from that hour became an inspiring power in the history of the Revolution. The people as they heard the cry of the deputies were filled

with enthusiasm. "Long live the National Assembly!" rang through the hall and out into the rain-swept streets, mingled with a few cries of "Long live the King."

Baffled and enraged, the shallow but malignant nobles now resorted to every form of meanness and manifested the most petty spite. Burning with anger and defeated in their plans, they became still more vindictive, and descended to the incredibly contemptible step of secretly *renting the Tennis Court*, that they might exclude from that place also the National Representatives.

The Assembly, when excluded from the Tennis Court, calmly marched to the Church of St. Louis. Assembling in that ancient sanctuary they were encouraged by the entrance of one hundred and forty-nine of the clergy. In these clerical ranks were some of the most eloquent preachers, and gifted writers of the church. They advanced, their faces glowing with a lofty and generous patriotism, and they were greeted by the Assembly with the most respectful enthusiasm, while the church rang with continued applause. They had voted by a majority this step.

Though they were resolved never to retreat from their position, yet the Commons felt a natural apprehension as to what might be the purpose and course of the King on the following day.

The morning of the 23d of June, 1789, dawned upon agitated Versailles, Paris, and France. It was a stormy day. The rain swept the streets, and a summer tempest raged. But the dismal weather did not abate the preparations for the séance. The avenue leading to the hall was lined with soldiers. A sullen and silent multitude stood in the tempest and watched the gorgeous carriages of the magnificent and smiling nobles as they rolled by. The hall within had been decorated with artistic taste and lavish splendor. The nobles and higher clergy were at once admitted to their seats.

When the deputies of the people appeared they were loudly applauded, but they were not spared both insult and delay by the Royalists. They were kept by the Maréchal de Breze for a long time in the rain and in a humiliating position. Their garments became almost soaked with moisture. In vain Bailly, the President, knocked loudly at the door. It was not until the third time, and after declaring

that if not instantly admitted they would retire, that the enraged deputies were permitted to enter.

Wet and filled with smothered indignation the abused representatives took their seats, and with hatred saw before them the resplendent ranks of their oppressors. The nobility seemed to enjoy their forlorn and uncomfortable condition. Nothing can reveal more plainly the insolence of the aristocracy of France, the emptiness and malice of the old Bourbon courtiers and nobles than this outrage. It soured the whole national representation. The tidings of this disgraceful treatment of the people's deputies rapidly spread through Versailles, Paris, and France. The hatred of the Nation against the Court and the Nobility was greatly increased. The people felt as though France had stood humiliated in the storm with her representatives.

And now the King entered in the midst of majestic pomp. He was splendidly robed and surrounded by all the magnificent accessories that had been handed down from the royal etiquette of Louis XIV. His robust form was arrayed in purple and violet and gold, and the white plumed hat of Henry of Navarre covered his head. His usually benevolent countenance wore a fixed and stern expression.

Amid profound silence Louis XVI. arose. His glance, directed to the Assembly, was harsh and threatening. In a loud and menacing voice, the monarch began to reproach the Commons for their usurpations. He annulled, by his mandatory power, all their decrees and acts constituting themselves a National Assembly, and legislating in that capacity. The deputies of the people listened in sullen silence, and save in their bloodshot eyes and inflamed countenances their tempest of purpose and indignation found no outward expression. Assuming a milder tone, Louis then addressed the States General as to a plan of reform, which he proposed to present to them. He promised the abolishment of the *corvée*, that most vexatious and cruel oppression. He declared that he would originate provincial assemblies; that he would examine the tithe and ameliorate the feudal rents. But he affirmed that the ancient structure of the *orders* must remain entire, as being essential to the constitution of the Monarchy; and that no one order should claim for itself the national representation. The monarch emphatically forbade the admission of the populace into the galleries or the halls of the deputies; and

insisted that none but members should be present. This was a bold step, and was immediately and successfully resisted. "You now see," he said, "the result of my wishes and my views ; they are agreeable to the lively anxiety I feel to effect the public good. But if, by a *fatality* which is the farthest from my expectations, you abandon me in so noble an enterprise, *I will myself accomplish the welfare of my people.* You will consider," he continued, "that none of your projects, or dispositions, can have the force of law without my special approbation." As he uttered these words he glanced severely toward the Commons. By his whole address the King plainly exhibited his determination to maintain the royal and feudal prerogatives of the past, only partially reformed. He arrogantly declared himself to be the sole representative of the entire nation, and he threatened vaguely that if submission to his behests was refused, he would dissolve the States General and carry forward the work of reform by his own royal authority.

In their wet clothing, the representatives of the people still maintained their sombre silence, and only the defiant look of their eyes and expression of their faces betrayed the stupendous resolves of their patriotism. Assuming his ordinary benevolent aspect, the beguiled and misapprehending monarch at length commanded the three orders to separate, to proceed to their several halls and there to verify their powers without further delay. Poor King! He had stretched out, with assumed firmness, the vacillating hand of his autocracy to stop the rolling car of this tremendous Revolution, and that hand was instantly shivered in the attempt.

After these final words of autocratic and absolute authority, Louis the Sixteenth majestically and slowly arose and withdrew from the hall, followed by his Court. The nobles, with a few exceptions, retired to their chamber. The higher clergy did the same.

The patriot ecclesiastics and the National Assembly remained as though spell-bound to their seats. A long and painful silence was finally broken by the Abbé Sieyès, "We are to-day," he said calmly, "exactly what we were yesterday." By these words he threw down the gage of defiance to the King, the monarchy, and the nobility. And now Mirabeau impetuously sprang to his feet. "What

means," he cried, his deep voice sounding through the hall like the awful roar of an angry lion,—“this ostentatious display of arms? These troops lining the streets? This violation of the National Temple? Is Catiline at your doors? I demand that, covering yourselves with your dignity, your legislative power, you adhere religiously to your oath. You have sworn not to separate until you have given a constitution to the people.” It was at this moment that the Maréchal de Breze entered the hall. He was arrayed in his official attire of blue cap with white plume, and blue silk tabard profusely covered with the silver lilies of the Bourbon despotism. “Gentlemen,” he said in a respectful tone, but with an offensive and haughty manner, “You have heard the King’s commands?” “Yes,” answered Bailly, “and I am about to take those of the Assembly.”

It was a supreme time, but the time possessed its *man*. Mirabeau again stepped forward. His shaggy locks were disheveled; his pitted face was convulsed with emotion; his protruding eyes gleamed fire; and his voice had the pitch of rolling thunder. He was the prophet, and interpreter, and inaugurator of a great movement; all in one. “Yes, sir,” he cried, glaring upon the astounded de Breze; “*we have heard the King. But you, sir, have neither voice, nor place, nor right to speak here. Go to your master and tell him that we are here by the will of the French people, and that nothing but the power of the bayonet shall drive us hence.*”

Those fearless words confirmed and established the Revolution. Though workmen stood waiting at the door to enter; though soldiers crossed the hall, and the King’s Life Guards advanced to the very entrance,—the deputies were undismayed. In the most resolute and outspoken manner, they again voted all that the King had nullified; and met the threat of an armed force with a bold, ringing, and defiant resolution. It was a bombshell that fell, scattering total dismay into the camp of the nobles and their monarch. On a motion of Mirabeau it was carried, by a vote of 498 to 34, that “The National Assembly declares the person of every deputy inviolable; that all private individuals, corporate bodies, tribunals, courts, or commissions which dare, either pending or after the present session, to proceed against, to call to an account, or cause to be arrested, imprison, or cause to be imprisoned any deputy, on account of any sentiment, motion, opinion, or speech, uttered at the



MIRABEAU DEFYING THE KING.

States General ; also any person who shall assist in any of the above-named attempts, *ordered by whom they may be* ; are infamous, and traitors to the nation, and guilty of a *capital crime*. The National Assembly resolves that in such cases they will take every step to *discover, proceed against, and punish* those who shall either originate, instigate, or put them into execution." This stern law struck terror into the hearts of the whole Court and nobility. The defiant Assembly had drawn and brandished the sword of rebellion, and its dreadful lightning was ready to strike at all its enemies.

At this point in this momentous history, let us turn from the Assembly at Versailles, and survey the ferment in France. Every part of the monarchy, save La Vendée, was aroused. Newspapers and pamphlets multiplied with increasing rapidity, and the fires of discontent burned as fiercely in portions of the center and south of the kingdom as in the heart of Paris. In the capital itself, the turmoil was portentous. Every home had become a debating society. In every shop and street, in the gardens, on the quays and bridges, excited groups assembled. Mechanics, laborers, merchants, shopkeepers, lawyers, and physicians, all discussed in the most radical and vehement language the situation. Men were half insane with loss of sleep and hunger. Pale faces and sunken eyes were common. Trade had become paralyzed. Money had hidden itself in affright. Food and work were scarce, and famished thousands began to cry for bread.

The French army was honeycombed with disaffection. Except the foreign regiments of Swiss and Germans in the royal pay, nearly all of the troops of France possessed strong sympathies for the people. One cause of the deep disaffection of the army lay in the fact that an impassable barrier of blood and caste separated the common soldier and subaltern from their officers. Just as in Prussia under Frederick the Great, so in France, a peasant must always carry a musket, and a noble could always command. Veterans who had fought with Montcalm at Quebec, or with Dupleix in India, who had clutched victory at Yorktown, and had resisted defeat on many a stricken field, were constantly ruled by officers who saw them hardly once a year, and whose only powder was hair powder, and only victories those they won by the most infamous and licentious amours with a

depraved female noblesse. There were, it is true, great military names of noble birth, De Grasse and Rochambeau, Bouille and Lauzun, Custine and Luckner. But though personally brave, the French noble looked upon his regiment as simply his own property, to be loaned to the state for his own emolument or glory.

The regiments were not numbered as in the Revolution, but bore the names of different provinces. There was the regiment of Berry and of Auvergne, the regiment of Languedoc and of Lorraine. There were King's regiments, proprietary regiments, and foreign regiments. Such titles abounded. The cavalry was usually designated by the name of its commander. Some regiments were owned by the nobility and hired out to the King, just as the Hessians were sold to the British Government in 1777 to destroy American liberty. But the great bulk of the army was immediately Royal and dependent on the Monarch alone. Yet, even in the regular force, ill-treatment and neglect had soured the soldiers, who were mostly sons of the peasants, and who although in the ranks, yet remembered the poverty and abuse which were constantly endured by their fathers at home. On the 23d of June, 1789, had Louis XVI. known the truth, he would have realized how precarious was his hold upon the military forces of the Monarchy. But kings are the last men to know facts. They exist in an atmosphere of adulation and falsehood, surrounded by deceitful and mercenary satellites, and this was the situation of Louis XVI.

Several battalions of the French Guards were stationed in Paris. They composed the *élite* of the Royal forces. Their barracks were placed near the Champs Elysées. They were the choice household troops of the King. But they were infected by a fever of democracy. They had read much: had been converted by Rousseau's "Social Contract," and were ready on a sign of revolt to side with the people. They now began to testify, in every way possible, their hatred against the ancient régime, and their sympathy for the National Assembly. So outspoken did the Guards become, that their officers felt it prudent to keep them severely and closely confined in their barracks. The philosophy and infidelity of the eighteenth century had completely saturated the minds of these warriors, had dissipated all their belief in God and in the Bible, and had obliterated their ancient love for their King. The phantom

of liberty had risen before them. They were sincere, generous patriots ; but imagined a Utopia which it could never be possible to realize.

The troops in Versailles were more loyal, and the Swiss Guards could be relied on implicitly. The vain courtiers, blind to these facts, began now to rest all their hopes upon the infantry, cavalry, and artillery of the Monarchy.

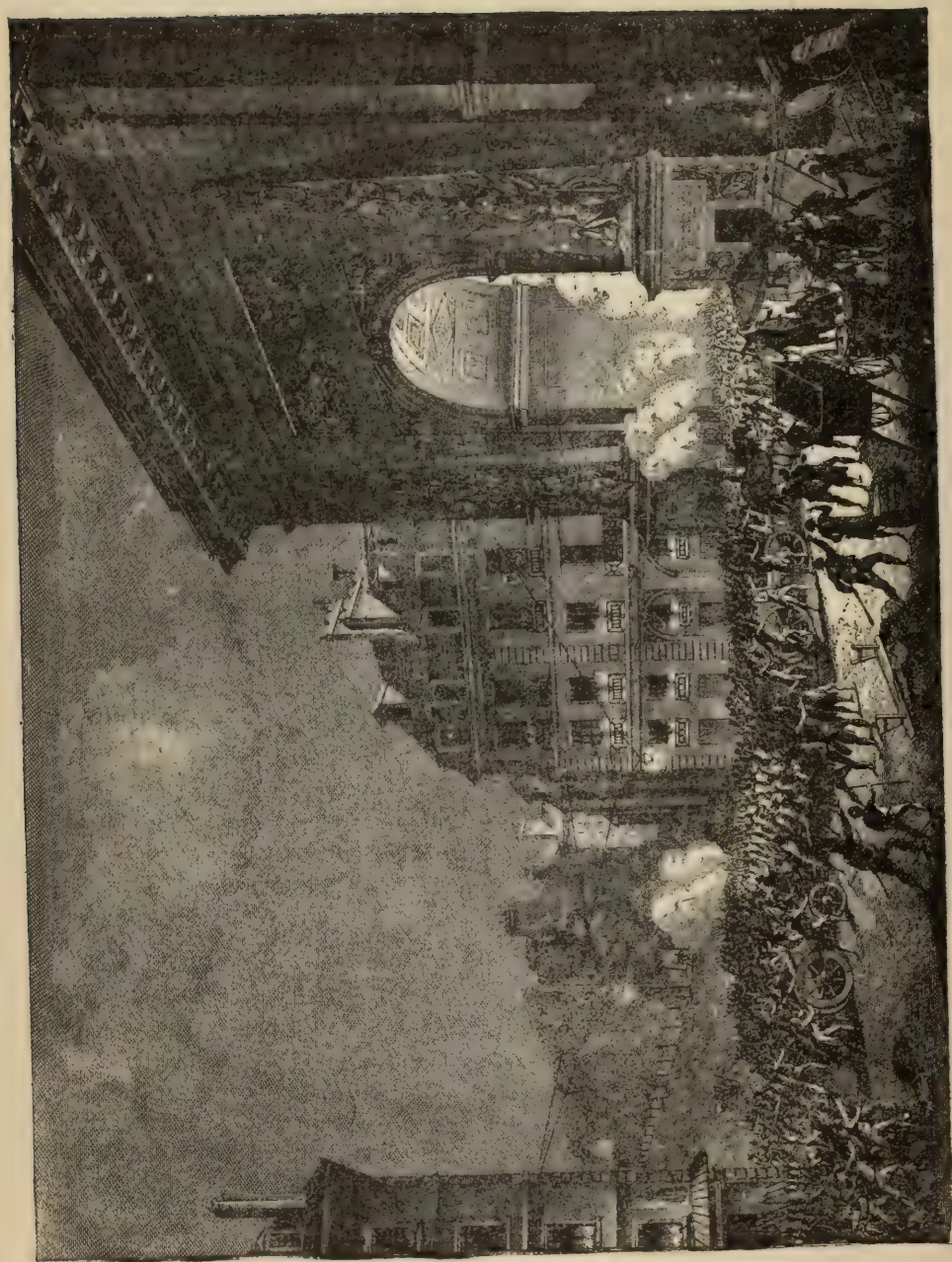
The lack of a recognition of the gravity of events, at this hour, even by Louis XVI. himself, is something astounding to the student of those times, and only explained by the somewhat apathetic nature of the monarch, and the deception of his nobility. He still lived and moved in the midst of the splendor of Versailles. He was surrounded by the same magnificence and etiquette which had attended the thrones of his ancestors, Louis XIV. and Louis XV. He saw, except in the revolt of eight hundred obscure deputies as he esteemed them, the visible forms of his Monarchy intact and unshaken. It is true that that splendor was to vanish like Aladdin's palace in a night ; but as yet blood had not been shed. Still, even with this explanation, a penetrating monarch would have taken renewed steps of decision. But the King gave way. He refused to disperse the Assembly by force, and on the 27th of June he advised all who would do so of his nobility to join the national body. Some obeyed and some held aloof and counted on the monarch's changeable character and the influence of the Queen. Louis as usual hunted at Meudon and pursued the same course of life as when in the plenitude of his power ; for that kind and feeble intellect had as yet no conception of the gigantic character of the Revolution now inaugurated. It took the shock of the fall of the Bastille and the revolt of France to awaken Louis XVI. to any proper conception of his danger.

Though brave and elegant, the French nobility were largely the most contemptible of men. They were heartless and selfish, vain and frivolous, conceited and malignant. It would seem as though all the evil spirits let loose from the box of the fabled Pandora had lodged in their hearts. They were alike reckless, infatuated, and unreasonable. They laughed, danced, trifled, and flirted on the very verge of the volcano ; and when they resisted, or machinated against the people and their representatives, their shallow brains only exhibited a childish folly and fury.

A profound contempt for the sorrows and needs of the nation clouded their understanding. They cared no more who endured, slaved, suffered or starved, among the cruelly oppressed, toiling masses of central and eastern France, if they could but revel in luxury and ease amid the debaucheries of Paris or magnificence of Versailles and St. Cloud,—than an African Arab cares for the slave that he either beats to death or drags to a merciless bondage. Worthless debauchees, they exacted the last tithe from poverty, and laughed at the squalor and unutterable misery of their tenants.

These were the men who now determined to maintain all the abominations of feudalism, if it could be accomplished by extreme recourse to an armed force. Baffled again by the Assembly, they turned to the regiments of the line for help and salvation.

But all of the French nobility were not such, and this description has no application whatever to Brittany and western France. The nobles of those romantic and peaceful sections of the west, living on their own estates, had always assumed a paternal relation to their tenants and servants. The peasants responded to kind treatment by a fidelity and gratitude, by a devotion and love, which made them remain true to the monarchy when King and throne had alike gone down in death and ruin. Besides these there were in the ranks of the highest aristocracy great and patriotic nobles like Lafayette and Lally Tollendal. It was such men as they, who proved that greatness and virtue, patriotic love for their country and devotion to liberty, could exist united to noble blood and exalted rank.



THE PEOPLE GATHERING ARMS AT NIGHT, PARIS, JULY 13, 1789.

CHAPTER III.

THE GATHERING OF THE ARMIES AND THE STORMING OF THE BASTILE.

BY its defiance on the 23d of June of the royal commands the National Assembly had confirmed its triumphs and wrested both the *actual* executive and legislative power from the reluctant hand of Louis XVI. The blinded nobility who had followed the monarch from the royal sitting, unaware of the step just taken, were almost delirious with an excess of illusive joy. They believed that their victory over the people was final and complete, and that the Assembly would no longer dare to resist the stern and positive mandates of Louis. These foolish men hurried first into the presence of the Count d'Artois and Monsieur (the King's brothers), and to these Princes they loudly proclaimed their triumph. Then rushing like tumultuous children into the presence of the Queen, they greeted her also with the most enthusiastic cheers. The beautiful Marie Antoinette,—her countenance yet pale with grief on account of her late bereavement,—smiled sweetly upon them as she held up in her arms her remaining son. Herself blinded to the great events which had just taken place, she accepted the congratulations of the deceived nobles as though their boasted success was a reality.

But all this vain ecstasy of a visionary hope was soon destined to be dispelled. The brilliant bubble created by the imagination of the courtiers burst in a moment, when touched by the stern finger of facts. The clapping of hands and the shouting of the populace drove these rejoicing aristocrats to the windows of the palace. With forebodings and dismay they beheld the Minister Neckar,—who had refused to attend the royal sitting,—approaching, surrounded by an applauding multitude. The astonished nobles presently saw the Marquis de Brèze also enter. He wore a flushed face, and exhibited a distracted manner. The startled courtiers heard him announce to Louis XVI. that the National Assembly

had contemptuously refused to obey the King's commands, and that they had nullified his mandates and had renewed all those decrees which set his authority at defiance. The King was dismayed and perplexed. His vacillating mind was dazed and overwhelmed by such a revolt. The pale-faced, astounded courtiers fairly gasped as they heard the dismal and unexpected tidings. No more smiles! no more jeers! no more shouts of triumph from these hollow-brained egotists! Assembling in groups they began to earnestly discuss various plans to resist the determined and audacious deputies.

The character of Neckar has been a problem to the student of the Revolution. Napoleon the First thoroughly penetrated his unctuous emptiness, and despised him as an ideologist, a man of mere words and not of wise actions. Bonaparte attributed to Neckar entire lack of genuine statemanship, and asserted that his destitution of foresight was one of the chief causes of the later anarchy and terror of the Revolution. Neckar's reputation has been sustained by the later celebrity of Madame de Staël, his gifted daughter. The authoress of "*Corinne*" has proved an eloquent and a subtle apologist. But the close and critical investigations, and comparisons of accurate modern historical research, have confirmed the opinion of Napoleon, and proved Neckar a mischievous, shallow, narrow, selfish, and at times a reckless charlatan. But at this moment he was the idol of France and basked in the sunshine of an immense popularity. Flattered by the incense of continuous praise, and fearful of its loss, Neckar rendered no real service to his distressed master. He was absent when he should have appeared, and advised when he should have acted. He was believed to be the *friend of freedom* when he was really only the *friend of himself*. He was childish in his financial schemes, all of which proved to be totally inadequate to the demands of the hour, and few of his plans exhibited in their results that any political wisdom guided their formation. Yet this was the very man who held the helm of state in an hour of such threat and danger, as would have taxed the utmost efforts of a Richelieu or a Mazarin.

The courtiers now changed their tactics. They pretended obedience to the King, and determined by an ostensible submission, which, however, was to be gradual, to disarm the Assembly by guile. It was their plot that when all were

united in one hall, then the armed force might be called in, and nobles, clergy, and commons alike be dismissed, and the States General *impartially* dissolved. But to achieve this Machiavellian plot an army was absolutely necessary. The incensed Queen earnestly lent all her influence to the treacherous scheme. She exhorted her husband to rouse himself to the dangers of his position, and like his ancestor, the haughty and resolute Louis XIV., to maintain his prerogative. But the King was as different from the abrogator of the Edict of Nantes, as a flower is from a rock. The Queen appealed to his paternal affections, to his responsibility for the future of his son and successor, and finally awakened in his heart fears that he was about to be deprived of all his royal power.

The results of her pleadings were soon manifested. The monarch began to gather troops from all parts of his wide dominions. Dreading the disloyalty and defection of the Paris battalions of the French Guards, troops were selected who were believed to be uncontaminated by revolutionary principle. Long files of highly disciplined and perfectly uniformed infantry, rumbling parks of artillery, and squadrons of splendid cavalry began to appear on the various roads leading to Versailles. Foreign regiments in the King's service, Royal Allemands and Royal Swiss, in serried ranks and with gleaming bayonets, marched into Versailles, and into the Parisian suburbs, and either encamped on the outskirts of the capital or along the road to the royal palace. The aged and resolute Marshal de Broglie, who had been a hero of the Seven Years War, was placed in command of these forces. But the veteran warrior was amazed and fettered by the King's reluctance against bloodshed and his command not to kill.

Louis XVI. was good at heart and humane, but was so weak that, though well-designing himself, *he was a dangerous power in the hands of unscrupulous and selfish men.* His uprightness, and his love for his people, were of no avail when he became the slave of the detested Polignacs and of the Count d'Artois. Those haughty and unscrupulous advocates of feudalism had used him to assemble the army, and now they and the nobles designed to employ him to overthrow the National Assembly. That such *was* their scheme is abundantly proved by all candid investigation of this momentous period.

The representatives of the people were justly alarmed at this formidable gathering of troops. Fifteen thousand soldiers were soon stationed between Versailles and Paris. Others were constantly arriving and increasing their numbers. The agitated people were confident that these regiments were assembled in order that they might be ruthlessly employed to destroy freedom and restore the absolute monarchy, and they were right. While the Assembly now occupied itself with preparing the outlines of a constitution and in reforming abuses, the King held aloof in close communion with his wife and the absolutists, and only in groups did the nobility join its ranks.

It was at this juncture that Mirabeau again assumed the leadership of the Assembly. The great Commoner declared that the deputies should postpone the discussion of a constitution in such a dangerous crisis as now existed, and request of Louis an explanation of why so large a military force was being gathered at the capital and in the neighborhood of the Assembly. While the language of Mirabeau was coldly respectful toward the King personally, it was severe and full of reproach against the royal government. He declared that troops were constantly advancing toward both Versailles and Paris, that the bridges, the promenades, and even the public parks were made the *bar-racks* of a hostile soldiery. He affirmed that mysterious orders were daily given which threatened liberty, and that the changing of battalions, the planting of cannons, and the movement of masses of German cavalry all assailed in the most sinister manner the freedom of the Assembly. The deputies listened with a profound and sympathetic interest to these bold complaints of the great orator. They could hear for themselves from their hall the far-off roll of drums; they could see during their promenades the gathering of forces; they could hear the rumble of cannons driven constantly along the avenues. The excited deputies at last proposed that a plain address should be sent to the King, demanding that the troops should be dispersed and be replaced in Versailles itself by a *Civic Guard*. The address, in charge of twenty-four members, was sent to the monarch. Louis XVI. received these deputies of a revolted Assembly with aggravating coldness and hauteur. The King asserted that the regiments were assembled in order that they might, if necessary, protect the threatened tranquillity of the people, and

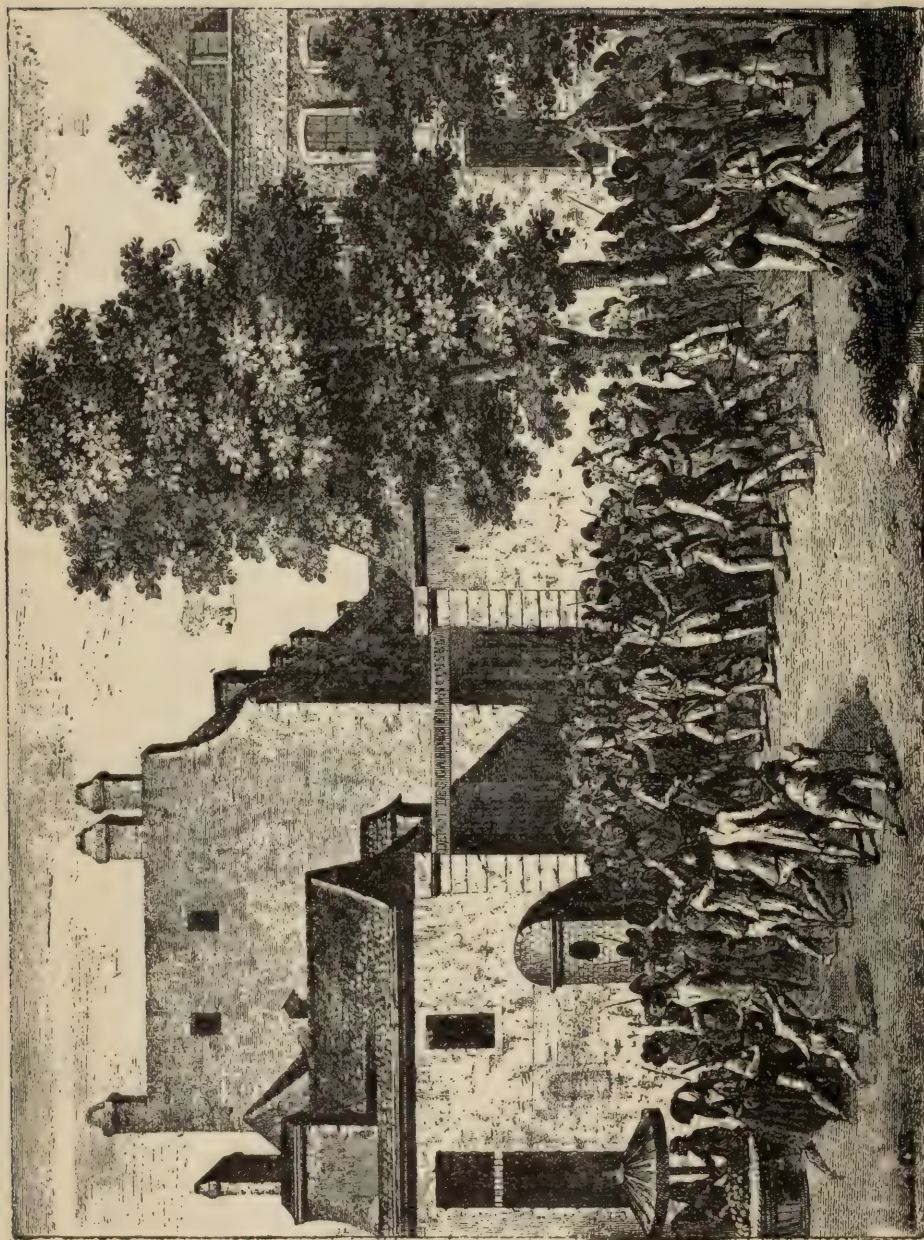
that he would not withdraw them. He added that if the National Assembly had any fears for their liberties, he would willingly remove them to Soissons or Troyes.

The Assembly immediately recognized in this proposal the snare which the treacherous courtiers had enticed their honest King to set for the destruction of the National body. The Commons well knew that in either place they would be between two camps, and far away from the assistance of the capital. In Soissons or Troyes they would be reduced to helplessness and impotency. They refused to remove. When the Count de Cuelon proposed that they should trust the word of a King who was "an honest man," Mirabeau hotly replied: "The word of a King who is an honest man is bad security, when he is blindly governed by unprincipled courtiers and an autocratic wife. We will not flee before the troops. We demand, and must demand again and again, until we triumph, their removal." These words of resolute firmness were greeted by the Assembly with tumultuous cheers.

It was now the 11th of July. More and more darkly the awful clouds of a threatening convulsion of the monarchy were lowering in the political horizon. Versailles and Paris were in such an indescribable tension of fear, suspicion, and wrath as made an explosion inevitable. The French Guards shut up in their barracks were increasingly insubordinate and restless.

They sang patriotic songs. They constantly cheered for the National Assembly and conversed freely, and with the most hearty affiliation, with throngs of patriotic visitors. The youth and beauty of Paris gathered at their barracks to flatter and seduce them. Yet when their commander, M. du Chatelet, was threatened by the people they promptly rescued him and brought him away in safety. Grim and silent, the various regiments of de Broglie's army remained in their camps, or paraded on the road between Paris and Versailles.

At this tremendous moment an event occurred which was fatal in its results, and which at once precipitated the explosion of popular wrath so long dreaded. The Minister Neckar, as unworthy as he was, was yet the idol of the French people. He was nowhere so popular as in Paris. His bust, and that of the Duke of Orleans, could be found in almost every shop of any pretensions in the city. The infatuated people of the metropolis had made his ministry



THE FRENCH GUARD RESCUING THEIR COLONEL, M. DU CHATELET, JUNE, 1789.

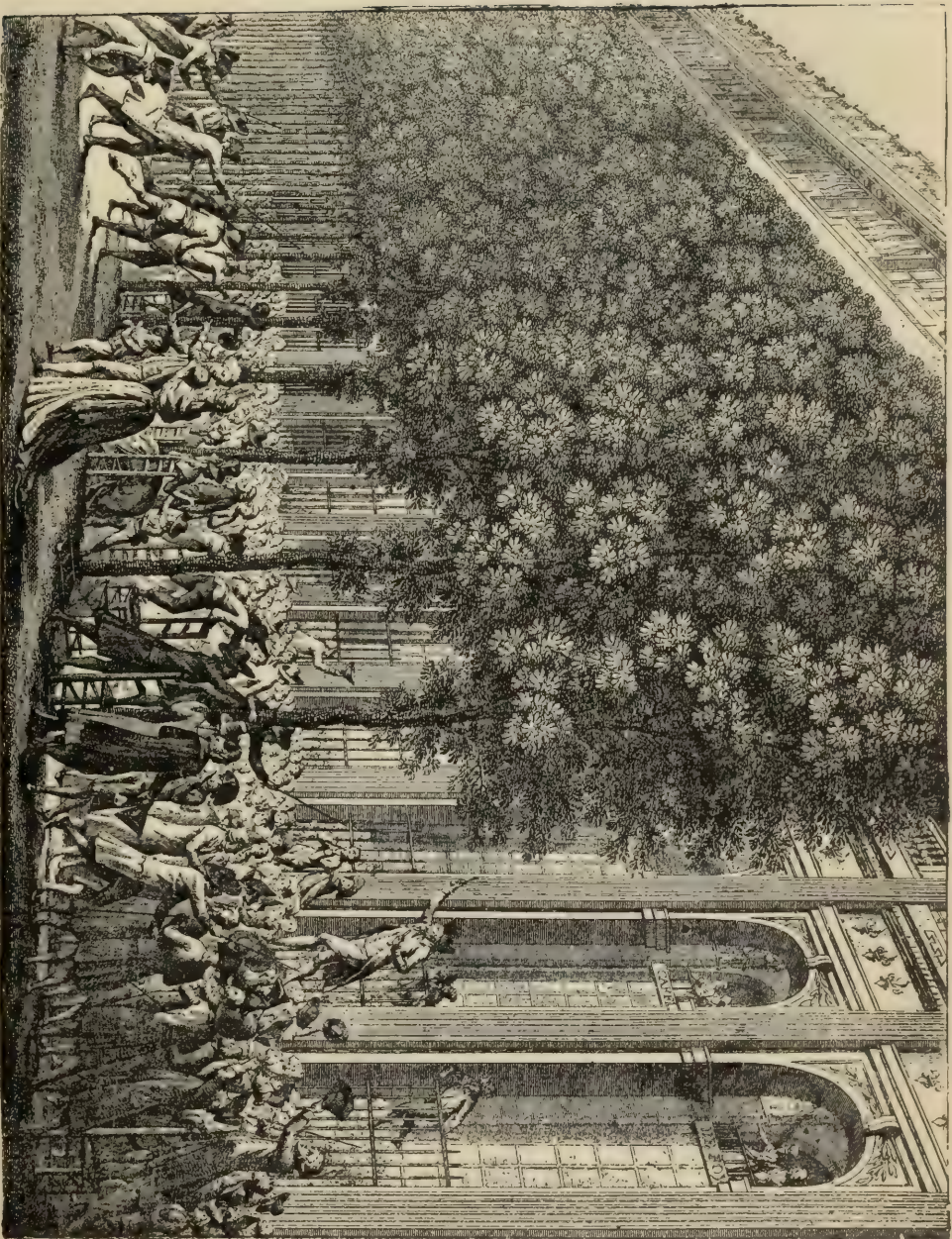
the palladium of their new liberty and hoped-for triumph. Neckar had suggested the calling of the States General. He had advocated and carried the double representation of the people, which had produced such important results. He was hated and suspected by the Court, and that alone was sufficient to make him the beloved of the people. In the strife between the different orders, he had been retained by the King as an expediency, but he had promised Louis that he would peacefully retire from the ministry whenever the monarch should signify his desire.

On the evening of the 11th of July, a note was handed to Neckar from the King. It briefly informed him that Louis took him at his word. His resignation was requested, and the monarch added that he hoped that the dismissed minister would keep his departure a profound secret. Neckar was true to his promise. He resigned without delay, and took his departure immediately in the night for his native Switzerland. Neither his most intimate friends, nor even his daughter, knew that he was about to leave Versailles. So rapidly did he travel that when the morning of the 12th of July dawned he was already a long distance on his way to his ancestral Alpine mountains. But the secret of his departure could not long be kept, even with all these precautions. The story of Neckar's dismissal soon spread through Versailles and reached Paris. When it was known that not only Neckar, but *all the ministers* of the King who were favorable to the people had been dismissed, the sensation was terrible. To increase the popular fury it was learned that de Broglie, Foulon, and others, all sycophants of the Court and friends of despotism, had been substituted in the place of the exiled ministry. It was added with all the earnestness of a frenzied patriotic suspicion that the army was now about to dissolve the National Assembly, march upon Paris, imprison and execute all the popular leaders, and once more rivet the chains of absolutism upon the nation. That this was actually the purpose of the Queen and nobility later research has proved beyond a doubt, and it is a key to the events which followed. It was alone hindered by the King's insuperable hatred of bloodshed. At these tidings the volcanic wrath of the people exploded. Paris immediately flamed with excitement. Crowds of furious citizens in every degree of wrath thronged the streets, all heaping invectives on the royalists, while the

gardens of the Palace Royal were crowded with a shouting mob.

In the midst of this scene, a young man, who was afterwards a famous leader of the Revolution, forced his way through the crowd, and leaped upon a table. It was CAMILLE DESMOULINS. "Citizens," he shouted, "there is not a moment to be lost. M. Neckar is dismissed. This dismissal is an alarm-bell for another St. Bartholomew slaughter of patriots. To-night, this very night, all the Swiss and German battalions will come from the Champ de Mars, and cut our throats." Holding in either hand an upraised pistol, he cried in frenzied tones. "To arms! citizens, to arms!" He plucked a leaf from a chestnut-tree as a badge of revolt, and placed it upon the lapel of his coat. The combustible multitude instantly caught fire. The cry "To arms!" was soon echoed by fifty thousand infuriated men. The trees in the Palace Royal were in a moment stripped of their green leaves, and those leaves were assumed by the infuriated patriots as a badge of insurrection.

A portion of the multitude repaired to a museum near by, and hurrying forth the busts of Neckar and the Duke of Orleans, they paraded with them through the streets, crying, "Vive la Nation!" As the mob entered the garden of the Tuileries they were suddenly met by a detachment of the Royal German regiment of dragoons. The barracks of this body of troops were near by, and they were under the command of the Prince de Lambesc. His regiment was at deadly feud with the French Guards, and devotedly loyal to the King. It charged the mob, and scattered them in every direction. In the affray an old man, who was quietly working in the garden, was slain. The drums immediately beat to arms in the camps around the city, and the troops formed in line. The terror of the people was transformed into renewed fury on learning of the massacre of the aged victim. With terrible cries of "To arms! to arms!" the Parisians hurried to the Hôtel de Ville and gathered the weapons there deposited. They rushed to the arsenals, to St. Lazare, and to the Museums. The iron railings surrounding those buildings were torn away by ten thousand eager hands, and transformed into pikes. The alarm and disorder became terrific. A city if taken by storm, and delivered up to the fury of an enemy, could not have presented a more dismal and dreadful picture. Detach-

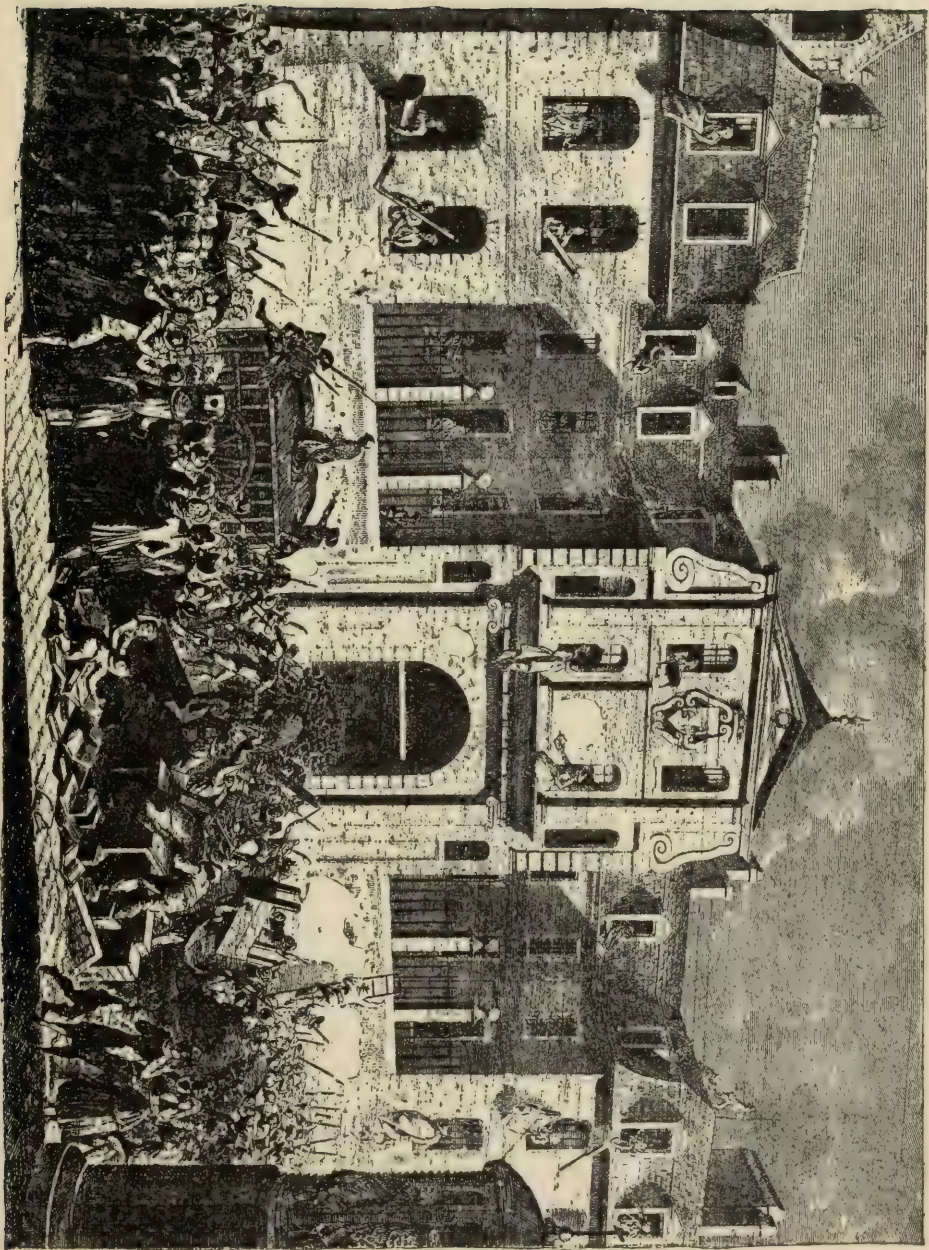


CAMILLE DESMOULINS ROUSING THE PEOPLE IN THE GARDENS OF THE PALACE ROYAL, JULY, 1789.

ments of dragoons and cavalry were galloping through the city, making their way to the posts to which they had been assigned. Trains of artillery with monstrous noise clattered over the pavements. Companies of men and women drunk with brandy, and running about like incarnate demons, broke open the shops. As they swept along howling, and firing guns and pistols, they spread terror in their path. They assaulted shops, and beat in doors, in their quest for weapons. Multitudes rushed into the arsenals and soon appeared, some with helmets, others with casques of the 16th century, some with ancient matchlocks, with spears, battle-axes, bludgeons, and all the weapons of past ages. Others sacked the gun shops, and hunted in every place for weapons. They dragged out cannons of the 16th century and captured some more modern pieces. All this terrible while the troops were paralyzed by the command of the King to the Marshal de Broglie in *no case* to fire on the people or shed blood. It was this order which soon retired these formidable bodies to their camps, and rendered all the excesses to come possible. Never was a more *insane* command given to a soldier. But the people, believing in the threatened massacre, which the nobles really meant, became more and more excited. Armed with every conceivable weapon they surged through the streets, and were soon fifty thousand strong. In desperate fury they thronged around the Hôtel de Ville. Lifting high their sabres and pikes, their axes and spears, their swords and muskets, they shouted, "Vive la liberté ! Death to the traitors ! Death to the Nobles !"

A clouded morning dawned on this dreadful night. And now many of the French Guards burst from their barracks, and forming disciplined companies, advanced to aid the people. It was the 13th of July, 1789. Certain self-constituted electors assembled in the people's palace, the Hôtel de Ville. They quickly formed a municipal government, extemporized an organization of the armed and furious multitude into a National Guard of forty thousand men, and adopted as a cockade the blue and red of Paris, with the white of the King. Thus originated that tri-color which was, in fulfilment of the prophecy of Lafayette, destined to make the tour of the world, and which in its banners was to flutter triumphant over the greatest capitals of Europe.

Amid a delirious enthusiasm, the vessels on the Seine containing gunpowder were stopped, and men at the haz-

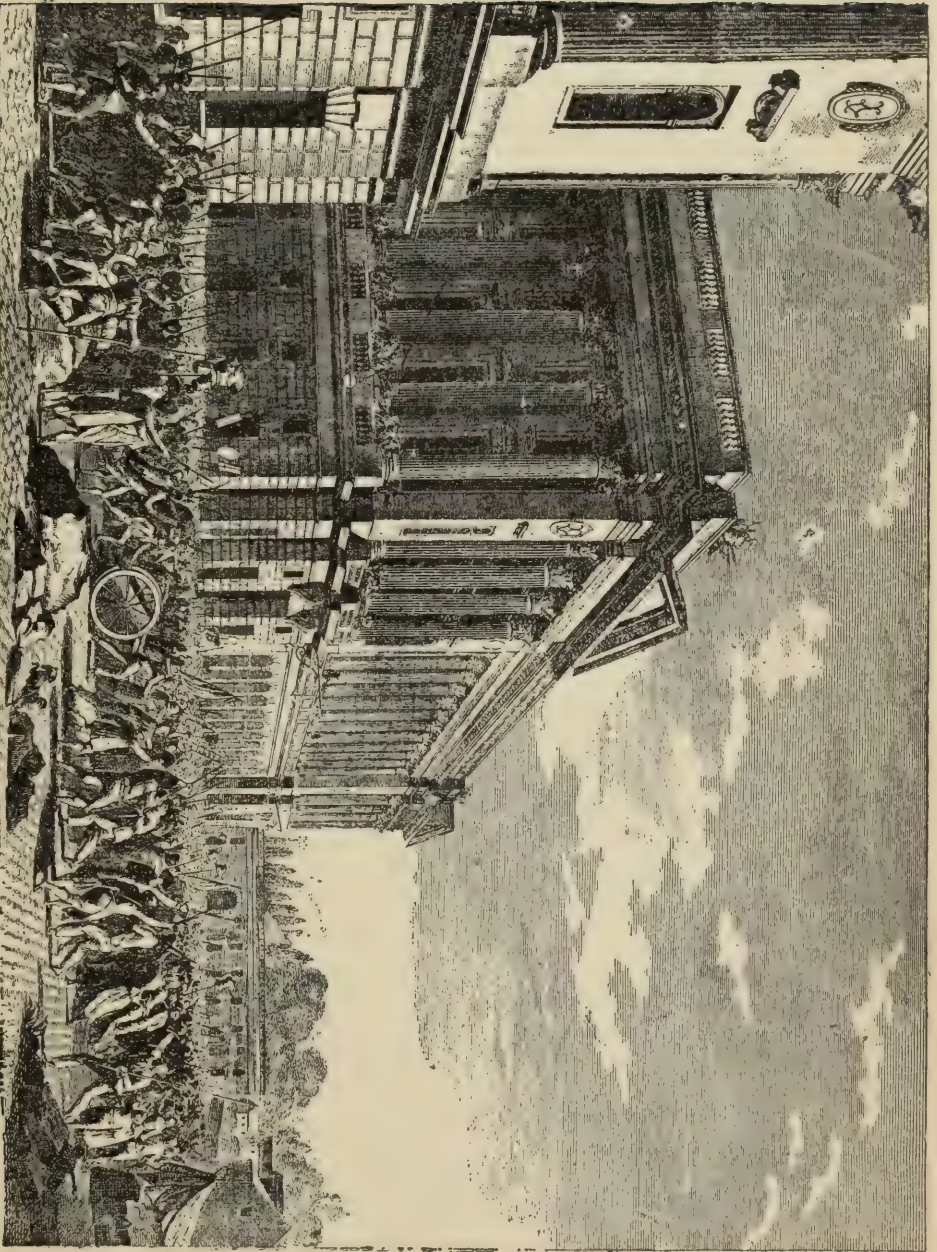


PILLAGE OF ST. LAZARE, JULY, 1789.

ard of their lives distributed that dangerous article to the people. The new municipality ordered the instant manufacture of fifty thousand pikes. A few more cannons were dragged from the Arsenal and many additional muskets were obtained. In a *single day* a mighty armed force confronted the royal regiments and defied the King's authority. It was one of the most astonishing revolutions and changes to be found recorded in modern history.

The tidings of these tremendous events soon reached Versailles, which was distant only eight miles from Paris. Its inhabitants were told that the city was a seething cauldron of patriotic and armed wrath.

The National Assembly had met on the morning of the 13th of July. They were filled with consternation because of the dismissal of Neckar and the other ministers. Strange and almost incredible to relate, they were actually ignorant of the events transpiring in the capital, until late on that memorable day. Some of the deputies proposed an address to Louis, requesting him to recall Neckar. Others suggested a renewal of their oath made in the Tennis Court. "We have sworn," said Lally Tollendal, "that the Constitution shall be, or the Assembly perish." A deputation was again sent to the King beseeching him to remove the armed forces from his desolated capital, and to confide the city to a Civic Guard. Louis, with a cold and dry manner entirely foreign to the kindness of his real nature, refused. The Assembly now rose to the height of its patriotism. On receiving the answer of the King, and in the very grip of his army, it passed a series of resolutions, demanding the withdrawal of the troops and the establishment of Civic Guards. It declared the ministers of the King responsible for all tyrannies, and its own sitting permanent. The senate of Ancient Rome, when it defied Hannibal at its gates, was not more distinguished and sublime than the National Assembly at this critical hour. Tidings began now to pour into Versailles, of the revolt of the capital, of the gathering of the King's forces; how Paris was to be attacked, the Assembly dissolved, and the absolute government restored. That day passed, and on the next the thunder of distant cannons could distinctly be heard rolling up from the metropolis. Amid all the excitement and the intense agitation of the hour, the Assembly *discussed*, with imposing calmness, article by article the outlines of the new constitution which



THE MOB PILLAGING THE ARSENAL OF ARMS, JULY 13, 1789.

they were about to form, and debated upon the best method for its promulgation. Toward dark, on the evening of the 14th of July, the far-off rumble of cannons ceased, and breathless and enthusiastic messengers came rushing into Versailles, and announced to its thronging multitudes, and to the Assembly, that the people had taken that citadel of despotism, the Bastile; that blood had freely flowed, and many patriots had been slain, while the city itself was in the convulsions of revolution.

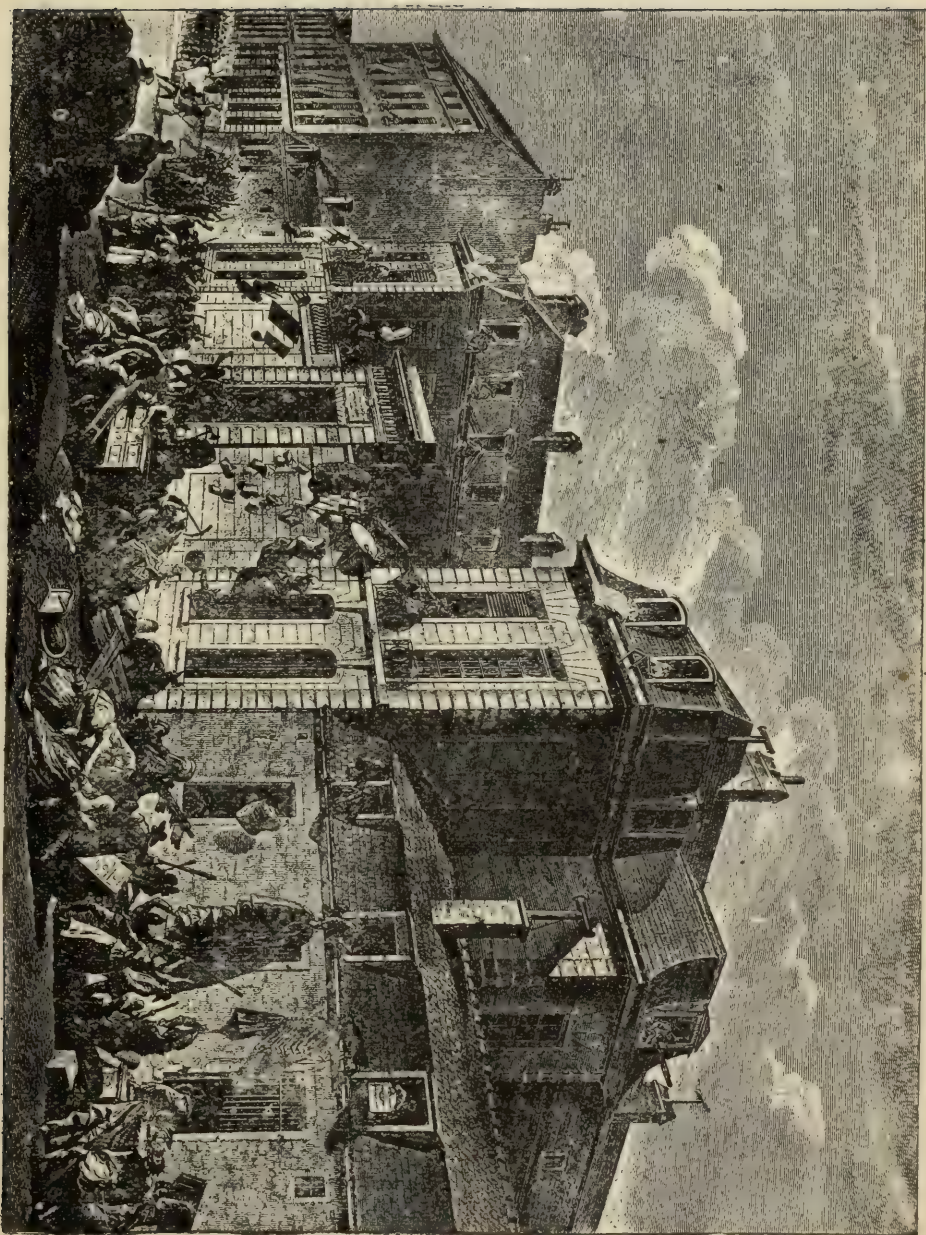
We now return to Paris.

Though there were camps of disciplined troops of the line in its suburbs, the Marshal de Broglie was baffled, as we have seen, by the *emphatic* order which he had received from the King, when he assumed his command, that "*under no circumstances was he to shed blood.*" Tied down to their barracks by this *extraordinary* command, the fifteen thousand royal troops were as useless in the succeeding events as though they had been a thousand miles away. The temper of the three thousand French Guards was well known. Over these soldiers their officers had now lost all control. With the most enthusiastic cries, those who yet remained in the barracks seized their muskets, and rushing forth, united with their companions who had gone before, and gave the power of their formidable discipline to the just organized National Guards.

The morning of the 14th of July, 1789, dawned luridly on Paris, a day to be celebrated in France for coming centuries. Armed, organized, and determined, the soldiers of the Revolution now turned their eyes to the Bastile. Early in the day a cry arose, "To the Bastile, to the Bastile."

This gloomy fortress towered dark and terrible, as a monument of absolute despotism and unrestrained tyranny, in the midst of the metropolis. Its walls were thick, and its towers high. It was surrounded by a ditch, and entered by means of a drawbridge. The ditch had become partially choked through the neglect of many peaceful years. The Bastile in the minds of the citizens of Paris was the visible embodiment of despotic rule. It stood as a threat in wood and stone, constantly menacing the aspirations of the future. In their fevered minds to destroy the Bastile; to dig up its foundations; to level its walls, could alone assure the permanency of the victory which the Assembly had won.

Within the cruel walls of that fortress of tyranny youth

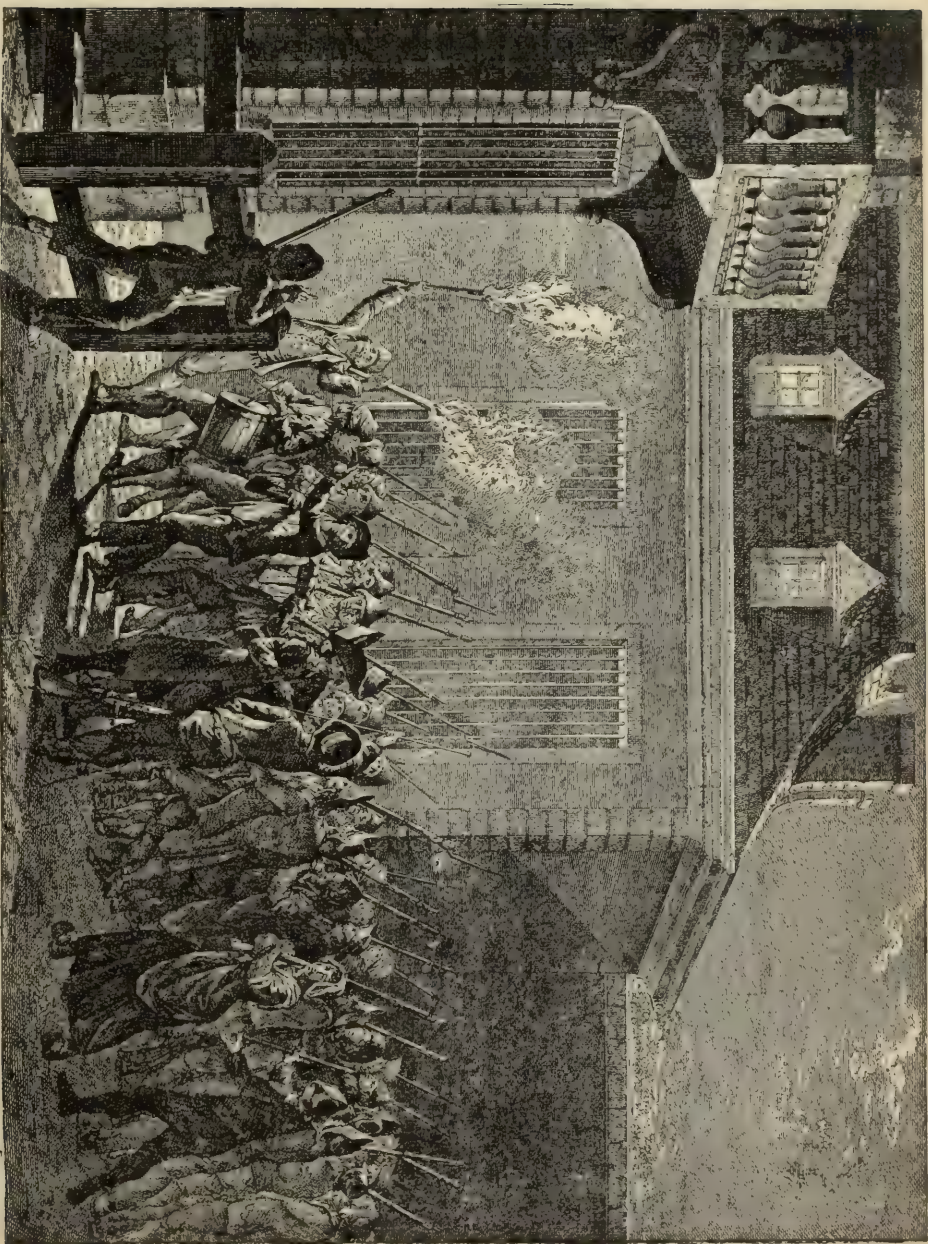


PILLAGE OF THE HOUSE OF DE CASTRIES.

had wept itself to old age, and old age had shivered and died. Lettres de câchet, a document with the King's name and a blank form, had been used by envy, by lust, by hate, to ruin families, to destroy female virtue, to impoverish enemies, and to remove into its dungeon depths and into solitude and darkness thousands of innocent victims. The story of De Latude and his suffering in those awful cells had aroused a hatred against its existence, and that tyranny which made such sufferings possible, which could not be extinguished.

On the 14th of July the Bastile was garrisoned by some eighty Invalids and thirty Swiss soldiers, whose commander was the brave and noble soldier De Launay. Roused and directed by the cry "To the Bastile," the Revolutionary bands, accompanied by a furious and shouting multitude of women and boys, hurried to the fortress. The Revolutionary army was directed by the discipline and sustained by the military coolness of the revolted French Guards. On beholding this tumultuous mass of soldiers and people as they came swarming down all the streets and avenues leading to the Bastile, De Launay raised the drawbridge, mustered his little garrison, loaded the cannons of the fortress, and standing on the tower above, he parleyed with the invading forces below. The people cried out that he must immediately surrender, and that, if this request was granted, he and his garrison would be permitted to retire unmolested. Like a faithful and loyal soldier, true to his King and his trust, De Launay refused. He was encouraged to resistance by the words of a dispatch from one of the King's commanders, De Besenval. A messenger from this officer had contrived to pass through the ranks of the National Guards, and had brought a promise to De Launay, that if he would hold out, he would soon have military assistance.

And now the battle commenced. The cannons on the ramparts above poured hot shot on the infuriated patriots below. The people with desperate energy assaulted the outer buildings, set them on fire, and forced the barred gates opening on the streets. They pressed on to the new drawbridge by the dormant bridges and bastions. Many were killed or wounded, but cheered on by Santerre and his pikemen, and strenuously aided by the French Guards, the people returned again and again to the assault, and for five



THE PARIS MOB ROUSED TO ARMS, NIGHT OF JULY 12, 1789.

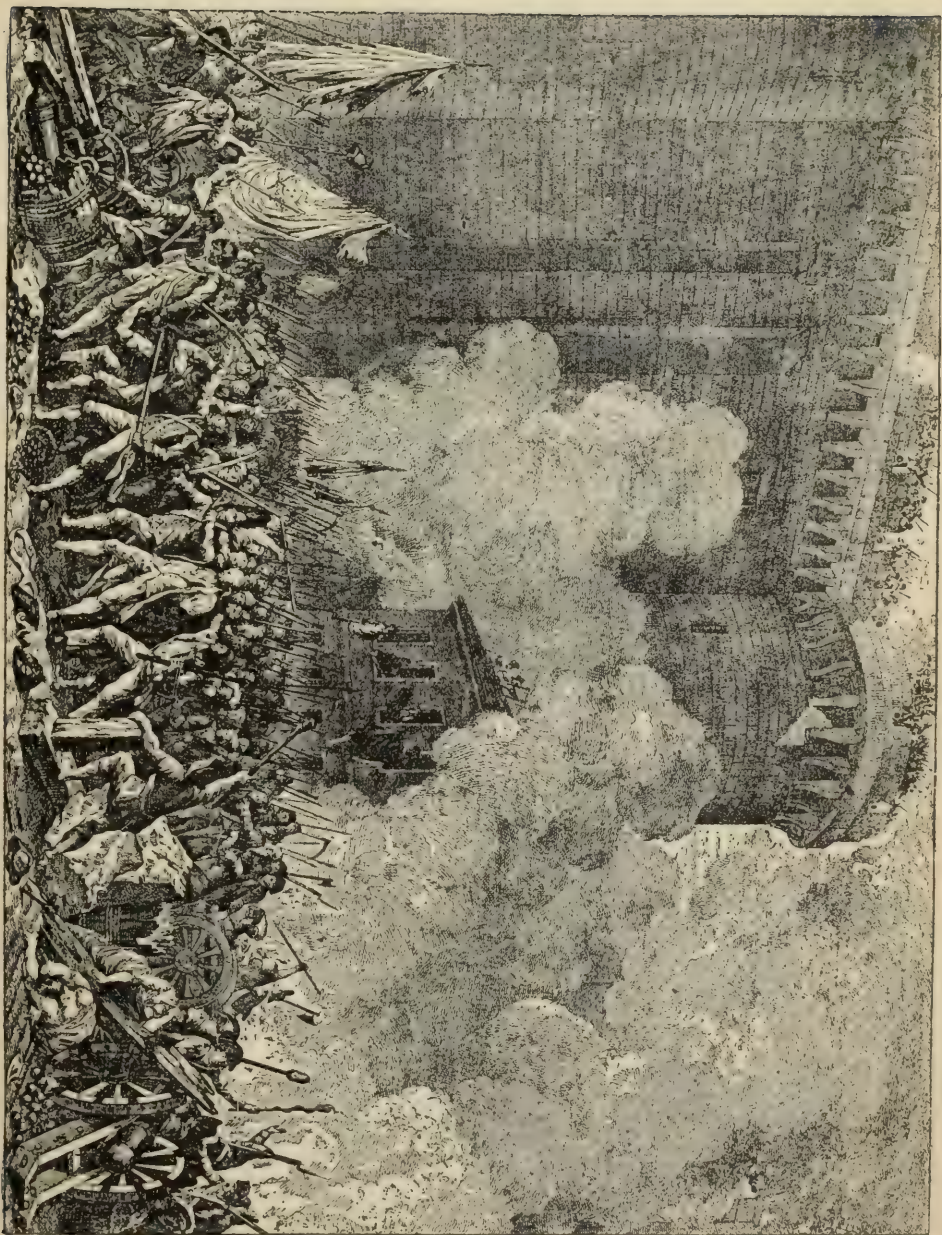
hours the conflict raged in all its fury. The streets were filled with the smoke of battle, and the air was impregnated with gunpowder.

The glass in the windows of the adjacent houses cracked and shivered at each discharge of the cannons. Women and children took an active part in the struggle, and encouraged in the strife their husbands, lovers, and fathers. Men in blouses, and men in elegant attire, musket in hand, busily engaged in the battle. An infinite variety of dress mingled with the white uniforms of the French Guards. Frantic patriots attacked the inner bridges with hatchets, and fell dead from the shots so pitilessly rained down upon them from above. De Launay multiplied himself, and with a valor worthy of the most heroic times, he infused his own indomitable spirit into the eighty Invalids and thirty Swiss who sustained the combat.

As the thunder and the desperation of the battle waxed more terrible, he turned his bloodshot and despairing eyes toward the great, silent and immovable army within the sound of his cannons, but yet spellbound through the weakness of the King. His gaze roamed over the smoke-laden scene, striving to find the promised succor from De Besenval. It did not come. For five hours he had sustained an exhausting conflict with multiplying thousands of foes:

At this moment the French Guards won an important position, planted their cannons, and preparing to blow down the last defense, loudly summoned De Launay to surrender. The shouts of the combatants below as they assaulted another portion of the fortress reached his ears. The patriots had finally discovered a vulnerable point, and with cries of fury and victory were forcing their way into the Bastile.

De Launay, his face and hands begrimed with gunpowder, animated by the resolve of a despairing fidelity, seized a lighted torch, and hurried toward the powder magazine, desperately determined to blow up the Bastile, and bury himself and its assailants in its ruins. But it was too late! The patriots already filled the stairs and the court below. He was intercepted. Seized by the collar, he was dragged headlong down the stairs, into the midst of infuriated enemies. Some soldiers of the French Guard, filled with admiration for a fidelity and courage that rebuked their own treason, pressed up and made the most generous and heroic, though vain, efforts to reach and save him. But the rag-



THE CRUEL ASSASSINATION OF DE LAUNAY AT THE BASTILLE, JULY 14, 1789.

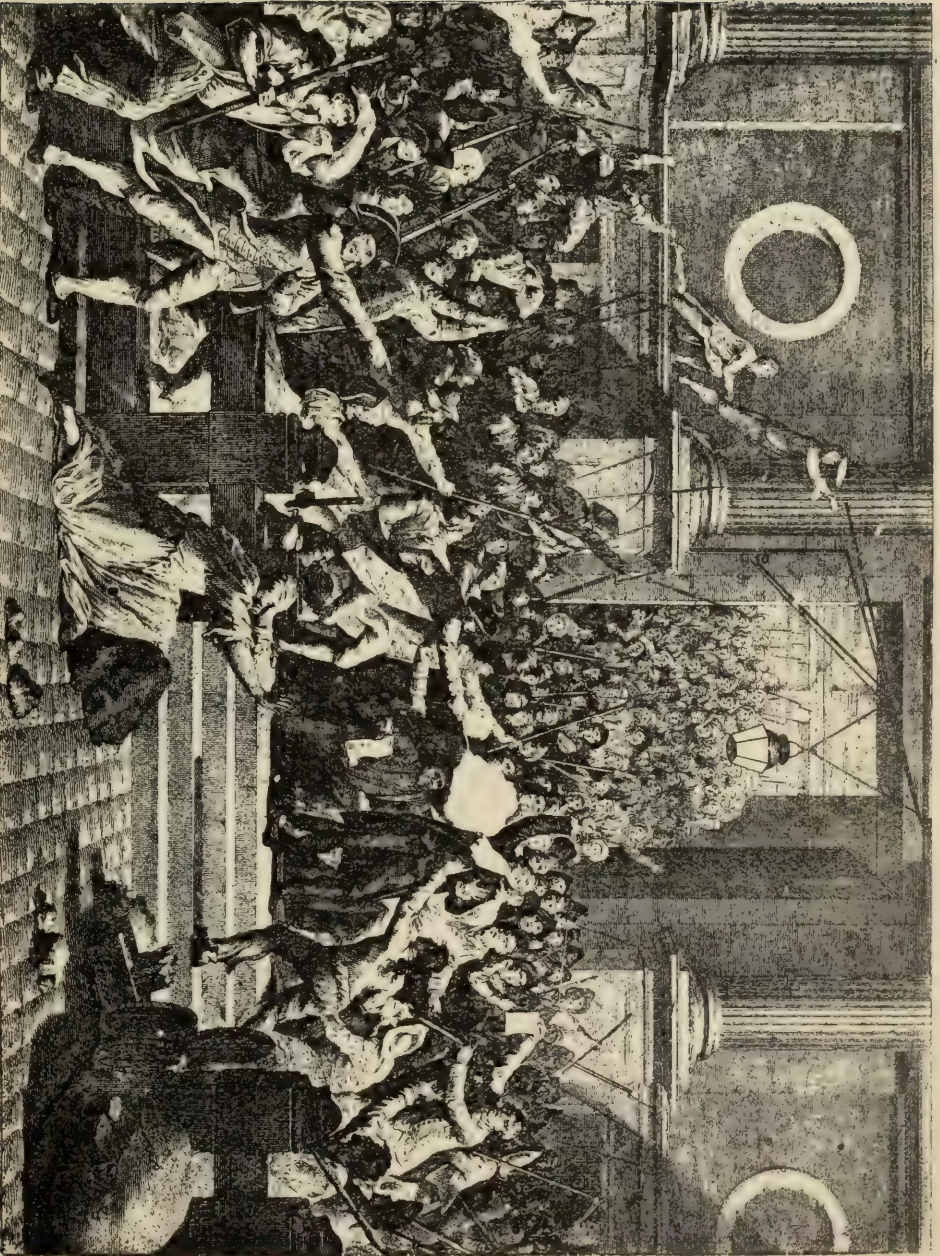
ing multitude would not be robbed of their prey. They seized De Launay by the hair, and beating him over the head, they threw him down. With tiger-like ferocity they cleft his head from his body, and amid appalling shouts they lifted the gory member streaming with blood aloft on a pike. With frenzied cries they bore away the bloody trophy, while the multitude rushed in and completed their triumph. Among the French Guards who made the most strenuous efforts to save De Launay were the two grenadiers, Elie and Hullin, whose names deserve to be embalmed in the Pantheon of History.

The mob, thirsting for blood, attacked other victims, and despite all the efforts of the French Guards cruelly murdered them.

It was now half-past five o'clock of July 14. The Electors of Paris in session at the Hôtel de Ville were in the "*most painful anxiety*." Presently a vast crowd, shouting victory, swarmed into the Place de la Grève. They bore aloft in triumph the keys of the Bastile, and carried in their arms a wounded French Guardsman, whom they had crowned with a laurel wreath. The Bastile, the very intrenched stronghold of irresponsible despotism, had fallen! Liberty was dated from its capture! The keys of the gloomy fortress were sent to Washington, the hero of America, and they yet remain in the custody of his descendants.

Meantime the crowd turned their wrath upon Flesselles, the provost of trade, a name by which the mayor of Paris was then called. They accused that unhappy man of treason. They asserted that he had sent a treacherous letter to De Launay urging him to hold out while he, Flesselles, was amusing the Parisians with a cockade. The Electors of Paris made earnest efforts to save the provost's life. "Since I am suspected," said Flesselles, white and trembling, "I will retire." "No, no," shouted the mob furiously, "come to the Palace Royal to be tried." As they half dragged, half escorted the terrified Flesselles along the Quay Peletier, some unknown assassin shot him dead.

The day after the taking of the Bastile it was visited by great crowds, who were yet filled with terror of that dreadful stronghold of tyranny. An eye-witness of the times tells us what he saw on that day, and how his heart burned with indignation. He passed shuddering over the drawbridge which was wont to be let down for prisoners and immediately drawn



THE MURDER OF FLESELLES, JULY 14, 1789.

up when they had entered. With a throng that wondered and anathematized despotism, he passed through its narrow court, surrounded by walls so thick and high that the rays of the sun entered it but for a moment during the entire day. He saw the dark staircases, and the mysterious passages along which despairing men and women had been hurried under the tyranny of Louis XIV. and Louis XV. He passed the triple doors heavily plated with iron and secured by enormous bolts. He saw with horror the cells like graves, the great stone in the middle of each, to which the unhappy prisoner was chained, and which was his bed by night, and his chair by day. He gazed on the dim, deep oubliettes, damp, gloomy, unwholesome, where, like caged beasts, victims had been lowered to perish. He passed into the torture-room, where yet remained the lash, the rack, and a horrible machine which seized in one fell grip the knees, the hips, the stomach and arms of the unhappy victim. A single prisoner was found in the Bastille when taken by the insurgent people, but thousands *had been there* in the past, the tyranny was yet possible, and though Louis XVI. was a humane and gentle prince, yet under *some successor*, were the old despotism continued, a people, a city, a home, might again have been at the mercy of a tyrant, and other thousands in the future in that gloomy prison might have wept, rotted, and died.

CHAPTER IV.

THE TRIUMPH OF THE PEOPLE.

IT was late on the afternoon of the 14th of July, when the tidings reached Versailles that the people of Paris had captured the Bastile, after a fearful struggle of five hours, and had slain De Launay, its commander. The shallow courtiers had been incredulous as to the success of the forces of the people. They believed that a fortress which had withstood the army of the great Condé, in the past, would still be found impregnable against all the assaults of the rabble of Paris.

Gathering in splendid groups upon the white marble stairs, and in the gilded halls of the Palace of Versailles, or sauntering through its beautiful walks, and lounging around its fountains, the nobles laughed and joked, and while the air trembled with the far-off boom of the cannons, they confidently prophesied a victory for the King. But their roseate dreams were soon dissipated, and their golden hopes doomed to perish forever. Presently messengers, "fiery hot with haste," and sent by the loyalists of Paris, announced to the aghast courtiers the organization of a vast insurrectionary army in that city, the fall of the citadel of despotism, and the total triumph of the people. They shuddered as they listened, and like Francis I. after the defeat of Pavia, with white and quivering lips they whispered one to another, "All is lost !"

In the National Assembly the deputies heard with horror and dismay the story of the dreadful excesses of the people, the ferocious murder of De Launay, and the cruel assassination of Flesselles. The Revolution loomed up before their startled eyes in unexpected terribleness, and in the distance they recognized the form of Anarchy. These fearful events produced a reaction in the sentiments of some of the deputies, and led them, influenced by either apprehension or terror, to turn toward the King.

The day before Louis had hunted in the woods of Meu-

don, killing pheasants and pursuing deer amid its leafy shades, but he had returned uneasy and anxious. Tidings of the revolt in the city and the attack on the Bastille reached his ears, but with incredible fatuity he had dispatched no war-like commands to his troops, and with infatuated confidence, like his nobility, he had believed the fall of the citadel an impossibility.

Early on the morning of the 15th of July, the Duke de Liancourt entered in haste the King's chamber, awakened the slumbering monarch, and announced to him the victory of the people.

"Why, this is a revolt," stammered Louis.

"No, sire," said De Liancourt "it is a *Revolution*."

These tidings astonished, depressed, and subdued the monarch, and he resolved at any sacrifice to immediately come to terms with the National Assembly. Despite the anathemas, charges, and eloquence of Mirabeau, the representatives of the people equally recognized the vital importance of becoming reconciled without delay with the King. Laying aside every vestige of his former hauteur, Louis XVI. entered the Assembly, accompanied only by his two brothers, the Count d'Artois and the Count de Provence. He made a simple and touching address, which captured the hearts of the anxious representatives. A full reconciliation seemed to take place. The National Assembly—in order to make manifest to the people this reconciliation, and their renewed devotion for their subjugated monarch—adjourned their sitting.

With every manifestation of love and respect the Deputies surrounded the King, and passing through an excited multitude, who cried alternately, "Long live the National Assembly!" and "Long live the King!" they escorted Louis to the steps of his palace. "The Queen," says Thiers, "stationed at that moment with the court in a balcony, contemplated from a distance the affecting spectacle. Her son was by her side, and her daughter gently toying with his hair."

All for a moment, representatives, nobles, people, appeared deeply moved. Reconciliation and peace seemed assured for the future. But alas! human nature is the most unreliable and unstable of all things. The habits, prejudices, and purposes of years cannot be changed by the sentimental ecstasies of a moment. The Court and the Assem-

bly, with renewed and more intense hatred, soon resumed their distrust and antagonism, each toward the other.

Paris was still in a condition of anarchy and anger. Its streets were filled with barricades, and its armed bands, intoxicated with victory, pride, brandy and wine, paraded its avenues. It became imperative that the King, having made peace with the National Assembly, should now and immediately pacify the revolted city.

It was resolved that a deputation from the Assembly should be sent to Paris to inform the people that the King and the representatives were reconciled. The Assembly chose Lafayette, Bailly, its President, and Lally Tollendal. These illustrious patriots immediately set out, entered Paris, and conferred with the Government installed in the Hôtel de Ville. The National Guards, the revolted soldiers, and the people, greeted them with loud applause.

They found the city in the throes of anarchy. Food was extremely scarce and very dear. The poor were enduring great wretchedness and were suffering the pangs of unappeased hunger. Disorder had spread with amazing rapidity into every industry. The lack of order had frightened away the farmers, market-men, and the usual providers for the wants of a great metropolis. It was almost impossible to obtain work. The delirium and fever of the Revolution had absorbed the energies of the masses, but while gaunt famine was painfully manifested in their faces, the fires of an almost insane devotion for liberty burned in their hollow eyes. Bailly was a philosopher and statesman, and recognized that the only panacea for this state of affairs was to instantly substitute an efficient organized power for an anarchal freedom.

He was unanimously nominated by the electors and people, as Mayor of Paris, the new name bestowed upon the chief magistrate of the Metropolis. Lafayette at the same time was elected chief of the National Guards amid the shouts of the soldiers and populace, while Lally Tollendal was applauded and complimented for his devotion to the rights of the people.

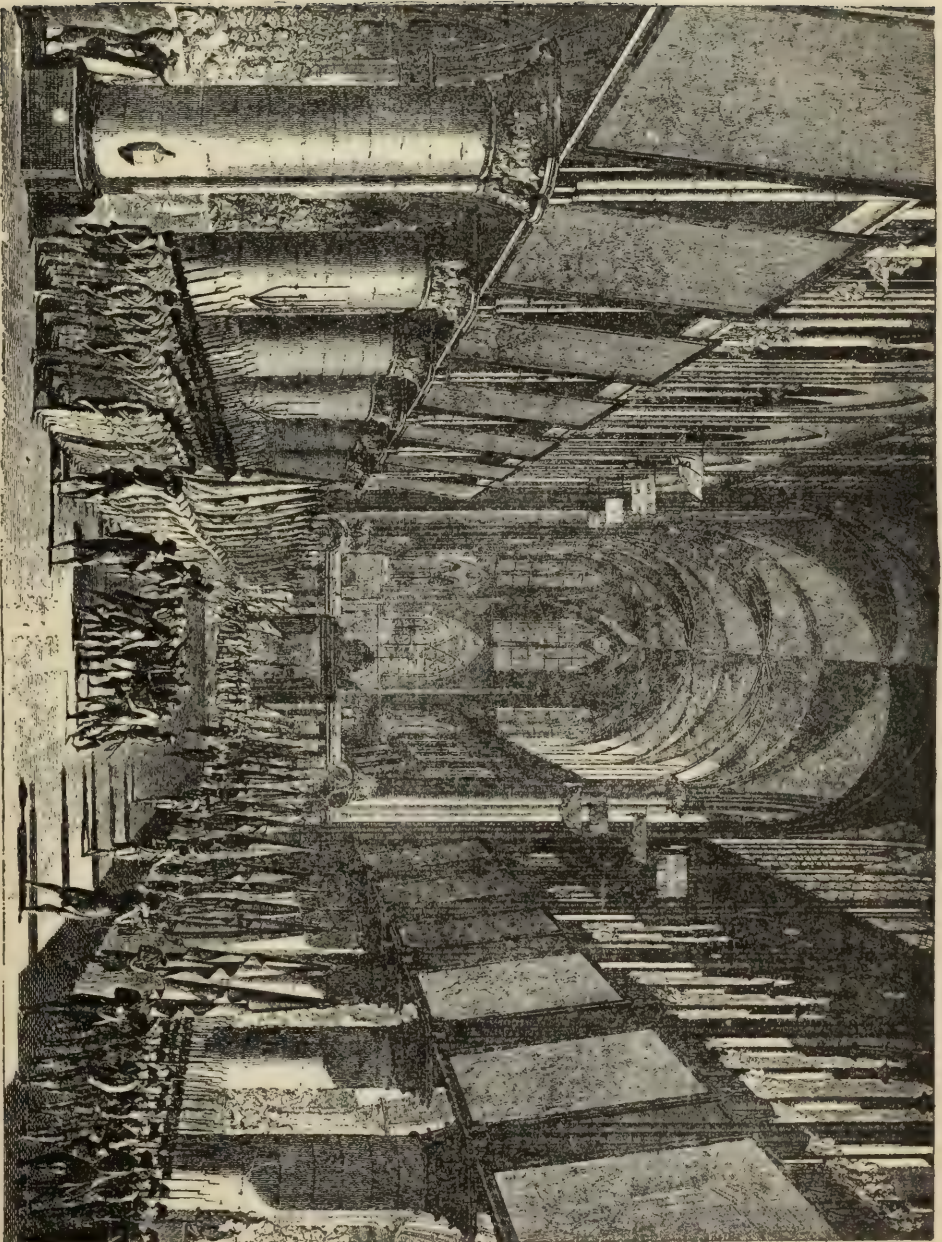
This great initial step of the Revolution toward order was inaugurated, by intrusting the leadership of the Revolutionary army to so tried and sincere a patriot, and so cool and calm a soldier as General Lafayette. A man of the purest patriotism, vain but earnest, and a sincere lover of

orderly and constitutional freedom, for two years Lafayette quelled the forces of pillage and disorder.

The National Guards were organized on a military basis. Their uniform was blue with red facings and epaulettes. Their standards were the Tri-color. These banners were blessed by the Bishop of Paris in the church of Notre Dame, and the Pontifical benediction received with a revolutionary *feu de joi*, which made its antique monuments ring and showed to the astonished clergy that a new era had commenced.

To increase their discipline, the whole revolted French Guards with a number of veteran Swiss were incorporated into their ranks, and were called the Companies of the Center. A large body of deserting soldiers from the regular army were also by the sanction of the King added to their force. Thus was formed a formidable uniformed, equipped, and armed array of forty thousand men, who soon acquired the steadiness and discipline of regular troops. Strong, obedient, patriotic, devoted to their general and to freedom, composed of many of the most reliable workmen, and even professional men of Paris, the National Guards held back the hordes of anarchy, until the subtle and increasing dissolutions of the Revolution overwhelmed them by the destruction of the throne, and the substitution of the Reign of Terror.

The Assembly now earnestly implored the King to visit Paris, and restore by his presence the same good feeling which he had established with themselves. The King determined to go, but Marie Antoinette heard the proposition with consternation, and was distressed by the most violent anguish, fear, and suspicion. The Queen was so firmly convinced that the people had an irreconcilable enmity to Louis XVI., that she implicitly believed that he would be assassinated either on his route to the city, or in Paris itself. But affectionately reassuring her, the monarch entered his state carriage, set out, and soon reached the capital. He entered the city. He walked with unquailing heart and serene brow between the long lines of pikemen and National Guards, who with their pikes, sabres, and muskets lifted aloft, made a menacing arch above his head. Always fearless in any danger merely personal, the King smiled and bowed on either side. The National troops, with all the mercurial warmth of the French temperament, were imme-



GRAND CEREMONIES AT NOTRE DAME IN PARIS—BLESSING THE STANDARDS OF THE NEW
NATIONAL GUARD, JULY, 1789.

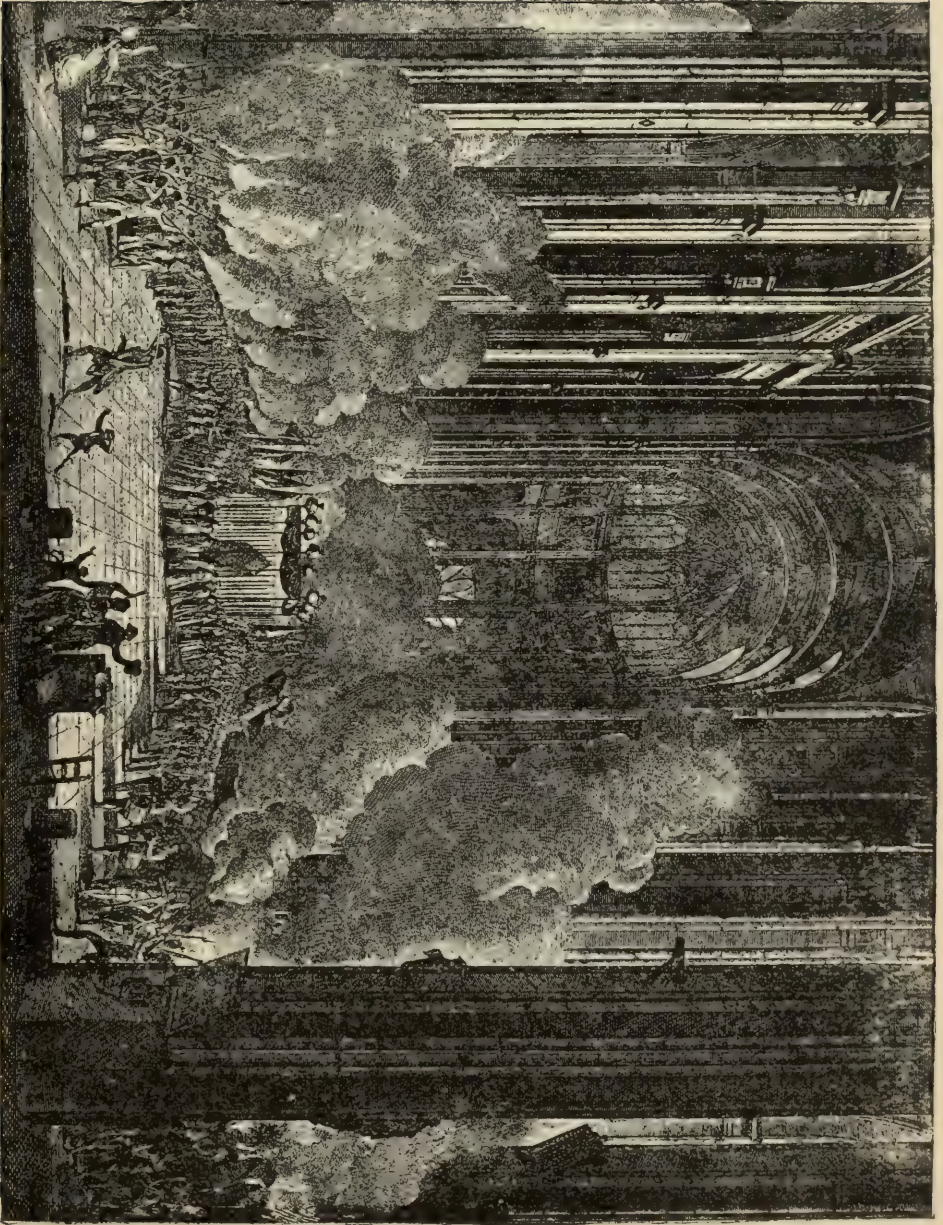
diately captivated by his confidence and by the affection and deference which they saw exhibited toward him by the deputies from the Assembly who formed his escort.

They raised their weapons in respect, and cried with tears of enthusiasm, "Long live the King!" and "Long live the National Assembly!" Bailly, the Mayor, in all the pomp of his new office, met the monarch at the barriers of the city. "Sire," he said, with a certain insolence in his tone, "Henry the Fourth, your ancestor, captured this city, but now the city has captured its King."

The monarch, who, through all this fleeting rapture of a day's emotions, was as yet in his heart the absolute King, and who felt in his secret soul the hollowness of the entire manifestations, was deeply wounded. He turned very red and made no reply. The people did not perceive and were ignorant of his emotions. Ascending the steps of the Hôtel de Ville, Louis addressed the electors and multitude, and spoke with patriotism and seeming sincerity. He reviewed the new National army, and raised in their ranks a temporary frenzy of loyalty, when he adopted and placed in his hat the Tri-color Cockade. Hurricanes of applause from the troops and the people witnessed the satisfaction with which they saw this act.

The King's popularity appeared completely restored. When he set out upon his return to Versailles, he was escorted by those deluded and devoted bands, and surrounded by every expression and manifestation of love and confidence. He was received by his anguished wife with rapture. The sorrowing Queen could hardly credit that he lived. As they entered their private apartments in the palace, Louis saw the Tri-color Cockade, which symbolized to him and his Queen the destruction of his power and the overthrow of his autocratic authority. With the exclamation, "Oh! Madame, to what humiliation do you see me reduced!" he tore it from his hat, and cast it with anger and disgust upon the floor. So much for the sincerity of even a good monarch when stripped of his ancient rule and state.

The nobility of the ancient régime were now totally disheartened. They became as dejected as they had formerly been bold. The King had dispersed the royal armies and had committed himself, save his household troops and the Swiss, to the protection of the National Guards. In utter



SECOND PART OF THE GRAND CEREMONIES AT NOTRE DAME IN PARIS.

despair, yet full of revenge and rage, with mingled fear and petulance the nobles resolved to emigrate. Instead of remaining by the King's person in these hours of his suffering and need, they basely abandoned him. The same intense selfishness which had given them courage to contend while the power was in their own hands, now aroused them to flee when that power had been wrested from their tenacious grasp.

The Nobles realized that the King was now reduced to a political nonentity. His absolute sway had vanished like a mirage of the desert. He had been discrowned in *fact* though not in *name*, by the successful Revolution. *His sword had passed to General Lafayette, and his civil power to the National Assembly.* The army had submitted to the Assembly the moment it had heard of the King's command for it to retreat, and sullen and, as it felt, disgraced, it cried out in indignation, "Long live the Nation!"

That very night the emigration commenced. The King's youngest brother, the handsome and despotic Count d'Artois, was the first to set the example of flight. He took the route to Brussels. It was to be twenty-five years before he should again tread the soil of France. The conquering army of the allies, overthrowing Napoleon, brought him back with the rest of the Royal Family, in 1814. In 1824, on the death of his brother Louis XVIII. he became King of France under the title of Charles X. His rule of folly, Jesuitism, and despotic severity was cut short by the three days' Revolution of July, 1830, and once more an exile he died in Austria in 1836. This history has no further dealings with him,—only as the Conspirator of Coblenz, and the irreconcilable enemy of constitutional liberty.

The companions of the Count d'Artois were the Duke and Duchess of Polignac, a family devotedly attached to the old tyranny and faithful friends of Marie Antoinette. Their extreme devotion to the absolute rule had roused the dangerous hatred of the people. Their names were the synonyms to patriots of all that menaced freedom. The Prince and his companions were soon followed by the imbecile and contemptible Prince of Condé, a descendant from that great warrior who annihilated the old infantry of Spain at Rocroi, and who kept France for several years in the turmoil of the Frondé.

To this number must be added the veteran Marshal de

Broglie, ashamed and enraged at his inactivity in the crisis of the 14th of July, and believing that he had been fettered and ruined by the King's Quaker command "to shed no blood." A host of nobles added themselves during the week to the fleeing aristocracy, and on the morning of the 20th of July, the King was saddened and appalled when he observed how great had been this defection; while the beautiful and mournful Marie Antoinette wept bitterly over the disappearance and loss of her friends.

Brussels soon swarmed with these faithless and self-exiled dukes and duchesses, counts, and marquises, chevaliers and knights, who had so basely deserted the throne.

Brussels at this time, as the capital of the Austrian Netherlands, was ruled by the Arch-Duchess Christina, a sister of the French Queen. She was Regent and held a splendid court. The Austrian Empire itself was governed by the beloved brother of Marie Antoinette, Joseph II.

The most astute writers on the French Revolution have united in ascribing to this vast emigration of the French nobility one of the great causes of the terror which followed. They deserted the King, leaving him helpless in the hands of the democracy. They plotted and threatened at Coblenz, urging Austria and Prussia to a war which overthrew Louis XVI., brought him to the guillotine, and caused the head of the Queen to fall beneath the same dreadful and bloody knife.

The Court now bore an entirely changed appearance. The old deference and respect disappeared. The monarch being bereft of power, the royal servants, with the meanness and insolence of depraved human nature, soon discovered that to offend and even to insult the King and his family was not resented. Though the outward forms of monarchy were preserved, and still the Royal Guards sentineled the palace, and still the splendors of Versailles surrounded the King—yet it was instinctively recognized that this was a condition of things which could not permanently last.

The Duchess de Polignac had been for many years the tutor of the royal children, and was much beloved by her little charges. Through her emigration the Queen was compelled to select a new teacher. She chose the faithful and excellent Madame de Tourzel. "Formerly, Madame," she

said gracefully, "I trusted my infants to friendship, but now I trust them to virtue."

At this time, oppressed by the demands of the people and Assembly, the King again recalled Neckar. The Minister quickly returned, but in the violence of increasing revolution his popularity rapidly diminished, and, after an insignificant exercise of his power for nearly a year, he disappeared without even a newspaper or a person noticing his departure. This is human popularity. The hollow atheists and the self-seeking demagogues who had so violently clamored for his return soon cast him aside, like a book read and forgotten, when their selfish purposes had been served.

CHAPTER V.

THE PROVINCES AND THE FOREIGN NATIONS.

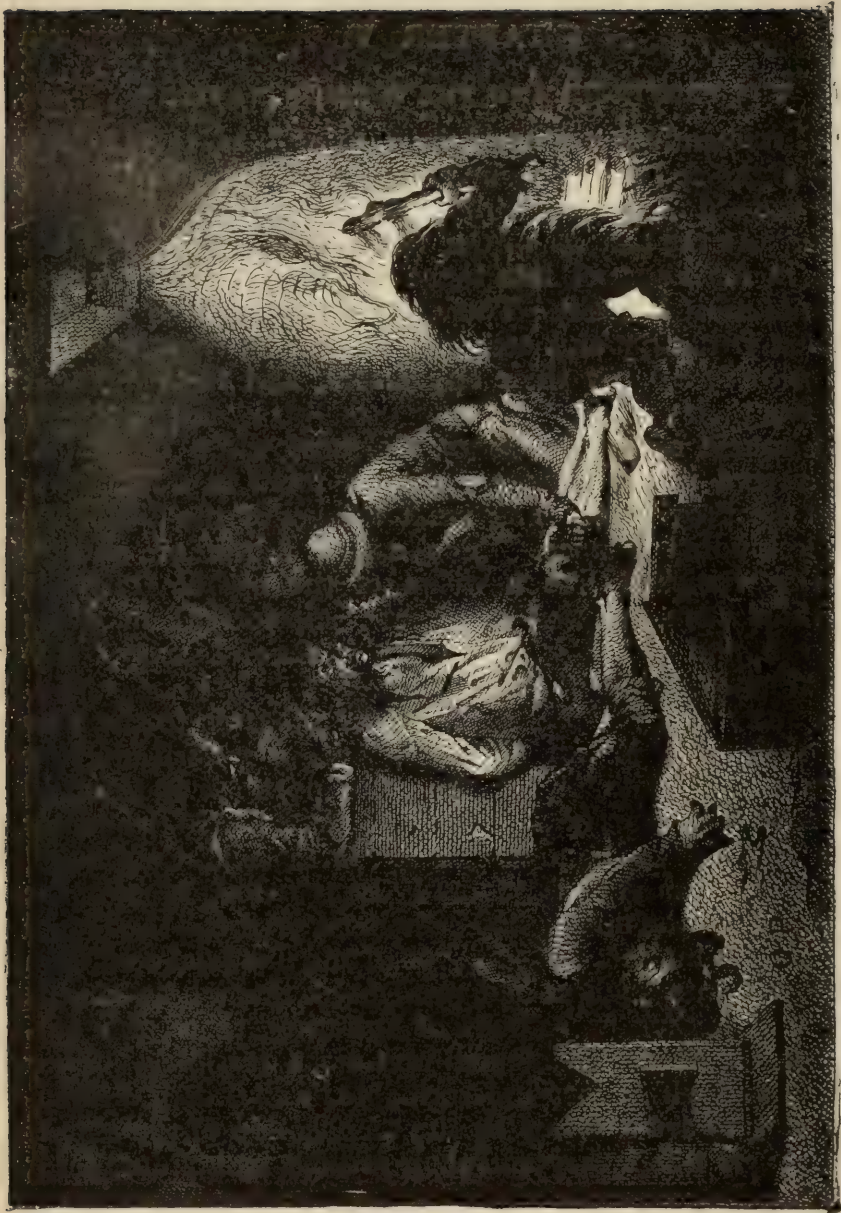
THE tremendous events of the 14th of July, 1789, totally disorganized and presently destroyed the whole power of the old Monarchy throughout Central and Southern France. As the tidings of the fall of the Bastile and the events in Paris spread into those sections, the effects were rapid and most terrible. The people, enslaved so long by the most irritating and crushing feudalism, rose instantly and furiously against their oppressors, and in a moment rent away their chains.

The course of revolutionary violence, while controlled and directed in the metropolis, burst forth in devastating fury in the Provinces. The great tidings of the fall of the Bastile kindled France. The entire fabric of ancient authority vanished like a vision of the night. The old authorities were, without resistance, superseded in every city, town, and bailiwick, by "Committees of Liberty," who selected new officials with new names.

The army unanimously rendered its adhesion to the new order of things. National Guards were organized in every commune of the monarchy. In some portions of the land these changes occurred without violence. But in the center and south, in Alsace and Burgundy, in Franche-Comte and Champagne, in Auvergne and Languedoc, where the oppressions of the nobles had been most severe,—the feudal burdens most intolerable,—the social and financial condition of the peasants such as had prostrated them between the upper and nether mill-stones of suffering, there, the outbreak of revolt and violence was most terrible. They instantly and with a fury indescribable in its dreadful intensity sprang to arms, stung by the recollection of the abuses and outrages which they and their fathers had endured for centuries.

Now that the restraints of the central power were removed, they gave free scope to their revenge.

They rushed to the châteaux of the nobles, and abodes of



TORTURING BAILIFFS IN REVOLT OF PEASANTRY, AUGUST, 1789.

the bailiffs and tax-gatherers. The châteaux were plundered, and the nobles, when found, were slaughtered with the most ferocious brutality. Some were flayed alive; some were roasted over slow fires; some were whipped to death. Delicate women and beautiful maidens, brought up in the lap of adulation and grandeur, were compelled to endure every outrage and torture that human nature could invent to destroy the victims of its brutality, and when death mercifully came to their relief their despoiled bodies were refused burial. The châteaux, often the monuments of the taste and elegance of the sixteenth century, were ruthlessly burned. At night, the flames of these palaces illuminated the heavens. The roads were filled with a multitude of noble women, of children, and of men, fleeing from a peasantry whose terrific wrath had been nourished by the wrongs of generations.

The National Assembly heard with emotion the accounts of these outrages and crimes, and made earnest efforts to restore order. Regular troops under efficient generals, and National Guards, indignant that the Revolution should be disgraced by such excesses, hurried to the rescue, and order was partially restored.

In those parts of France where the nobles had lived *en famille* with their tenants, none of these outbursts occurred. In Brittany and La Vendée, the people looked upon the higher orders as their protectors and friends. There none of the leaven of infidelity had reached. God was known, but Voltaire was unknown.

La Vendée was a land beautiful and green with verdure. Its fields were nourished by the salt mists of the adjacent seas and ocean; and the country gently rolling and pastoral, or covered with vineyards and fertile farms, presented a beautiful landscape to the admiring eye. The West met the changes of 1789 with a contented stolidity, a profound loyalty to the King and Royal family, an unquestioning reverence for the Catholic church, and a tender affection for its lords and priests; many of whom worked with the peasants in their fields, joined in their rural amusements, attended their weddings, visited their sick, and wept with them over their dead. La Vendée was cut up into squares by canals and hedges, that irrigated the fields and protected the land, and was filled with cottages, which nestled under the shadows of châteaux, as a child in its father's arms. The Vendéans were accus-

tomed to reverence their nobility and to courteous and affectionate treatment as a response. Brittany and La Vendée stood aloof ; quiescent in changes that left a *King* and a *Church*, but prepared for *arms* if either were destroyed.

The peasantry themselves were of a superior spirit. Some were fishermen and braved the stormy surges that Iceland and the North rolled up on their coasts. Others were agriculturists, but pervaded by the fascination of the fairy lore which has rendered La Vendée and the West the hunting-ground of the seekers of the marvelous.

This was especially the character of the people of Brittany. The old druidical ruins ; the mysterious stones which had existed long before the armies of Cæsar destroyed Gallic freedom ; the white mists that crept up from the green surging Atlantic, and assumed forms of poetry and fæiry, all nourished the imaginative and the poetic spirit of a free and gifted people.

The Vendean cared nothing for Parisian liberty, nor for rights of men, nor for constitutions, because he had always lived, not a Frenchman, but a Breton, protected by the old medieval laws, rights, and life, which were like himself benevolent and kind. The same spirit pervaded Brittany and the other Bretons. They were proud, when a delegation of Bretons, in 1786, had heard Louis XVI. address them as "My faithful *Bretons*." The Vendean and the Breton were Celts of the Celts. They loved the supernatural ; they believed in the fairy who reveled in the grass, and the elf who laughed from the hollows of the trees. They possessed implicit faith in magic wells, staffs, rings, circles, holy days, and holy waters. They heard the banshee's weird voice in the wail of the winds and in the moan of the sea. They were true French Irishmen. The Celtic blood was their blood. Their feelings toward Louis, Marie Antoinette and the royal family, were those of an Irishman of the eleventh century toward Michael Canmore, the day after he had defeated the Danes at Clontarf. In these facts and characteristics lay hid, as yet, as still as the gunpowder in a loaded cannon, the causes of that terrible struggle in La Vendée, which will constitute two of the most thrilling chapters of this history.

The south was royalist, but commercial, and the great cities of Lyons, Marseilles, and Toulon accepted the changes made at Paris so quietly that their names are

hardly mentioned by the chroniclers of the events of the summer of 1789.

The nations surrounding France had received with widely different emotions and sentiments the tidings of the stirring events we have narrated. In England the Revolution, as yet unstained by regicide and terror, was welcomed with joyful sympathy. The masses of the British people recognized in it the righteous and successful efforts of an oppressed nation to break its chains. As England in 1688 had roused herself to tear asunder the bonds of Stuart despotism, so the Englishman of 1789 believed that at last the stricken, oppressed French were about to become freemen.

At this time France had no more fervent champion or devoted friend than England. Pitt with his astute political genius might foresee the ultimate trend of these changes, but Burke and Fox warmly espoused the cause of the Revolution. The destruction of the Bastille was the theme of exultant British song, and was commemorated on some of the potter Wedgewood's most beautiful plate. The charm and illusion of a nation struggling after centuries of bondage into liberty, awakened the warmest and most sincere respect of the free Englishmen.

But among the courts of despotic Europe, the effect was very different. While none comprehended, as the Revolution did not itself, its tremendous future, yet all saw a threatening specter of insubordination and rebellion, rising to menace the stability of thrones and destroy the ancient order of states.

In Prussia, so prominent and influential in the statesmanship of the eighteenth century, the Revolution had a temporary but marked influence. The Prussian was at this time slavish from long centuries of feudal habit. In practical life he was docile. In theory and aspiration he was republican. He was atheistic and anarchical where he was Protestant Lutheran, and superstitious where he was Catholic. He submitted to the military despotism of a Prussia, and entered its military ranks where he was often beaten, disciplined, and killed to aid royal ambition. He grumbled over the lives of his Kings, and criticised in the most free terms their conduct. "I do what I please," said Frederick the Great, "and my people say what they please." In these words Prussia and Germany were revealed.

In 1789 the Prussian state was, as a critic and satirist

justly said, a stocking stretched across Europe. In the north, its length was respectable, but its width was contemptible. The center of its power was in Brandenburg. It had united to itself, under the great Elector and the great Frederick, parts of Pomerania, the whole of the Prussias, and Silesia. It possessed disattached territories at Anspach and Baireuth and on the Rhine, at Cleves, and even in Switzerland at Neufchatel.

The heart of Prussia was its army. That army constituted a formidable force of two hundred thousand men, severely disciplined, expert in the most intricate military tactics, and embracing in its regiments not alone Germans, but representatives of the whole world, even Moors, Turks, and Arabs being found in its ranks. It had the pride of the past. It was rendered glorious and terrible by its predecessors in those ranks, men who in a single year had driven the Austrians in pell-mell rout at Leuthen, scattered the French at Rosbach, and threatened the pride of the imperial Queen at Vienna.

The King of Prussia, Frederick William II., a lewd, imbecile, and vacant-minded monarch, had yet decision and character sufficient to turn pale with terror and rage at the story of the Bastille when the changes in France reached his ears.

Austria, that *congeries* of antagonistic and distinct races, the Slavs in the south and the Hungarian in the center, the Germans of Austria and Czechs of Bohemia in the north—a babel of languages and ideas—was welded together by reverence for the son of its great Queen, by military craft and by the necessities of its existence.

Austria was in 1789 under the paternal rule of the brother of Marie Antoinette, Joseph II. He was, as yet, a Holy Roman Emperor. Technically he was Emperor of Germany, but his power stopped on the Alps, at Switzerland, on the Eastern borders of Bavaria, and on the Southern boundaries of Saxony and Prussia. Joseph, a man of advanced ideas, of liberal mind, but of a restless and mobile character, had endeavored by force to raise a nation of serfs into a monarchical republic of freemen, and had met with painful surprises and constant defeat.

The singular, and to many the laughable, spectacle was presented of a reforming Emperor, seeking to reform and ameliorate races who hugged their chains in utter bewilderment.

Deceived and disappointed, thwarted in his most generous and beneficent intentions, impracticable and sensitive, this

excellent monarch was already on the verge of an early grave when the Bastile was destroyed.

He had inspired a revolt in the Low Countries by his enlightened persecution of a Jesuitical and corrupt priesthood, and while the cannons of Paris thundered liberty, those of Belgium thundered only defeat.

But Joseph was an affectionate brother, and the spectacle of his beautiful sister, the French Queen, subject to the possibilities of a humiliating revolution, roused his resolves, chastened his ideas, and stimulated him to make defensive preparations.

His early death changed, perhaps, the destinies of the Revolution.

Russia, seated amid the ices of a northern throne and in the twilight of a climate that well symbolized the twilight ideas of the people; possessed of an army of three hundred thousand men, impassible, courageous, and disciplined slaves, did not fear, but hated, the 14th of July.

Catherine II., the most sensuous, gifted, and splendid of women, alternated her licentious pleasures with curses against the constitutional monarchy.

Spain, united to France by mutual Bourbon blood, and reposing in the bosom of a dominant Catholicism, tempered and controlled by an Inquisition,—which yet dared to imprison and burn men of thought,—Lord of the Indies, but bereft of her European provinces outside the peninsula, was so firmly subdued and held by an effete despotism that at first scarcely a murmur of 1789 crossed the Pyrenees. Charles the Third, an enlightened prince, had just expired in 1788, and Charles the Fourth, his successor, was a hunter and a political idiot.

Italy, governed by many princes, was a land where Napoleon said that “among all her millions, he had only found two men.” She inherited a fatal beauty and a magnificent past. But Italy heard with languor the thunders of the cannons of liberty beyond the Alps, and satisfied with her amours, her literature and her splendid history, she did not even sigh in her chains, but slept on the verge of the volcano. It was for another century to behold her “awake to freedom,” and for that century to witness her free, from the “Alps to the Adriatic.”

Such were the surroundings of France, in Europe, when the Constitutional Monarchy struggled into existence on the ruins of a feudal, yet absolute, throne.

CHAPTER VI.

THE ICONOCLASMS OF THE FOURTH OF AUGUST.

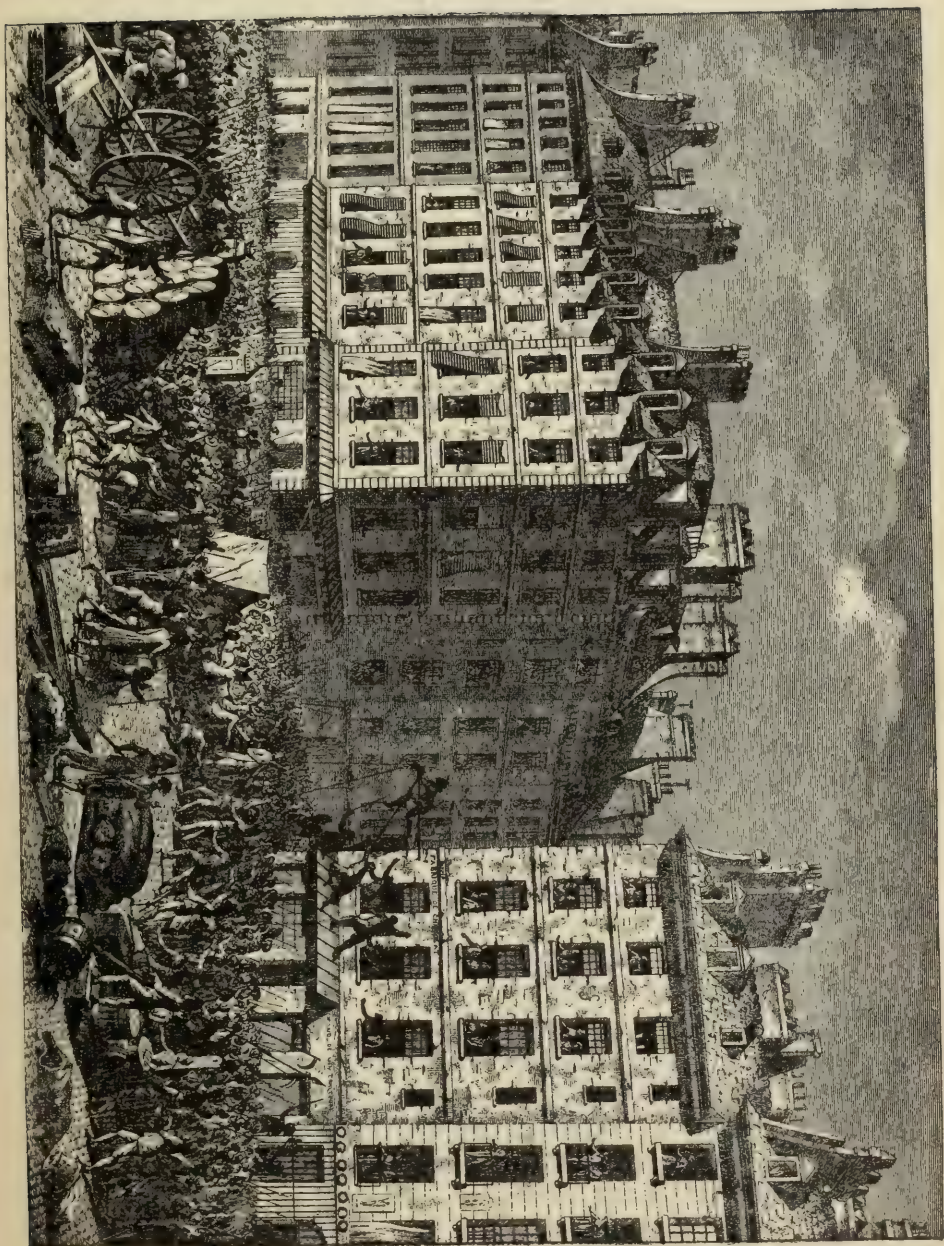
THOUGH comparative peace had been established in Paris, yet, despite all the efforts of Bailly as Mayor, and of Lafayette as General of the National Guards, there were moments of great disorder. The people were suffering severely, and were unreasonable and suspicious. Food became daily more and more difficult to obtain. A famine threatened, and threats could not induce farmers nor gardeners to jeopardize their produce in a city which they yet believed to be a prey to mobs and tumults. The most absurd rumors were circulated by an excited and starving populace and were believed. Some declared that efforts had been made to poison the French Guards; to adulterate the flour; and to keep food entirely away from the suffering city. The most honest and earnest officials were compelled to appear before a disorderly and ignorant rabble, and each day to explain to their whims, fears, or caprices the efforts that were constantly and strenuously being made in their behalf.

One of the most unpopular and hated of the King's Cabinet was Foulon. He had been one of the ministers installed by Louis XVI. in the place of Neckar and his coadjutors when they were dismissed. He was an old man, austere, unfeeling, unprincipled, and contemptuous. He was severe and haughty in his dealings with the people. He called them by the vile epithet of "canaille." He made rash remarks tending to show his utter contempt for the populace and his sympathy with despotism. These words had circulated through the famished homes of Paris, and had kindled a fierce spirit of revenge in the hearts of the patriots.

In his office as intendant Foulon had been extremely harsh and insulting, and had treated his victims with horrible rapacity. And now the fury of the enraged people was directed toward him. He fled trembling and terrified to Virey. Bands of cursing men followed after and hunted over the place for him as they would track and hunt a wild beast. At length he was discovered. The anathemas

of his captors assailed him like a storm. They tied his hands with such cruelty behind his back, that he shrieked with pain. Because it was rumored that he had said that "he hoped the people would be reduced to eat grass," they bound upon his back a large truss of hay and from time to time the mob forced some of it into his mouth. With blows and abuse they drove him along and lashed his face with a bunch of thistles. His son-in-law (Berthier), a man of a similar temper and to whom was ascribed equally inhuman remarks, was arrested at the same time. These savage speeches infuriated the starving multitude and sealed the doom of the two prisoners. With curses and abuse Foulon was beaten along, and dragged, sweating and fainting, to the Hôtel de Ville. There the mob endeavored to extemporize a court, and to have Bailly, Lafayette, and others act as its judges. They all with horror refused. The authorities were taken by surprise and desired to gain time.

Lafayette exerted his utmost efforts to save Foulon. He remonstrated with the people. He besought them. He pleaded for a regular trial before a regular court. But as much as they respected the General, the mob could not be conciliated nor appeased. They only grew more furious. Again seizing Foulon, they dragged him down the stairs and suspended him struggling and screaming to a lamp. They pressed shouting and swearing around his convulsed and dying body, and before his last sigh had been given they cut him down, cruelly smote off his head, and tore out his heart. They placed these hideous objects, dripping blood, upon pikes, and singing ferocious songs they paraded them through the streets of Paris. At this terrible moment Berthier appeared in a cabriolet and surrounded by his captors. When the mob observed and recognized him, amid savage and infuriated howls they raised the bleeding head of Foulon towards Berthier. He was seized and dragged to the Hôtel de Ville. Berthier was a brave, if an unfeeling man. He was filled not with fear, but indignation. He denounced in the most severe and emphatic language the dreadful murder of his relative. The people were now transformed into men demonized by anger and revenge. They closed in around the unhappy Berthier. As they grasped him by the collar he made a desperate struggle. With a gigantic effort for a moment he disengaged himself from the fell grasp of the ruffians. Animated by an ecstasy of rage and despair,



THE TERRIBLE ASSASSINATION OF FOULON, PARIS JULY, 1799.

he seized a weapon from the hands of one of the assassins, and fought vainly but with a tiger-like energy and fury for his life. The mob soon beat him down and pierced him with pikes. They cut off his head, and raised it aloft beside that of his father-in-law. Leaving the bleeding bodies of Berthier and Foulon to be dragged with every insult and outrage through the kennels of Paris, until they had lost the very vestiges of humanity, the murderers swept through the streets of the city shaking the heads and shouting their triumph and revenge. The quickness of these tragedies rendered them possible. The victims were slain before troops could be gathered for their rescue. This appalling crime took place in front of the sanctuary of municipal power and in the very presence of the civic and military officials. An outraged and abused people, mad with hunger and frenzied with suffering, could not be restrained.

Lafayette was profoundly affected by these dreadful events. His indignation and horror were extreme. He threatened to resign his command of the national forces, and only the most earnest efforts of the new Commune of the city prevented him from carrying out the threat. The people themselves, having recovered from their rage, and now filled with dismay as they heard of the General's resolution, the next day crowded around their beloved champion and promised with tears that there should be order in the future; while the National Guards in the most affectionate and beseeching language entreated the General to retain his command. The Guards were innocent. Lafayette promised the guilty people, that upon the condition of their absolute obedience to his commands in the future,—so long as grounded upon the law,—he would consent to continue in his place. The people readily assented, but their promises were soon broken, and in a still more terrible manner.

The Parliaments of France yet continued, but were destitute of influence and power. They now united with the aristocracy and privileged ranks in a common antagonism to a common danger. The nobility were as blinded as ever to the course of wisdom and peace. Hating all the reforms, and detesting constitutional government, they conspired to create a reaction in the public mind by themselves fomenting disorders. They imagined that by the increase of anarchy the people would become terrified, and like a vessel in a storm would seek again the safe harbor of the absolute

throne. Acting on these delusive principles they now all united with the National Assembly and were received with respect. But the deputies observed, with suspicion and astonishment, that the most rabid royalists were acting and voting in harmony with the most extreme revolutionist in their body. Cazales, an officer of dragoons, became the mouthpiece of those nobles who were not concerned in this vain conspiracy, but who were openly and honestly engaged in efforts for self-defense and victory. The Abbé Maurey, a man of sophistical speech and smooth and persuasive eloquence, was constituted by the clergy their orator and advocate.

But revolutions never move backward only as resisted by military power. They are a rising and swelling tide, rolling in upon all opposition, and overwhelming and submerging every barrier, until the forces of their original energies are exhausted and spent. The French Revolution was of this kind. One barrier overthrown, it rushed on like the angry waters to beat down and destroy every other. The King's power having been wrested from his hands, it proceeded to obliterate the privileges of the nobles and to appropriate in the most radical manner all the wealth of the French church.

With that strange mixture of levity and patriotism which marks the unstable but enthusiastic French character, the people mingled drama with tragedy. The "Fall of the Bastile" was the title of a popular play. The solitary and aged prisoner found in its dungeons was exhibited to gaping multitudes as a show. Models of little Bastiles, in silver, gold, and brass, became the fad of the moment, and were eagerly purchased. The Bastile itself was rapidly demolished by gangs of workmen, aided by many of the citizens, who labored day and night with the utmost enthusiasm. Its stones were gathered and sold for excellent sums as mementos. A number of the stones were labeled and sent to various lovers of freedom throughout the world. The stonemason Pallay—who was a contractor for demolishing the citadel—drove a brisk trade in these patriotic symbols, and became almost rich on the ruins of the stronghold of despotism. The most busy of all trades in this hour of stagnation was that of the jewelers. They were crowded with orders for trinkets, pins, charms, and chains, modeled after something belonging to the prison-house of tyranny. Meantime the emigration continued and could not be stopped.

Noble dames and ladies led the flight. Nobles of every rank followed. Aristocratic officers in the army forsook their regiments or companies and departed to Brussels, while the high-borne clergy deserted their cathedrals and crowded to the frontier. But many eminent bishops and archbishops still abided with their flocks. The streets of London, Brussels, Berlin, and even Rome and Vienna soon beheld the haughtiest nobility of France, who distinguished themselves by ostentatiously flaunting the white cockade, and by their loud anathemas against the Revolution. None of these voluntary exiles believed in the permanency of the changes which had taken place. Walking in a mist of infatuation and pride, they could not see facts with any clearness. They insisted, with confidence, that the storm would soon blow over; that the serfs would soon return to their chains; that a reaction would overwhelm the enemies of the King; or in the last event, that they would return at the head of rescuing and conquering armies and restore the ancient monarchy. In countries under autocratic rule they were received with sympathy and cordiality as men who were martyrs because of their loyalty; but in free England, as yet not frightened by the later excesses of the Revolution, they were tolerated with a respectful coldness which only thinly veiled contempt. As the Revolution progressed and the years rolled away, these dreams of the unfortunate nobles were painfully dispelled. Many were reduced to direst want, but endured their privations with a silence and a dignity which compelled and won sympathy and respect. Counts became teachers of languages. Haughty dames of the noblest blood of old France labored as milliners or dressmakers, or sustained themselves by the arts of music and painting, which, as a pastime or accomplishment, they had learned in happier days. Many of the decrepit and sick were compelled to be pensioners on foreign bounty, and, at least in England, were treated with great generosity. It was twelve long years before the first of the emigrants ventured to return to France, and they were only assured of safety when the firm and liberal hand of the First Consul Bonaparte had grasped the helm of state.

The breaks in the ranks of the nobles were strikingly manifested in the National Assembly. There the array of empty seats, which they had in splendor so lately filled, was a mute witness of the extent of the aristocratic exodus. Alarmed by this wholesale self-expatriation, the Assembly endeavored

to cast obstacles in its path. When they heard that five hundred thousand crowns a day were being removed to foreign countries, some concealed in hollow walking-sticks, and the rest by various modes of secrecy, and how daily more than two hundred passports were demanded, until within two months from the taking of the Bastille six thousand such documents had been issued, they were depressed and indignant. Tidings also began to reach them of the younger nobility assembling at Coblenz on the Rhine and already forming a hostile camp, and conspiring against the Revolution. In Paris they learned that the panic had spread to such an extent that even the celebrated dancer Madam de Vestris and all her corps du ballet had departed for London. They saw trade ruined by the hasty departure of a host of liberal and opulent foreigners, and that but three Englishmen remained in the capital out of a great number who had lately resided there. They finally passed a decree that no Frenchman should be permitted to leave the country except upon a medical certificate of ill health. But the Faubourg St. Germain and the aristocratic streets of Grenelle, St. Dominique, and De l'Université continued to be depleted. The nobles laughed at the new law, feigned sickness, easily obtained a medical certificate, and merrily forsook their property and houses, only to starve through long years of penury in strange lands. Finally the Assembly passed a decree by which the commissary of each section must compare carefully the features of the traveler with the description upon the medical certificate. He was intrusted with power to prevent the departure of the alleged invalids at his own discretion. In this manner the Archbishop of Rheims, dying of consumption, was sent back to his palace.

But all was unavailing. Lovers of their country were saddened as they passed the late abodes of elegance, wealth, and life, and trod silent streets and beheld on every side in the windows, or on the doors of stately residences, the sign,—“This house to be rented or sold.” July and August were to the people of France months of mingled expectation and fear. The Assembly itself seemed astonished at the greatness of its triumph.

These rapid and revolutionary events had been witnessed by Marie Antoinette with dismay. She was confounded and paralyzed, but unsubdued. Hers was the resolute heart of her indomitable mother Marie Theresa. Though destitute

of the genius of that great Empress, she had an heroic soul concealed by a manner which was frivolous in prosperity, but entirely changed by the fearful adversity into whose gloom she now began to enter. But she was a true woman, and her consolations were of the heart. The proud Queen now wandered disconsolately through the gorgeous halls of the deserted Versailles. Her closest friends had fled, her faithful nobility were scattered. An unknown and frightful future stretched before her, and although in this hour of tears she could not see it, at the end of the long years of suffering and outrage she was to endure, was a blood-red guillotine.

The pleasant life which she had led amid the calm and rural loveliness of Little Trianon had now departed forever. No more delightful hours passed as a milkmaid or as the hostess of a farm. No more gay assemblies amid trees and flowers, blue skies above, peaceful waters near, and birds singing in the green foliage. The palace was still there, in all its grandeur and splendor; a court yet existed, but it was a mockery and shadow of the pomp, the power, and the thronging halls of a year before. Army and authority had slipped away from royal control, revolt was filling the provinces with terror, and a hostile Assembly, never really reconciled to the King until the last moment of its existence, was preparing for yet greater changes. Marie Antoinette with all her pride and courage was of a gay, a tender, and gentle nature; but nursed in the bosom of the haughty Austrian Cæsars, she cherished the most despotic ideas of royal prerogative. Affable and kind personally, simple in her tastes and habits, pure in the midst of a depraved court, despite scandalous slanders—a court whose licentiousness was born of a loss of religious faith and desertion of a Holy God and his righteousness,—she was yet in her whole nature true to her autocratic training and never in her heart reconciled to any changes of the Revolution. It was this fact which caused many of the future misfortunes of the monarchy.

The people at times trusted in the resignation to events and in the sincerity of Louis XVI., but back of him they well knew was a power and an influence in his wife which would never permit the King to really accept in his heart a constitutional monarchy. The conviction grew and constantly strengthened as the Revolution progressed, that all the King's professions of submission to the changes which it had wrought were only wrested from him through power, and in

no way born of his own beliefs. As Cromwell and his army lost faith in the sincerity of Charles the First, so—though Louis was a far better man than the English King—the French lost confidence in their King's sincerity. It began to be believed with a grieving positiveness by the French people, that no matter what might be the King's *words*, his *heart* was with the aristocracy. It was credited that if ever a reaction did come, the sovereign would joyfully plant himself on the side of his ancient authority. This belief was one of the causes which led in the near future to fatal scenes of violence, and finally to the destruction of the constitutional throne, to a Republic, and to the Reign of Terror. Well would it have been if both the Queen and her husband had loyally sustained the cause of the people and a righteous liberty.

The Assembly ever since its organization had been principally engaged in forming the outlines of a constitution, a labor it did not wholly intermit even during the terrible 14th of July. It also busied itself in perfecting a "Declaration of Rights," to be issued to the nation and to precede the Constitution itself. As its work progressed it assumed the more definite title of the Constituent Assembly, and earnestly developed in many debates its conceptions of the laws to be promulgated, and the rights to be maintained. As anarchy spread it hastened its actions. The burning of the châteaux and the destruction of property in every part of central and eastern France filled the Assembly with alarm. The increasing insubordination among the old regiments of the monarchy though now ranged under the tri-colored banner, showed how far the bands holding society together had been loosened. The Assembly had now become the sole barrier against total national disruption and confusion, except in Paris itself. It reached the conviction that the violence and disorder in the provinces could not be wholly quelled, except by the abolition of all the feudal privileges, which had been the cause of so much suffering and outrage in the revolted sections of France.

The night of the 4th of August came, a night as memorable in French history as the day of the 14th of July. The Viscount de Noailles gave the signal for the extraordinary scenes about to follow, by proposing the redemption of all the feudal rights and the abolition of every form of personal servitude. Amid vehement applause the decrees were passed

which swept away as by a flood the hoary wrongs, tyrannies, and institutions of ten centuries; and which made every Frenchman free and equal before the law. In an hour all citizens were declared eligible to any ecclesiastical, military, or civil employment, and to all dignities without distinction of birth and class. What Napoleon afterwards embodied in the sentiment, "a career open to talent," became from that eventful night a fact in the life of the French people. The hitherto impassable barriers of blood and rank were torn down forever. This was one of the greatest blessings, despite all its excesses, which the Revolution bestowed on France. A Frenchman in France is to-day, more than anywhere else in Europe, free to be all he has the eloquence, or courage, or genius, or talent to be, in church, army, state, art, or letters. France is, as to social, professional, and political opportunities, at this hour the most democratic country in the Old World.

This great step taken, the Assembly did not pause. All the seignorial and landed rights and privileges, *corvées*, taxes, and preëmptions were abolished. Changes which a millenium had failed to achieve for England were accomplished by the French in an hour. What it has taken the English eight hundred years of Magna Charter, the great charter, bill of rights, and Puritan revolt to accomplish; what in England was alone won by a long civil war and the Revolution of 1688; what she has been seeking in the Reform Act of 1830, in the Chartist movement of 1848, and in the slow changes of the past forty years,—was accomplished by the National Assembly in a single memorable night; but a night of the most exalted patriotism and reckless enthusiasm. The Assembly was white-hot with generous sentiment. It destroyed, as utterly as though a deluge had swept over it, the France of the past, before it had made any proper foundation upon which to build the France of the future. The names of nobles sacrificing honors, rank, privileges, and powers followed each other in such rapid succession that they could not be written down except by forced pauses.

The hours passed. The red light of a new dawn dispersed the shadows in the Hall des Menus. The last brilliant star had hid itself in the azure of heaven, and all the birds were a-twitter in the trees, and yet the great work went on of patriotic devotion and revolutionary change. A sublime philanthropic delirium filled every heart. A benevolent

self-sacrifice animated each decree. The gigantic fabric of Feudalism, which had stood seemingly so strong and massive through so many ages, and seemed lately so impregnable—was now seen by the astounded world completely shattered and overthrown in a single night. It was, as a wit most aptly described it, “the St. Bartholomew of property.” When, after these radical changes, the Assembly adjourned, the light of the sun of the 5th of August was shining brightly upon Versailles. They retired shouting, “Long live Louis, the restorer of liberty!”

The poor King, however, was no more influenced by a desire for these stupendous transformations than Marie Antoinette herself. He heard with forebodings, and an amazement difficult to describe, of this wholesale overthrow of the feudal past. After a period of sober reflection, and when the intoxication of enthusiasm had passed away, the nobility and clergy repented the sacrifices they had made and endeavored to have rescinded many of the decrees which they had indorsed the previous night, but it was not done. When these radical decrees were presented to Louis XVI. for his signature he said: “I can but admire the sacrifices, but I will never consent to be deprived of my nobility and clergy. If I am obliged to give way to force *I can but give way*, but then there will no longer be either monarchy or monarch in France.” He declined to sign the decrees. “They were only,” he asserted, “a text for future reforms.” When this answer was returned to the National Assembly the deputies haughtily affirmed that all the decrees were constitutional, and did not need the royal assent. They proudly and insolently asserted that the sole business of the monarch was to promulgate the laws made by the National Legislature. The King flushed when he heard of these revolutionary claims, but his power to act had departed.

As yet the rights and limits of any new authority to be bestowed upon him had not been defined, and in this transition period he was but a helpless tool in the hands of the Assembly. He could refuse to sanction, but he could not prevent action. In these rapid changes we behold patriotism and generosity, but none of that calm wisdom and steady deliberation which is born of faith in God, and of prayer to God and recognition of God. It was reform and reconstruction, but with their foundations not resting upon “the Rock of Ages” and the Bible, but upon human expedi-

ency and a proud confidence in self. This history will show how rapidly in France all forms of order and liberty were sacrificed, and how in the increase of passions and reactions of resistances there arose not a constitutional and protecting liberty, but the most cruel, absolute, unjust, and intolerable tyranny that has ever assailed mankind and crushed human freedom and life. It is true this despotism was but for two years, but in that short period, the blood it shed, the cruelties it perpetrated, the murders it committed, the crimes it endorsed were so dreadful, that the world has shuddered for a hundred years at their mere recital, and has baptized that period forever, as the "Reign of Terror." Had France been Christian and followed Christ instead of Rousseau and Voltaire, all those horrors would have been impossible.

The radical acts of the 4th of August, 1789, now divided the Assembly into parties, each of which henceforth vigorously struggled for supremacy. They crystallized into a Left, a Right, and a Center. The party of the Left was composed of those in the Assembly who were the decided friends of *all* the new measures. The Right embodied those in the Assembly who yet favored the ancient régime. The Center consisted of prudent men, calm by nature, and moderate from character, who sought by conservative measures to temper and reconcile the heated antagonism and conflicts of the other two parties.

Above all parties and all men in the National Assembly Mirabeau now began to tower. His eloquence, genius, and audacity gave him an almost supreme control. His words were volcanic, and his personal magnetism was almost irresistible. He possessed a clear and practical mind, and saw without illusion the necessities and dangers of the times. He surveyed through an atmosphere unclouded by either sentiment or prejudice, and recognized the cold, hard facts as they were.

Beside this great Tribune of the people there were other able and eloquent men. There was the brilliant and generous Barnave, an enthusiast for liberty and a hater of the King and Queen, but presently by the beauty and misfortunes of Marie Antoinette to be transformed into a devoted and adoring royalist. At this time he was as stern a revolutionist as any in the Assembly. The change which the progress of events made in Barnave was as striking as the transformation which caused Sir Thomas Wentworth, the Puritan cham-

pion of freedom, to become Strafford, the tyrannical slave of Charles the First.

In the Assembly the silvery voice of Dupont and the rugged eloquence of Lameth added to the power of the aggressive Left. The royalists rallied under the wisdom of Cazeles and the sweet, seductive eloquence of the Belial tongued Abbé Maurey, while the Center was directed by the patriotic calmness of Lally Tollendal.

The Assembly early in August issued to France a carefully prepared document containing its "Declaration of Rights," with a commentary. The last was a confusing and metaphysical paper, better suited to a political college than to a people on fire with excitement. Its purpose was to prepare the way for the Constitution, but it was so cloudy and obscure, so involved and contradictory, that it was misunderstood by the masses, received with indifference, and only used afterwards as one of the levers which radicalism employed to overturn the Constitution itself.

But the great event of what is termed the spoliation of the clergy now began to embroil the Assembly in new and bitter divisions and feud. The clergy as a whole had been among the most ardent advocates of the rights of the people. The curés and abbés had sympathized fully with the sorrows and wrongs of the oppressed. They had proved their loyalty to the Revolution, up to that very hour, by many sincere manifestations. They had been received with the most respectful and affectionate applause when in June they united with the Third Estate. But all this was now forgotten by the deputies of the people, and by the revengeful nobles. In a single session all the lands of the clergy; their buildings, their revenues, their convents, monasteries, and wealth of every sort in woods, vineyards, fish-ponds, orchards, fields, farms, in rights of taxes of rents, of tithes, were confiscated by the State. Those hitherto earnest friends of the Revolution were appalled and confounded by such a wholesale spoliation.

The Abbé Sieyes, whose pamphlet, "What is the Third Estate?" had aided so much the initial steps of that body in its successful struggle for power, and whose proposition had created the National Assembly, was amazed and terrified. He had excelled Mirabeau himself in progressive tendencies, and now he saw his church about to be robbed, her revenues to be appropriated, and her clergy in a

moment about to be reduced from great landed proprietors to abject pauperism, or to enslaved stipendiaries of an infidel Assembly. He remonstrated in the most vigorous manner. He used every argument that his subtle genius might suggest to delay the fatal vote, but vainly. Able bishops and ecclesiastics appealed to the gratitude, the justice, the decency, as they termed it, of the Assembly but with equal lack of success. The whole estates of the clergy of every kind were seized. They were promised a regular stipend, according to their rank and office, from the State, and it is upon that basis that the revenues of the Catholic Church in France have since existed. Its ministers are paid by the government. It was November before the work was wholly consummated.

The dissolution of the monasteries in England by Cromwell, in the reign of Henry VIII., was but a mere bagatelle compared to these vast appropriations of clerical wealth.

The Assembly employed the wealth thus obtained in presently issuing, upon its basis, millions of paper money called assignats; while in all parts of France also they freely offered the confiscated lands for sale.

It was at this time that the legislative body formally declared itself to be one chamber, and debated the powers to be still left to the King.

The discussion of his right to the veto awakened all the jealousies and fears of Paris. Orators stood on tables and vehemently denounced the granting of such dangerous power to a disaffected monarch. They asserted that to bestow the veto on Louis XVI. was to totally undo all the work of the Revolution. On September 10th, excited and enraged mobs began to gather around the Palace Royal, but Lafayette caused the reveille to be beaten and rapidly assembled the National Guards. Though this force was obedient and gathered with serried ranks and in large numbers, yet it taxed the utmost energies of the general, who employed mingled threats and conciliation, to prevent an outbreak. Daily collisions began between the National Guards and the lower classes, and the latter growled "that a 'royal despotism' had been succeeded by a 'citizen despotism.'" The Assembly after a long and violent debate, being favored by Mirabeau, who now first began to draw back from further radicalism, at length bestowed the veto upon Louis, but only for two sessions.

CHAPTER VII.

THE MOB AT VERSAILLES.

IT was now October. In the beautiful parks and gardens of Versailles and Paris the leaves were fading into sere and yellow, and the moist ground was covered with those fluttering harbingers of a cold and severe winter. In many homes in Paris want existed, and threatened starvation brooded like a demon of darkness upon the minds of men who had dared and hoped all for liberty. The convulsions of the summer had so discouraged labor and terrified commerce that a dreadful famine threatened the metropolis. Men must eat, and families be clothed and fed. The Parisians soon found out that shouting for the nation, dancing a Carmagnole, and singing "Ça Ira," would not bring bread to their crying children, wood to their decaying fires, nor meat to their empty larders.

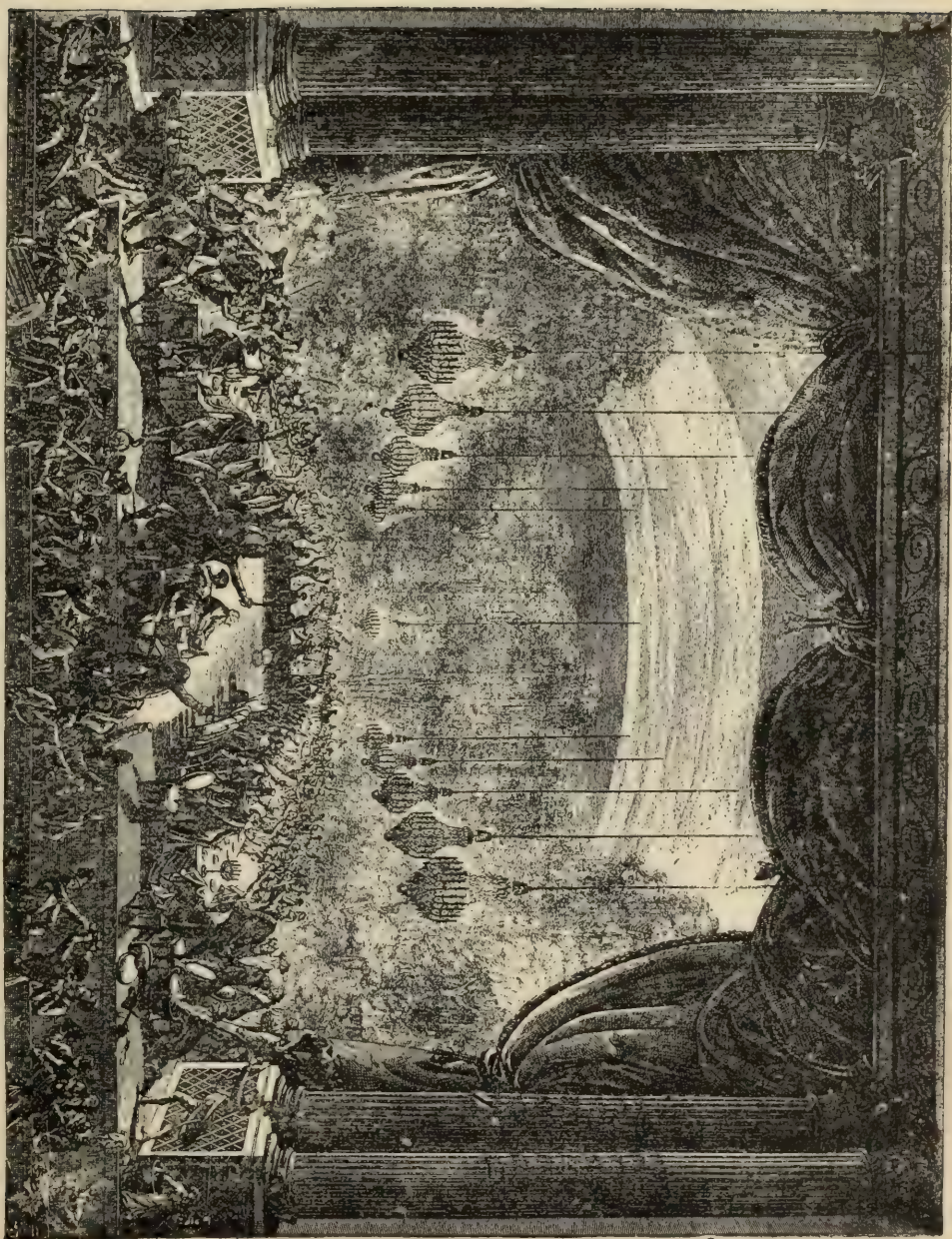
Prices constantly rose, and wheat was so scarce that even a bounty from the city could hardly produce an insufficient supply. Hungry men left hungry wives weeping and hungry babes wailing for food, and on the quays, in the city gardens, and at the Palace Royal, they fiercely denounced the authorities. The Duke of Orleans, reveling in plenty and wealth, craftily inflamed their passions and subtly ascribed the scarcity to the inhuman machinations of the King, and especially the Queen and her satellites. These malignant slanders were received by the enraged and suffering people with unquestioning faith, and were believed to be the real solution of the trouble. The people were neither financial experts, historical students, nor political economists. Ignorant of the laws of trade and conditions of prosperity, they were rendered almost mad by their sufferings, and they ascribed all these sufferings to the conspiracies of a court that yet existed, and to an unfeeling and despotic Queen. In this condition of high-wrought sensibility it needed but a spark to again produce a revolutionary explosion. All the efforts of Bailly as Mayor, faithfully assisted by the Commune and by Lafayette, could

not rectify these delusions nor provide from a distracted country a sufficient quantity of provisions to supply the pressing wants of the great population of Paris.

In the many changes which had been made by the National Assembly, they still permitted the King to be possessed of his Household Guards. These brave and faithful men were all of gentle blood, and devotedly protected the unhappy monarch. They were few in number, only three hundred, but they were veterans in courage, and were in their fidelity to the King as devoted as the Roman sentinel at Pompeii to his trust. There were also, as yet, amid the defections of the troops a number of proprietary regiments guarding the frontier of Flanders, and garrisoning portions of the Eastern Provinces, who at least possessed loyal officers. The Germans in the royal pay were but little affected by a revolutionary propaganda which was presented to them in an alien tongue, while the Swiss were as true to their salt as a Highlander of 1745 to his chief. The jealousy of the Assembly and the fears of the people of Paris had removed these regiments to frontier fortresses and distant encampments.

Early in October the Regiment of Flanders, which had been summoned from the north, reached Versailles. The privates were somewhat infected with revolutionary ideas, but the officers were all intensely loyal to the King, and antagonistic to the National Assembly and National Guards. From some occult reason the Legislature had passed the decree which enabled this regiment to march into Versailles. In its white uniform with red facings and epaulettes the regiment entered amid much military pomp, and was quartered near the palace. It was warmly received by the King's Body-guard, and its officers were welcomed as devoted servants of royalty.

On the third of October, 1789, the King's Body-guard, in order to honor the Regiment of Flanders, gave a banquet to these officers in the beautiful Orangery of the Palace. What would have been a natural and harmless act a year before, was, in a time of such distress and suspicion, the height of imprudence. The Orangery was profusely decorated, and tables spread with the choicest viands extended along the center of the room. The galleries were crowded with beautiful and elegant women. A band occupied the extremity of the hall and enlivened the entertain-



THE GARDE DU CORPS ENTERTAINING THE REGIMENT OF FLANDERS IN THE ORANGERY AT
VERSAILLES, OCTOBER 3, 1789.

ment by delicious music. The officers fraternized with enthusiasm, and the festivities were joyous and long.

In the midst of their revel, while they were heated with wine and elevated by martial reminiscences of old wars and old victories under the white banners of the Bourbons, suddenly the large folding-doors at the end of the hall were thrown open and the Royal family entered. The room immediately resounded with the most enthusiastic cheers. Louis moved down the festive scene with his lovely Queen by his side, and she carrying in her arms the beautiful heir of France, and leading by the hand the little princess; Marie Theresa. The Queen was flushed and her eyes radiant. The King appeared sad but gratified. The loyal soldiers saw in those august personages suffering martyrs. At this moment the band struck up the plaintive melody, "O Richard, O my King, the Universe abandons thee." The music seemed to rouse the officers to a frenzy of pity and loyalty. They thronged around the Queen. They pressed fervently to their lips her hand, her dress; they lifted their swords on high and shook them, while they cried out, "*Long live the King! Down with the Nation.*" Inspired by the fumes of wine, they tore the tri-colored cockades from their hats and trampled those emblems of revolution with fury and contempt under their feet. They could not be restrained. Mingled with shouts for the King were yet more enthusiastic vivas for the Queen. Louis was deeply affected. His Queen shed tears of sensibility at the display of such devotion, and for a period all surrendered themselves to the loyal delirium of the hour.

The next day the tidings of this banquet, those cries against the nation, that dishonoring of the People's Cockade, began to spread in an exaggerated form through starving and desperate Paris. The natural actions of a King and Queen in the midst of their friends, were magnified into their indorsement of all the rash acts of the officers. The royalists of the Faubourg de St. Germain deprecated the imprudence of the "orgies," as they were stigmatized, of the Body-guards; but it was hoped by Lafayette and Bailly that no serious result would ensue from the banquet. In this, they and the conservative elements were alike mistaken. The people, suffering and starving, believed themselves derided and insulted.

The fifth of October, 1789, dawned upon Paris. It was

a cold, chilly, and stormy day. The rain swept the streets and the wind blew the yellow autumn leaves from the trees. Toward noon a famishing young woman, as by an inspiration, seized a drum and began to beat it through the streets in the section of St. Antoine. It was a magnetic call. As the drum was heard, a host of women seized hatchets and pikes, and rushed out furiously into the mud-died streets crying, "Bread! Bread!" Men by hundreds, hollow-eyed and desperate, joined their ranks. The crowd rapidly increased. The great mass were miserable and hungry mothers and wives. They rushed along the quays and reached the square of La Grève in front of the Hôtel de Ville. They were loud and threatening. A battalion of National Guards, drawn up in the Place de la Grève, refused to fire on these suffering and famished females, who were almost insane with want. They strongly sympathized with their troubles. Suddenly a cry arose, "To Versailles, to Versailles," and a large horde of the constantly increasing throng began to surge along the quays, directed by that Maillard so infamous afterward in the massacres of September, 1792. A body of insurgents yet remained in front of the Hôtel de Ville, vociferating for bread. At this crisis General Lafayette appeared. Portions of the National Guards to the number of several thousands gathered around the General, but refused to attack the starving and frenzied multitude of distracted females. Lafayette exerted his utmost influence to change the direction of the mob from Versailles, though large bodies and the vast additions of the streets were constantly drifting in that direction.

Carlyle gives a flamboyant picture, in his "History," of Lafayette sitting upon his white horse in the rain, and hour after hour rebuking and exhorting the mob and entreating them to retire to their homes. The General *did* use the most strenuous but futile efforts. The National Guards were in sympathy not with the disorders but the wrongs and wants of the people. The very core and chivalry of the revolt against absolutism, they were filled with fury against the Body-guards and Regiment of Flanders, confounding the soldiers, who were mostly disloyal, with their officers.

They loudly cried, "Let us march and exterminate those traitors who have trampled on the cockade of the Nation!"

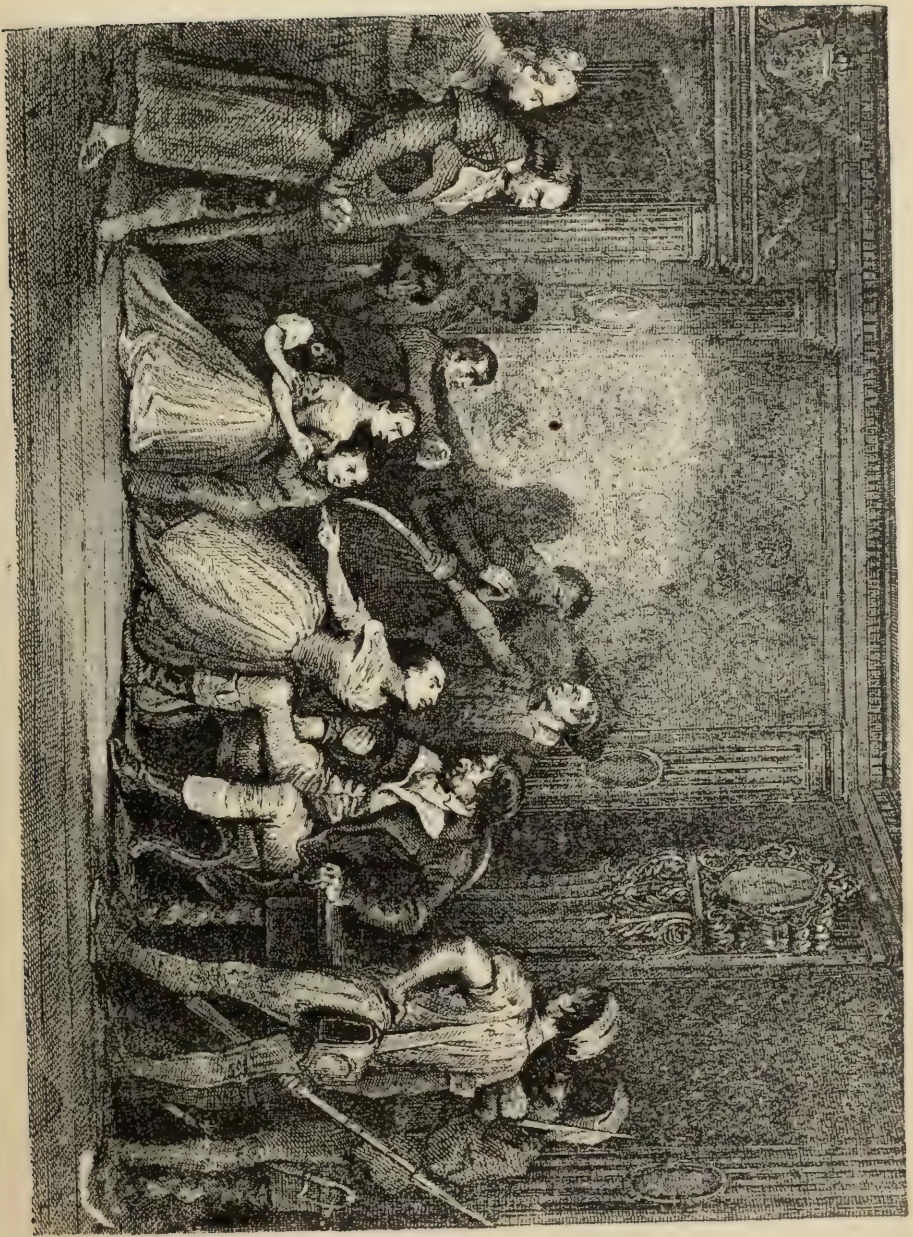
Lafayette saw the mob dispersing not to their homes, but toward *Versailles*. Tidings came to him of the constantly increasing hordes who were already a long distance on their road to the voluptuous palace of autocratic despotism, and now himself filled with fear that a catastrophe might occur, he set out for the Palace. He had twenty thousand National Guards, all uniformed and disciplined. The French guards in their ranks stabilized the rest. The Guards loved their General, but pitied the people and distrusted the King. On account of the tempest and mud their march was slow. The rain fell and the storm increased, but the faithful Guards, while determined not to assail the populace and secretly resolved themselves to drag Louis XVI. from his old home of feudalism into the center and power of revolted Paris, showed every obedience and respect to Lafayette. As the General pondered on that muddy and stormy march, while pale with anxiety for fear some cruel outrage would be inflicted on the royal family, perchance he became more favorable to the plans of his soldiers.

Meanwhile Maillard and his frantic host of women, men in women's clothes, hordes of drunken bravos and yelling *canaille* approached Versailles. The tidings of this tumultuous crowd had reached the palace. The great gates were shut, and the devoted Body-guards manned the defensive posts. The King, who had been hunting as usual at Meudon, was called back to Versailles and every effort was made for defense. The Regiment of Flanders, sullen and ashamed of the part their officers had taken on the third of October, formed into line but would not move.

And now the mob, yelling, shrieking, cursing, came pouring into Versailles. A delegation of women assailed the National Assembly and loudly presented their wants, through Maillard as their spokesman. The President of the day calmly assured them that their sufferings should be relieved and their wants immediately supplied. The temporary legislative guard which had volunteered to protect the Assembly assumed a menacing aspect, and grounding their arms, prepared to present bayonets, when the frightened female mob rapidly forsook the Assembly.

A deputation of women forced their way and were admitted into the King's presence. They were kindly received. They declared their wants and loudly called for food. They were with difficulty finally induced to with-

WOMEN VISITING THE ASSEMBLY.



draw. A generous motion was made to adjourn the National Assembly and to rally its members around the threatened Monarch, but it was coldly received, and it is asserted that through the influence of Mirabeau it was rejected. The rapid and immediate change of the great democratic leader after these terrible events into the determined supporter of a constitutional monarchy, renders this accusation highly improbable.

Versailles was filled with drunken, needy, and desperate women and men, and some of the more chivalric deputies of their own accord hurried to the palace and appeared before the King. Meantime, repulsed by the Assembly the starving women and men thronged the streets. The tumult begun by a suffering and needy female had assumed almost incredible proportions. It had called from their dens in Paris "all the foul birds of night." Ruffians and thieves, drunkards and harlots hastened to Versailles and were undistinguished and lost in the mighty multitude. They surged up to the gates of the palace, they assaulted its iron railings, they yelled out threats against the Queen; they cried, "Bring us out the Austrian woman! We will have her head, we will have her bowels!"

The faithful three hundred Body-guards with despairing fidelity presented their bayonets amid the night, gloom, and rain, and were ready to fight until the last. The gates shook, the palace was panic stricken, the fearful cries reached even the monarch and his wife. All the popular fury seemed directed against the Queen. She was cowed and frightened. Even her resolute heart sank under her fears of assassination. That they were well grounded the next few hours of tumult sufficiently revealed.

But meantime, after a slow and dilatory march, as the clocks in Versailles struck midnight the serried ranks of twenty thousand National Guards began to appear. The beating of the many drums of so great a host sounding up the avenue between Versailles and Paris had already been heard by the violent hordes, and had thrown them into a panic. Rank after rank, in huge array, drums beating, but wet and fatigued, the national troops poured into Versailles. They immediately presented bayonets and drove the yelling and ferocious mass of desperate men and women before them and out of the palace courts. Lafayette, in rain-soaked and muddied garments, hurried into the presence of

the King. The monarch's aunt, Madame Adelaide, a nervous and aged woman, when she saw the commander of the rescuing National Guard, impelled by the enthusiasm of protected senile age threw herself into his arms and cried out, "General, you have saved us all." But her emotions were not partaken by the rest of the Royal family. Marie Antoinette was courteous but silent, and the King could but be wonder-struck at such an array of vagabonds, the refuse and *canaille* of Paris, being permitted to invade the very home of their sovereign. Lafayette assured the King that he should be protected. He said that he was willing to sentinel the whole palace within and without, and that he would bivouac some of his troops in the gardens while the rest might find shelter in Versailles. The monarch replied that his own Body-guard should sentinel the palace within, but that Lafayette might occupy all the posts without.

The General did not object, and overcome by fatigue, after arranging his troops he retired for a few hours' repose. The custody of all the inside of Versailles was given to the three hundred Body-guards. The National Guards posted their sentinels without, and some encamped, while others found refuge from the tempest in the houses of Versailles. But the restless, hungry, and enraged hordes did not sleep. Shielded by the rain and profound darkness, they prowled through the streets and among the wine-shops of Versailles, now and then howling like wild beasts. Many of them stealthily approached the palace and hovered near its gates. It is charged that during the night the emissaries of the Duke of Orleans were plying the mob with brandy and bribing them with money to commit further violence. At intervals, singing and yelling, they filled Versailles with confusion and fear.

The royal family, confiding in the assurances of Lafayette, had retired to rest. The Queen sought repose from the excitement of the day in her chamber. Believing that she was protected she made her usual preparations, and was soon wrapped in sound slumber. The royal children under the guardianship of their nurses slept in all the happy peace of childhood and innocence. Without the Queen's door there stood two royal halberdiers of the household troop, gentleman of the utmost fidelity. Two more were stationed at the foot of the wide marble steps of the royal stairway. For several hours silence reigned in the splendid

abode. But it was soon destined to be rudely and terribly dispelled.

About five o'clock on the morning of the 6th of October, a gang of prowlers discovered, either through neglect or treachery, the gate leading directly to the Queen's stairway to be open and unguarded. The tidings spread, and immediately a wrathful, demonized rabble rushed in, calling out, "Bread or Death!" Directed by some malignant mind well acquainted with the location of the rooms in this part of the great palace, the drunken rabble reached the stairway leading to the Queen's sleeping-chamber. The two faithful halberdiers, Des Huttes and Moreau, heard and saw their approach. With a spirit of Spartan devotion they immediately crossed their weapons in front of the furious mob who were rapidly filling the landing below, and at the same time shouted up the stairs to the Guards stationed there, "Save the Queen! Save the Queen!" A desperate conflict ensued. The two heroes struggled with mighty energy, and for a moment held back the roaring and infuriated mob. Des Huttes, pierced by a hundred pikes, fell, covered with blood. His head was severed from his body, and his bleeding corpse, despoiled of its uniform, cast headlong upon the pavement below. Moreau retreated up the stairs toward the landing above, fighting with desperate courage, and loudly calling for aid. Two Body-guards, De Varicourt and Durepaire, responded immediately. Moreau, wounded and bleeding, was rescued; and De Varicourt and Durepaire then renewed the struggle, fighting with equal courage and devotion, and making the most heroic resistance against the assaults of the ferocious and shouting horde, who now crowded furiously up the stairs. Varicourt was quickly slain, but Durepaire, a man of gigantic strength, held the mob at bay several moments, until he fell exhausted from loss of blood.

The shouts and cries of "Save the Queen!" and the clashing of the arms, had awakened Marie Antoinette from a profound slumber. Her ladies of honor rushed to her assistance. They hastily cast a cloak over the trembling form of the Queen, and she fled in *deshabille* to the King's apartments. Faithful servants, with the rapidity of desperation, strongly barricaded the doors leading to that last sanctuary. The mob with redoubled ferocity forced the stairway, trampling on the dead body of De Varicourt;

beat down the door to the Queen's chamber, and with violent cries rushed in. Their victim had escaped. With disappointed rage they thrust their swords and pikes again and again into the bedclothes of the Queen's couch, ransacked the room, and furiously beat against the barricaded door, using the most vile and frightful language, and shouting out their purpose to have the head of the Queen.

But the struggle and the cries had aroused the adjacent National Guards. They instantly comprehended the danger. A portion of the old French Guards embodied in their ranks hurried forward crying, "Let us save the Body-guards! they saved us at Fontenoy!" They rushed up the stairs, drove the ruffians at the point of the bayonet, as they cursed and yelled, out of the Queen's chamber, and down the stairway, dispersing them in the court below.

As the mob retreated they dragged the dead bodies of the two Body-guards after them. They added the head of De Varicourt to that of Des Huttes, and elevating on pikes the ghastly and bleeding trophies, they carried them with the uniforms of the butchered soldiers around the palace, as standards of cruel victory. Meantime, wakened by a breathless messenger who announced these fearful tragedies, General Lafayette, ashamed and confused, hurried into the presence of the monarch. He entered the chamber of the King, and in an embarrassed tone apologized for his delay. The King was cold and distrustful.

"I greatly regret, Sire," said Lafayette, "this outrage. I had supposed all the avenues to the palace sufficiently guarded to prevent any attack. I rejoice that your Majesty and your family are safe."

The King made no reply, and the Queen, as yet half-clothed, was haughty and incredulous.

As the day began to dawn, the ministers and friends of the monarch assembled in the room, while the Queen and her ladies retired. The rioters outside still filled the court, and seemed to defy the National Guards, who, half sympathizing with their hunger and suffering, rested upon their arms. They were themselves a part of the people and suffered with the people. Seeing that the soldiers abstained from an attack the mob became more violent and savage than ever. It has been one of the mysteries of the Revolution why Lafayette did not at this moment concentrate his forces and drive those ruffians back to Paris. It is asserted,

however, that many of the rioters had during the night insinuated themselves into the camp and ranks of the National force, and corrupted and fraternized with others. It should also be remembered that the Revolutionary army itself burned with indignation as it recalled the banquet of the 3d of October.

About eight o'clock, when the Queen reappeared, the mob began to shout, "The King, the King!" The terrified attendants of the monarch besought him not to jeopardize his life. But Louis was calm and fearless. With a bold, yet benevolent look, he stepped out upon the balcony, and subdued the surging mass below into silence and respect by his courage and benignancy. The fickle mob loudly applauded him, crying, "Long live the King!" But on the monarch's retiring the tumult was renewed, and savage voices shouted, "The Queen—let the Queen appear." It was an appalling moment. Those ruffian men a few hours before had made the most desperate assault upon her life. Her attendants believed that the moment she presented herself on the balcony, she would be assassinated. The King himself trembled with apprehension. The shouts grew louder. Lafayette stepped forward, took the Queen's hand, and led her with her two children out upon the balcony. The mob applauded the Revolutionary General, but cried louder than ever: "No children! the Queen alone! No children!" Unintimidated, the daughter of a hundred Cæsars handed the Dauphin and the little Marie Theresa to the friends within, motioned to Lafayette to retire behind her, and stood *alone* before the yelling multitude. Her attitude was heroic, sublime, and resigned. She crossed her hands upon her bosom, and with a calm face and noble and majestic air she gazed unquailing on the murderers below. An assassin lifted his musket and pointed it at the Queen, but it was in a moment beaten down by others. And now a great thrill of emotion and admiration for this heroic woman swept through that angry multitude. Their enmity for the moment was entirely overcome, and with a rapturous enthusiasm they burst out into "Long live the Queen!" which they repeated again and again until the walls of the palace seemed to shake. Lafayette at this moment came forward and kissed the Queen's hand.

Thus it ever is with a Godless and Christless mob. All is impulse and nothing is principle. Fickle as the wind,

changeable as an April day, they flatter or abuse, kill or save, cry "Hosanna," or "Crucify him," as the uppermost mood enthalls their hearts. This was especially true of the impulsive hordes who ravaged Paris.

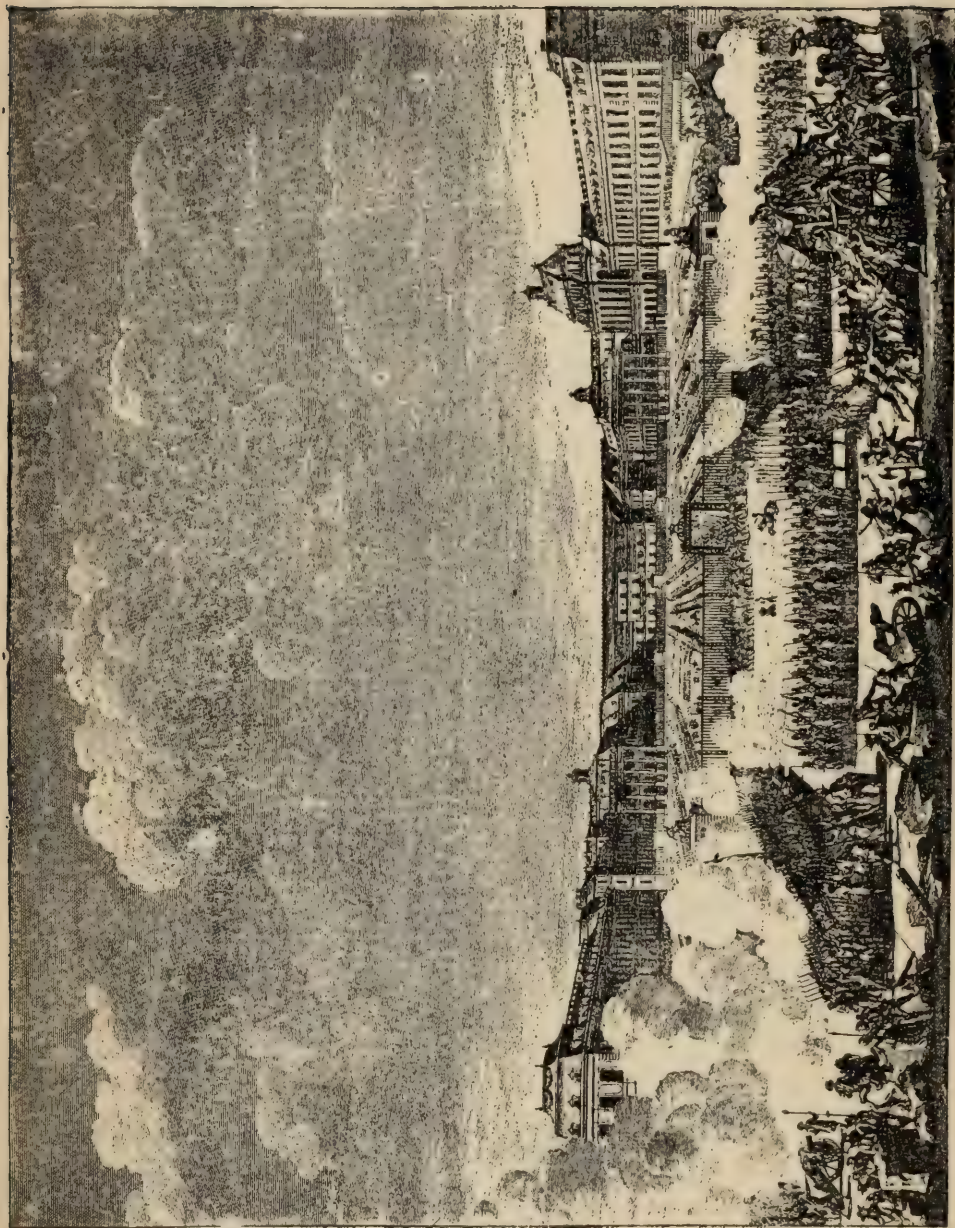
The mob had captured many of the Body-guards and were shamefully abusing them. "General Lafayette," said the Queen, as she entered once more the apartment, "save the Body-guards." The General, with tears of admiration in his eyes, for the heroic Queen, obeyed. He stepped out upon the balcony, made an earnest appeal, and the Body-guards were released and consigned to the custody of the National troops.

On returning to her husband, Marie Antoinette clasped her little son the Dauphin to her heart, and addressing the King pathetically she said: "Promise me, Sire,—I conjure you in the name of this beloved child, in the name of all you hold most dear, for the safety of France and that of your son,—promise! oh promise me! that if such an occurrence as this again presents itself, and you have the means to withdraw from it, that you will not fail to do so." These words deeply affected the unfortunate Louis XVI. He made no reply; but cast on his wife a tender glance and passed into the adjoining chamber.

And now the mob, forgetful of its transient emotion and unappeased, began to cry out, "Bread, bread," and shouted the sinister command, "The King must come with us to Paris." The multitude took up the cry, "To Paris, to Paris."

Lafayette urged the monarch to comply. He spoke earnestly of the fears, sufferings, and needs of the people, and declared his firm conviction that the presence and residence of Louis at Paris would alone *mitigate disorder, assuage suspicion, and produce order and peace.*

Strange words with twenty thousand National Guards at his command! Let thoughtful men make their own comments. The King, greatly agitated and surprised at this new and overwhelming demand, hesitated. Versailles was his home. There his ancestors had reigned in splendor and power, there was the center of his royal authority, or its wreck. Within its walls had been the tender joys of his married life, There his children had been born, there one had lately died, and there he had passed many happy years. He believed that as long as he held Versailles all was

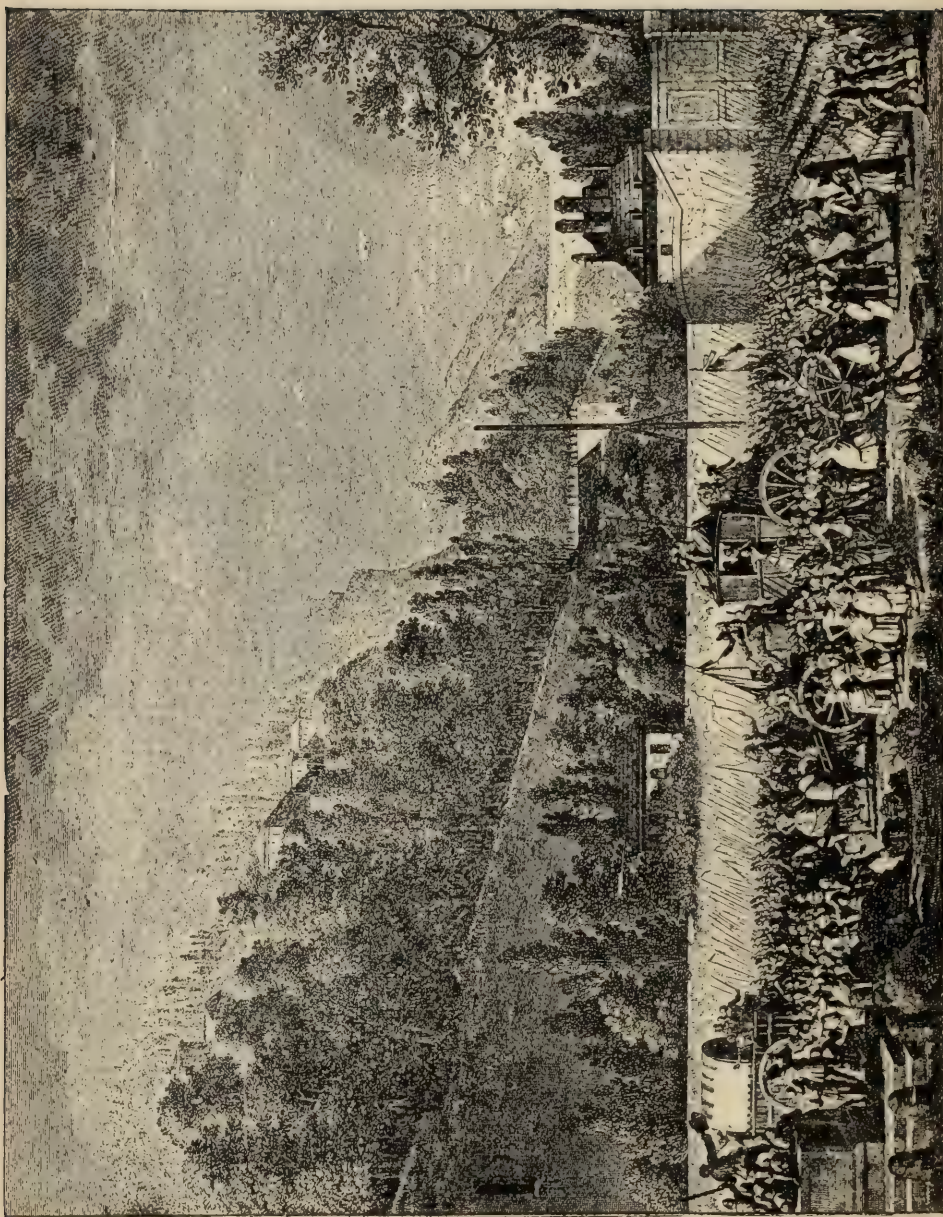


REJOICING AT VERSAILLES ON THE KING PROMISING TO GO AND DWELL IN PARIS, OCTOBER 6, 1789.

not lost. But the mob was inexorable, and the National Guards seemed to sympathize with its demands. The necessity for departure became pressing, in order to prevent more terrible disorders, and finally the unhappy monarch and his family sorrowfully made hasty arrangements for their journey. The National Assembly decreed that it was inseparable from the person of the monarch, and that it would follow him to Paris.

At one o'clock, so astoundingly rapid had been the progress of events, carriages drew up in the great court of Versailles to receive the royal family. The King, the Queen, the Princess Elizabeth, the Count de Provence, the monarch's brother, and the rest of the family of Louis descended the magnificent marble steps of the vast grand stairway to the court below. They were about to leave the golden halls, the magnificent rooms, the beautiful parks and gardens of Versailles *forever*. From that day four of that stricken family never saw Versailles again. The Count de Provence, returning after a long exile and reigning as Louis XVIII., was free to visit it. The little Marie Theresa as the Duchess d'Angoulême, during the Restoration, often entered its walls; but for the King, his wife, his sister Elizabeth, and his tender and loving little son, it was a farewell forever. Amid the weeping of a large circle of servants, friends, and nobles the royal family entered the carriages. The King appeared distraught. The eyes of the brave and beautiful Queen were humid with bitter tears. Under these pathetic circumstances Louis XVI. departed from the palace of his ancestors.

The dismal procession started and was accompanied by scenes of excess and horror. Bands of intoxicated men and women marched arm in arm before the carriages, singing either vile or Revolutionary songs, and brandishing in the air, pikes, muskets, and hatchets. Cannons rumbled behind, on which were seated females in hideous attire. Then came two hundred of the monarch's faithful Bodyguards disarmed, deprived of hats and belts, and led along in captivity by the National Grenadiers. Behind these marched the National Guards in close array, Lafayette in command. The rear was closed up by a confused mass of Cuirassiers, members of the Regiment of Flanders, and a disorderly and hooting mob. Directly before the King's carriage proceeded ruffians, bearing aloft the ghastly and



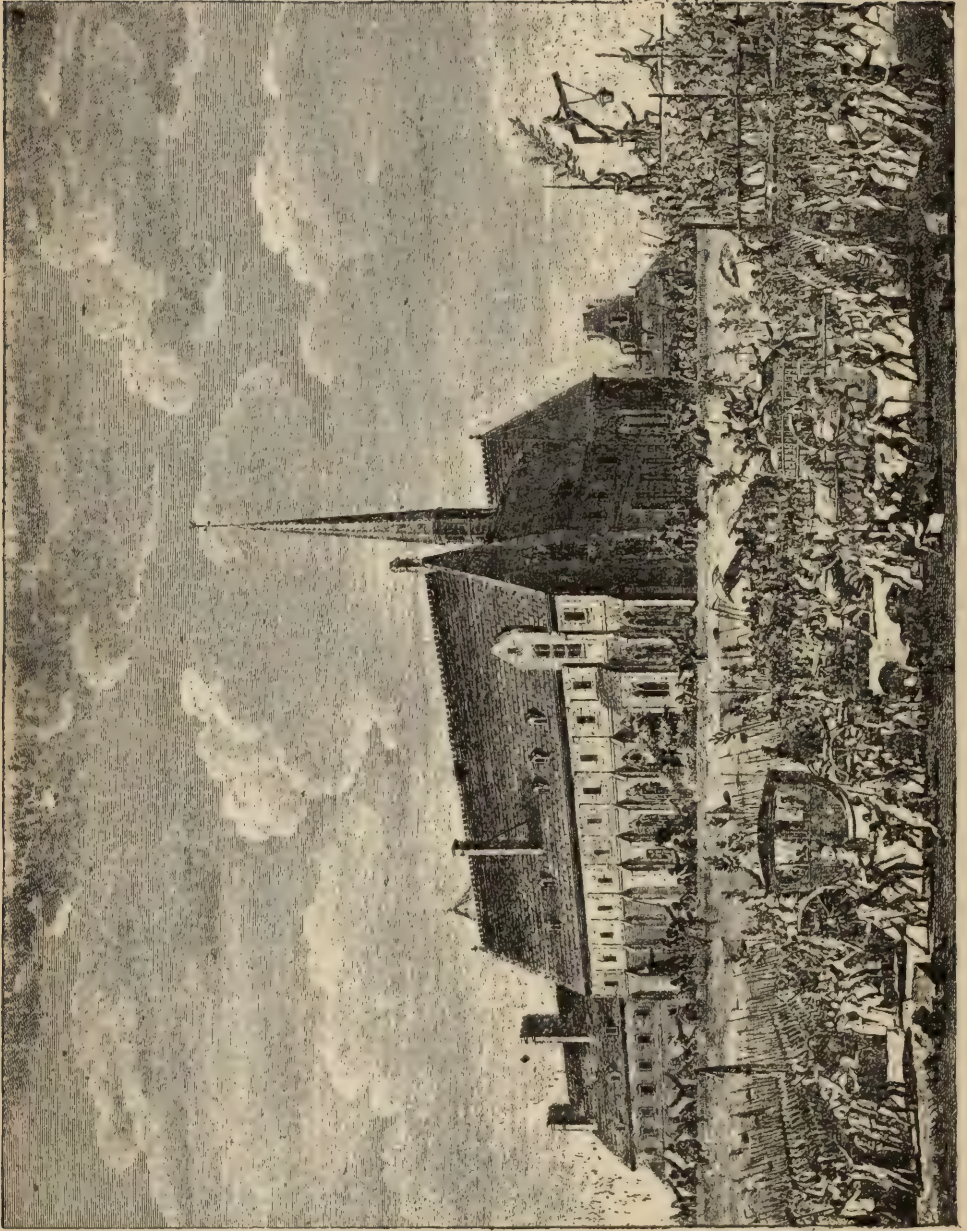
RETURN OF LOUIS XVI. TO PARIS.

bloody heads of the two murdered Body-guards, and between these gory trophies strode the butcher Jordan, his arms and axe besmeared with blood. As the people in this cruel and tumultuous manner entered shuddering Paris, after a slow, long march of seven terrible hours, they yelled in triumph: "*We shall now have bread, for we have the Baker, and the Baker's wife and the Baker's little boy!*" The Queen suffered greatly during this impeded and dilatory journey. From time to time the brutal band in front would lower the heads of her devoted Body-guards, who had perished fighting for her, and present them at the windows.

The hoarse cries of inebriated men and women who had lost all decency; the constant fusillade from the crowd as though celebrating a victory; the confusion and imprecations, which General Lafayette at this moment seemed powerless to hinder,—might of themselves have caused a delicate and tender woman to sink under her inflictions. But added to these outrages was the condition of her children and kindred. Her heart was rent with anguish at the suffering and weariness of her little son, who clung to his mother in terror and burned with thirst. She saw the tears of her daughter, the anguish of the Princess Elizabeth, the sorrow of the King, and her cup of misery overflowed. But there were yet more dreadful experiences reserved for the future, and 1791 and 1792 were to see more sad and atrocious processions than even this.

The infidel horde had won their triumph. The men without a God, a Bible or a faith, yet hungry and suffering, had found, as they vainly thought, in the capture of the King the panacea for all their woes. The godless leaders believed their conquest of the monarch to be complete.

One of the crying evils of the people of Paris in character is vanity. The Parisian French are an exceedingly vain, mercurial, and unstable people. A French revolution in that proud metropolis is always a revolution of extremes, in which not alone passion but vanity plays an important part. This characteristic pervades more or less the whole nation. The French are the Celt modernized. The Gascon with his vaporings is only an extreme manifestation of what is common to all. Lafayette, Bailly, Barnave, Mirabeau, Madame Roland, Vergniaud, Danton, Robespierre, and all the best and worst leaders of this tremendous Revolution were alike governed by the demon vanity. *Vanity* is the



KING LOUIS XVI. AND HIS FAMILY ENTERING PARIS FROM VERSAILLES, OCTOBER 6, 1789.

desire for the admiration and applause of others. *Pride* is what character knows of itself. It was on the vanity of France and by his watchword, "Glory," that Napoleon through victory so firmly established his despotism. It was with his phrases, the "Grand Nation," the "Grand Army" that he captured the hearts of the Gauls.

This trait of vanity, national, ineradicable, hereditary, was the curse of France, and one of the causes, by the jealousies, hates, and suspicions it produced, of the failure of the Revolution. Decency and humanity would have kept the Saxon mind and heart from inflicting a long harangue and exhausting delays upon a royal family, who had mortally suffered from outrages and tortures for eight fearful hours. But no! Bailly, scientist, learned man, reputed sage though he was, must as Mayor of Paris vent his unfeeling vanity. At the barriers of the city the procession halted, and the hideous crowd for a moment ceased their tumults; while Bailly inflicted on the distressed monarch, and his wife and children, a long speech, abounding in arrogance, veiled attacks, and sarcasms. At the Hôtel de Ville, the vapid eloquence of Moreau de St. Méry must be heard. Louis, weary and sleepy, for his physical nature was imperative and tyrannical, listened vacantly and as vacantly replied: "I come with pleasure and confidence among my people." The crafty Bailly, who was standing on the steps of the Hôtel de Ville, reported these remarks of the King, but omitted or forgot to use the word "confidence." Marie Antoinette, alert amid all her anguish, immediately corrected him. "Monsieur Bailly," she cried, "add 'confidence,' add '*with* confidence.'" "Messieurs," said Bailly, sarcastically addressing those present, "you are happier than if I had not forgotten."

It was now ten o'clock at night, but the King was obliged to appear by torchlight upon the balcony of the Hôtel de Ville, before a vast multitude. He had a tri-color cockade on his hat, and stood stupidly and wearily while the people clasped hands and shouted "Liberty, Equality, Fraternity." At length the oppressed captives reached the Tuileries. It was eleven o'clock. The King alighted from his carriage, followed by his exhausted wife, his sister, and his suffering children, and entered the château of his ancestors. The château, or, as it now began to be called, the palace of the Tuileries, had been hastily opened, and a few rooms rapidly

fitted up to receive the monarch. As the little Dauphin entered, holding his mother's hand, he saw, instead of the comfort and splendor of Versailles, rooms with worn and faded tapestry, and filled with dilapidated furniture. The Prince gazed upon the dark and dismal chambers and said, "Mamma, it is very ugly here." "My son," replied the heart-broken Queen, commanding her emotions, "Louis XIV. lived here and found it very comfortable, and we must not be more fastidious than he." The child tenderly embraced his mother, and was silent.

Thus had Louis XVI. receded before the Revolution, on the 27th of June, on the 17th of July, and now on the 5th and 6th of October, 1789. But his conciliatory course was not to avail. His lack of decision and firmness, his amiability and horror of resistance, led only to the ruin of his throne, himself, his wife, and his beloved sister and son.

CHAPTER VIII.

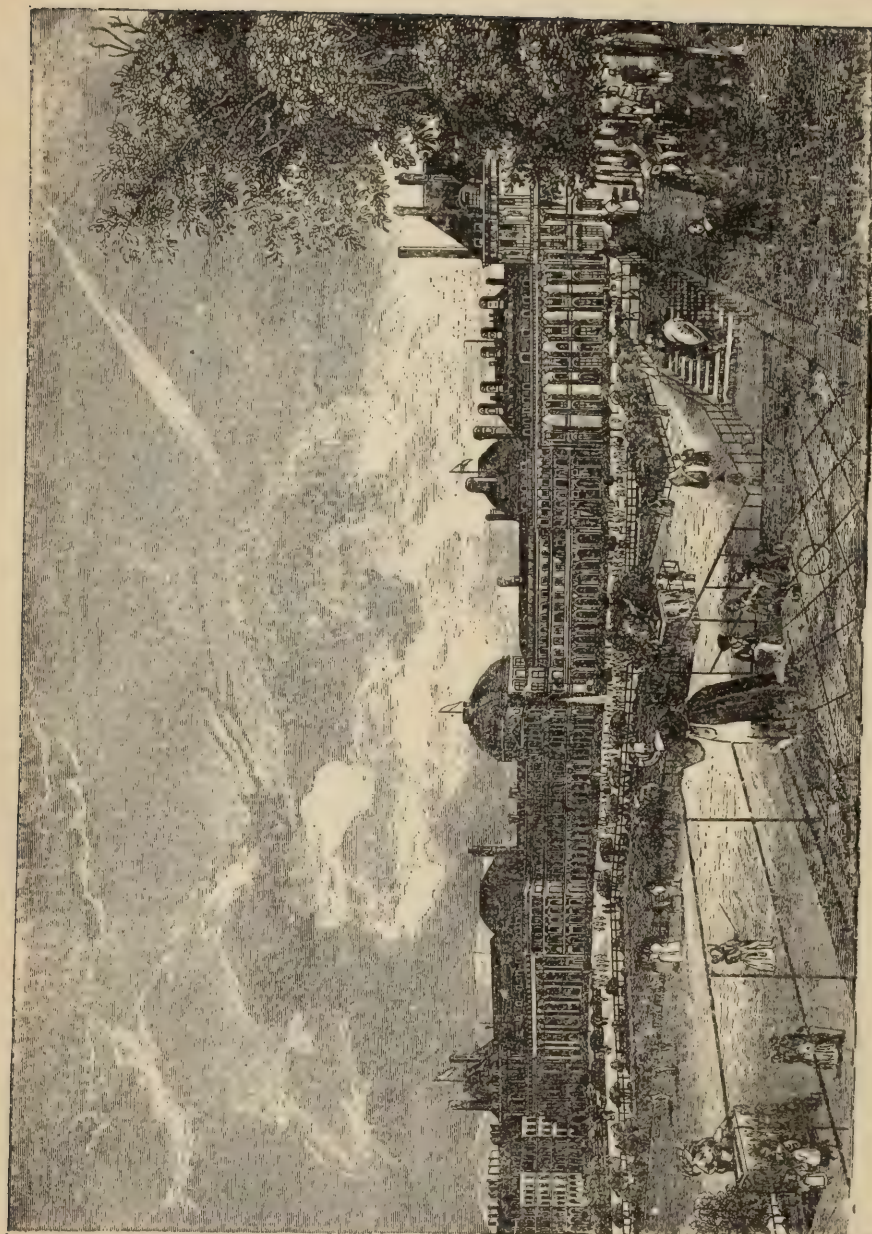
THE ROYAL FAMILY IN THE TUILERIES.

THE palace, or to speak more exactly the château, of the Tuileries, was a structure three centuries old. Its appellation was derived from the fact that the ground on which it stood had been occupied during a portion of the Middle Ages as a manufactory of tile. This tile-yard was purchased in 1564 by the beautiful but perfidious Catherine de Medici, that demoniac woman who to much of the grace and elegance of her book-loving ancestor, Lorenzo of Florence, united a voluptuous body, and a soul as perfidious as the ideal "Prince" of Machiavelli. On these grounds she commenced the erection, in 1565, of the Château of the Tuileries. Her architect was the celebrated and skillful Philip de Lorme.

In 1572, this perfidious woman gave a fête in her new château only a few days before the horrible Massacre of St. Bartholomew.

In the masque which was exhibited, were representations of Heaven and Hell, and the blinded Huguenots permitted themselves, together with the young Henry of Navarre, to be cast into the theatrical Hell by the bigoted Catholic Charles IX. and his satellites.

The château was much improved by the distrustful, timid, and ever unhappy Louis XIII.; and by his handsome and autocratic son and successor Louis XIV. The "Grand Monarque" whose works, victories, conquests, persecutions, triumphs, and defeats extended over fifty years of suffering and glory, of defeat and ruin for France, resided in the Tuileries during the early part of his reign. After the completion of his magnificent palace in Versailles, a structure which cost in all its finished grandeur one hundred million dollars, Louis removed thither. The money for that gorgeous abode he had wrung from the anguished toil of the impoverished French peasants, for so the *people* were then termed. From 1680 to 1789, a portion of the Tuileries remained a kind of hospital for the poor nobility, and for



THE TUILERIES, 1820.

the many families and parasites who were connected with the Court, and for whom Versailles had no room. From the date of the gloomy entrance of the family of Louis XVI., on the fatal 6th of October, 1789, until it was destroyed by the desperate and bloody atheistic Commune of 1870, it had always been the principal royal residence, except during the Republic, Directory, and Consulate ; and has been identified with all the later history of France. It witnessed some of the most magnificent and tragic events of the nineteenth century. Here from 1800 to 1804, the First Consul Bonaparte every week reviewed those magnificent and victorious squadrons of cavalry and those ranks of infantry, which had wrested from the enemy victory for their idolized commander, on the bridges of Arcola and Lodi, in the stern conflict of Rivoli ; beneath the burning sun that overlooked the Pyramids of Egypt ; and in that tremendous triumph snatched from defeat at Marengo ; reviews which yet live in the painting of Isabey.

It was the abode of the imperial Napoleon, in all the bewildering splendor of his more than Roman grandeur. Here he lived when his vast European ascendancy was sustained by the terrors of Austerlitz and Jena, of Friedland and Wagram ; and so beautified and adorned was it with silks and velvets, carpets of indescribable beauty, and inner and outer renovations, that it well might be termed the palace of a gigantic empire. Here the fat, oyster-loving Louis XVIII., a free-thinker, but the head of a Catholic and Roman church, enjoyed his pâté de foi gras, his chickens, lobsters, and Westphalia hams ; and in somnolent quietude, governed with a strong mind but a sluggish and gourmand body the mercurial French. Here he died, a fact as astounding to royalty as the sight of a Roman dying in his bed to Rome in the age of Tiberius or Caligula. Louis XVIII. died a King, in full possession of his power, but he was the very last in France who did so.

In this palace, Charles X., the tyrant prince of these chronicles, went to mass ; heard his eloquent Jesuits ; disbanded in 1827 the National Guard of Paris ; listened to more Jesuit sermons and masses ; and in July, 1830, by a regenerated France was flung out of the cannon of successful insurrection to light on the far-off soil of Scotland. He was the extreme representative of that effete Bourbon royalty of which Napoleon said, with a pithiness that shows

his profound mental insight : " It *learned* nothing and it *forgot* nothing." It was at St. Cloud, however, that Charles X. signed those fatal ordinances which overturned his throne ; and after he had done so, he stepped forth upon the palace balcony and gazed into a night with blue, calm heavens above, lighted by brilliant stars,—a sweet aroma in the atmosphere, and the lights of the city serenely reflected in the distance.

It was in the Tuileries that Lafayette crowned Louis Phillippe, that supremely selfish, grasping hypocrite, by saying, " This is the best of Republics " ; and here the monarch was shot at, and lived and reigned and conquered rebellion in 1832, and became a " target King," and lied and amassed money, and forced his son on Spain,—imprisoning Louis Napoleon, the nephew of the Emperor, at Ham in 1840, the very year in which he received with the utmost pomp the ashes of Napoleon. It was from this palace the King, in 1848, fled in disguise,—an old, terror-stricken fugitive,—to England.

When Louis Napoleon had triumphed over the legislature of France in his *coup d'état* of December, 1851, as soon as his power was confirmed by the people he moved from the Elysée to the Tuileries. It was the seat of his life and intrigues, his successes and mistakes, and of his deposition during his captivity in 1870. When the Paris Commune of 1871 raised its red flag of pillage and atheism, while its leader Raoul Rigault jeered at God ; and when that Commune was driven back, despite its demoniac fighting, by the army of Versailles,—then the desperate insurgents ignited the Tuileries together with many other splendid public buildings. The storied palace burned fiercely for several days and its inner portion was totally destroyed. The present Republic has torn down its walls and leveled its space. Only a memory of the great historical palace—such a central influence to the France of the past—now remains.

Into this structure now came, dragged as unwilling captives, the royal family. But, satisfied with their victory, the people were generous. They rehabilitated the royal residence. A large force of workmen immediately engaged in the labor of renovation. Its ancient tapestries were removed, and in their places were substituted magnificent hangings in white and blue, in purple and crimson and gold. Fine carpets, or polished wood and marble, soon

covered its floors. The dilapidated furniture gave place to velvet curtains, to mirrors in their gilded frames, and to furniture of the latest and most elegant style. The halls were decorated with statues, and rare paintings covered the walls. The Tuileries became a comfortable and even a splendid residence, which, if it could not rival Versailles in magnificence, yet was worthy of being the dwelling-place of the monarch of a great and a free people.

If the French in the excitement of want and revolution had dragged their monarch to Paris, amid hideous excesses, they at least housed him like a sovereign. As yet the cruel Convention and squalid Commune of Terror were shrouded in the future.

The King's presence in his capital reassured the nation. The National Assembly followed him and took up their abode in a building called the Menage, fronting the Rue St. Honore and of easy access to the monarch's residence.

But the events of the 5th and 6th of October had had a great effect on some of the most conservative and hitherto patient members of that body. "The mortifications, the indignant feelings, the agonies of men of high sensibilities," to use the words of Smythe, "were extreme." Lally Tollendal, the Nestor and Mentor of the Assembly, fully exhibited these emotions in a letter to a friend. "The part I have taken," he indignantly writes, "is well justified in my own eyes, and neither has this guilty city nor its still more guilty Assembly any more claims upon me. . . . It is quite beyond any power of mine to bear any longer the horror that I feel at all this blood! these heads carried on pikes, this Queen all but assassinated; this King dragged along as a captive, entering Paris in the midst of his assassins, and preceded by the heads of his unfortunate Body-guards; these perfidious janizaries [meaning the old French Guards, now in the ranks of the National forces]—these perfidious janizaries, I repeat, these assassins, these female cannibals, their cry, 'The Bishops to the lantern,' at the very moment the King was entering Paris with two Bishops of his Council in his carriage; this report of a musket fired into one of the carriages of the Queen; M. Bailly, coldly declaring 'it was a *beautiful* day'; the Assembly refusing to go as a body and environ the Sovereign; M. Mirabeau declaring that the vessel of State would rush forward with yet greater rapidity; M. Barnave smiling when blood was flowing around us, and

the virtuous Mounier, escaping by a miracle from twenty assassins, who desired to make his head a trophy,—such are the horrors that make *me swear never to set my foot again into that den of cannibals.*" The letter is extreme, and as to Mirabeau unjust ; but it exhibits the feelings of many in the Center, who now in disgust and despair seceded from the National Assembly. Mounier, before he left, denounced the slavery, as he asserted, of the Assembly to the menaces or applause of the crowds in the galleries. It was oppressive even at Versailles, and he believed it would be far worse, as it actually was, now that the legislative body had moved into the fevered heart of a revolutionary city.

Though Louis was in his capital, he was not free. His cage was gilded and made splendid, but the suspicious fears and misgivings of the people held him in galling bonds.

The rehabilitated palace, beautiful as it was, had a revolutionary aspect. Instead of the white uniforms, elegant personalities, and profound etiquette of his old Body-guard, the King could see all the posts of his palace and the adjacent gardens and courts occupied by the National Guards ; whose blue and red uniforms and tri-colored cockades perpetually reminded him of his real condition and its slavery. Spies constantly dogged his steps when he walked in the palace gardens. Lafayette, though courteous and respectful in manner and words, nevertheless watched his movements with a vigilant eye, and wherever the King went the hand of rebellious power was stretched out to seize him, should he undertake to leave his capital.

The Queen soon settled down to the inevitable. Her firm, enduring, yet tender heart, and courageous spirit, enabled her to bear with resignation the changes she was compelled to encounter. She sent to Versailles for her library, and employed herself, despite her sorrows, in benevolent works, and in the education of her son and daughter.

The Dauphin was a child to comfort any mother's heart. Charles Louis was born in 1785. He was a beautiful boy, with sunny hair, a face bright and expressive, large, tender, liquid blue eyes, a mouth of extreme sweetness, and a mind unusually precocious for his years. He fascinated all who approached him, by the kindness of his heart and the sensibilities of his nature. On the death of his brother at Versailles, in June, 1789, he became the Dauphin of France, and heir of a throne the right to which was, in the near

future, to be a sufficient pretext for his endurance of the most fearful cruelties and an early and pathetic death. The Prince was at this hour the darling of the court and household, and beloved by even the fierce revolutionists themselves.

The little Charles had possessed a fine garden at Versailles. Here in his infantile way he had cultivated flowers, of which he was very fond. He missed the flowers extremely, and became drooping and pale. In the spring of 1790, a small portion of the Garden of the Tuileries was railed off from the walks and promenades of the public, and given to the little prince. A small hut was erected for his use, and also a tool-house. Here, to the great amusement and delight of the people of Paris, the Prince played at gardening. Even the turbulent anarchists watched him by the hour, with sympathy and interest, as he dug in the ground, raked the grass, or with his watering-pot sprinkled his flowers.

On the 7th of April, 1790, he said to Madame de Tourzel : "I am very sorry I have not got my garden ready. I should have gathered two beautiful bouquets to-morrow morning, one for my mamma, the other for my sister." It was the morning of the day on which, according to the rites of the Catholic church, Madame Royale was to take her first communion.

One day a poor mother came into the garden, as he stood amid the June flowers, and asked a favor. "Monseigneur," she said, "if I obtain this favor, I shall be as happy as a queen." The Dauphin, who had stooped to pick some china asters, raised his blue eyes with an expression of sadness, and said in a mournful voice, "Happy as a queen ! Ah ! I know a queen who does nothing but weep." He took the poor woman's memorial to Marie Antoinette, and met the petitioner when she returned the next day with a face radiant with happiness. "I have an answer for you," he said, drawing a gold piece wrapped in paper from his little pocket. "That is from mamma, and this is my present," handing her a large and beautiful bouquet.

The Queen tenderly nourished this benevolent disposition in her son. She made the child a participator in her good works, and almoner of her bounty. He was by her side when she visited the hospitals and foundling asylums. They sought the poor, whose tears were congealed by the frigid

solitude of the garret or cellar. In these philanthropic journeys, the Queen was accompanied by ten footmen, who carried large, open purses, filled with silver money. When Marie Antoinette passed through the orphan house she was wont to bestow on the children a piece of silver, which was always received from the eager hand of her gentle child. With his angelic smile, he would put his little white hand into the purse, and give the silver piece to the child who was to receive it.

A peculiarity of character which betokened the utmost benevolence in the future, was the extreme kindness of the little Louis Charles to the poor children of his own age. When he worked or played in the garden, he always requested the guard to admit any indigent or suffering child. He would give him a piece of money, if in need, or flowers, if afflicted by some other causes than pecuniary troubles. Whenever he left the foundling hospital with the Queen, his face would be deeply expressive of the intense sympathy he felt, though a child only five years of age, for its suffering inmates. "Mamma," he would say, "when shall we come back again?" Perhaps there was a prophetic foreboding of that horrible time so very near, when the Prince should himself be abandoned, destitute, shut up in a room, barred from the very light of Heaven; in loneliness, misery, and sickness, there to gather the seeds of a disease which carried him down to an early grave.

One day his father discovered the Dauphin counting silver crowns, which he had carefully arranged in piles. "What, Charles," said Louis XVI. seriously, "are you hoarding like a miser?" The child was confused: tears stood in his eyes at the name of "miser," and he blushed. But a sunny smile soon flitted over his expressive face, and he replied: "Yes, papa, I am a miser, but it is for the poor foundlings. Ah! if you were to see them! They are truly piteous!" Louis fondly took his son into his arms and fervently embraced him. "In that case, my child," he said, "I will help you to fill your coffers."

Pages could be filled with anecdotes of this Heavenly hearted and delightful Prince. His precocity was a theme of wonder to all who approached him. One day while he was working vigorously in his garden and perspiring from heat, while the drops stood on his forehead, an interested spectator offered to help him. "No," he said. "It is

because *I make the flowers grow, myself, that mamma is fond of them.*"

His favorite dog was Muff. On a certain occasion neglecting his lessons, the Queen told him that some one must be punished for his disobedience. Muff, because his favorite, was the vicarious victim selected. The dog was shut up in a closet, where he howled and whined most piteously. The Prince, unable to bear it longer, ran weeping freely to the Queen, and cried: "Mamma, Muff is so unhappy, and you know it was not he that was naughty; he ought not to be punished. If you will free him, I will take his place and remain in the closet as long as you wish." His petition was granted. Muff was released, and the Dauphin patiently remained in the dark closet until released by the Queen.

One day a noise was heard in the garden of the Tuileries. It terrified the child, for he vividly remembered the horror of the 5th of October, 1789. Throwing himself into the arms of the Queen, he cried in childish agony: "Oh, mamma, is to-day yesterday again?"

A few days after this, as the King and his son were walking in the gardens of the Palace, the Prince said pensively to his father, "I want to know, papa, why the people, who formerly loved you so well, are all at once angry with you." As the King explained the reason, the child's face assumed a look of profound melancholy.

By these anecdotes we have endeavored to give the reader some idea of that delightful and lovely child, who was to be one of the most suffering of all the unmurdered victims of the ferocious and atheistic men who created the "Reign of Terror."

A court was once more established in the Tuileries, and a shadow of the ancient etiquette restored. Once a week the King and his family dined in public. Sometimes the crowd who surveyed them were respectful, but occasionally insulting. The Queen, proud and sensitive, ate but little, but Louis XVI., a *good* Vitellius, eagerly devoured his food.

Still—want and hunger preyed on the populace, though the King and his ministers made the utmost efforts to feed the city. Trade had sunk into a local matter. The gay foreigners, the butterfly Princes, the lavish nobility, the crowds of strangers, who had lately filled the streets of Paris, and nourished its business with streams of gold, all of these had departed.

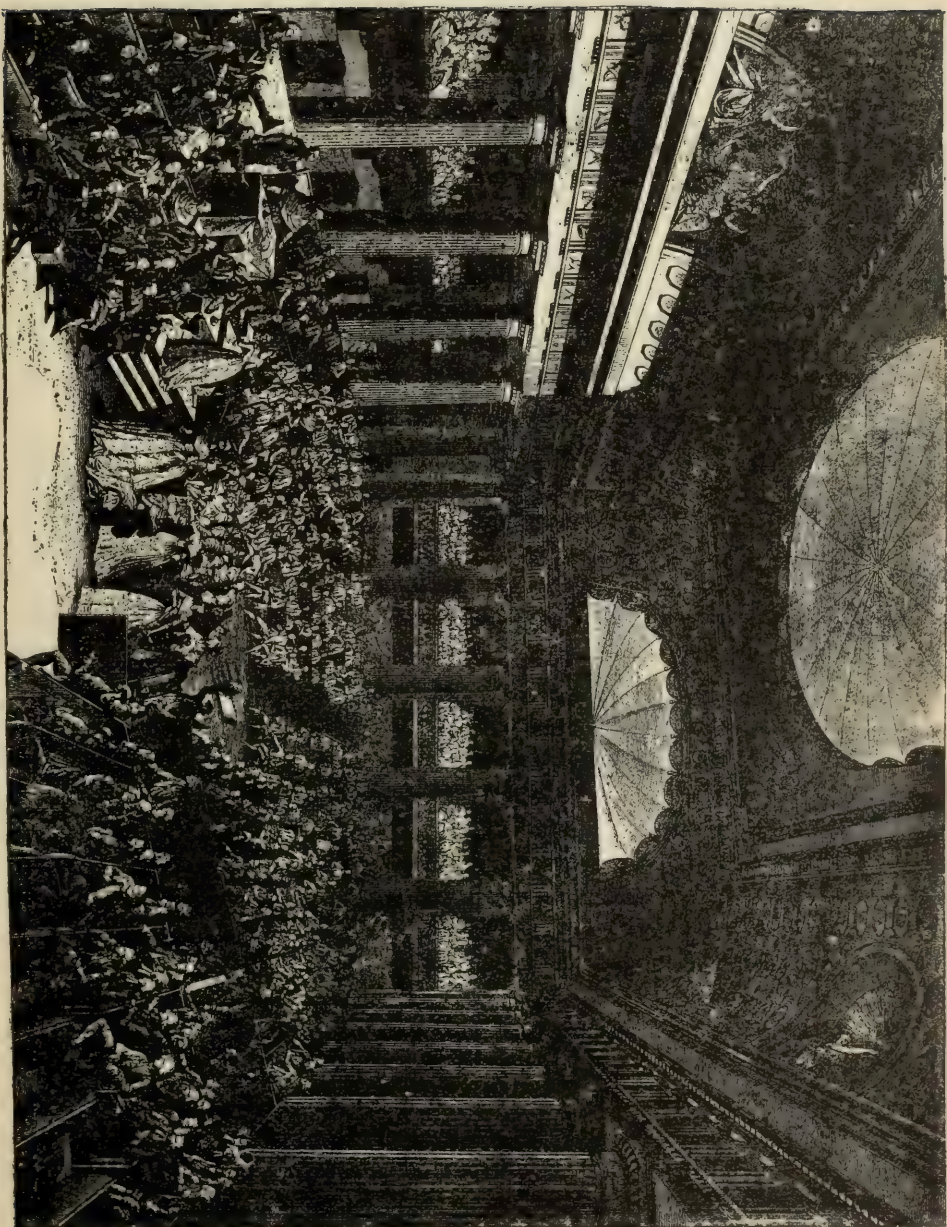
The Menage had been fitted up and adorned for the representatives of the people.

Despite the comparative tranquillity, the National Assembly pursued boldly its revolutionary course. In one sitting, on a motion of Abbé Sieyes, the whole geographical outline of France was changed. The great provinces were entirely obliterated. Burgundy and Champaign, Brittany and Normandy, Alsace and Lorraine, Franche-Compte and Languedoc, so illustrious in the Middle Ages, were erected with all the rest of France into eighty-two departments. These departments received their names from the rivers, hills, and striking natural objects of the country. No change more vividly exhibited the onward sweep and radical character of the Revolution, and it was a change of the highest beneficence. By this step the old feudal lines were destroyed—though with the new prefects and officials of the Commune, which the changes rendered necessary,—the whole power of the monarchy became concentrated in Paris. The prefects were appointed by the Assembly, and into their hands was given all the machinery of the local governments. From this time onward, for many years, “*a revolution in Paris meant a revolution in France.*”

Not satisfied with these vast changes, the Assembly completed its work by abolishing the ancient Parliaments. The Parliament of Paris had an honorable record, because of its struggles against the despotism of the Bourbon Kings. The Parliaments of Brittany and Tours were possessed of many of the chartered rights bestowed during the feudal past. There were eighteen local Parliaments throughout France. After a struggle which was persistent and strenuous, and in which they strongly contended for their rights, they were finally all abolished.

Despite the want existing among the indigent masses in Paris and in France, the new liberty, following the severe despotism of the past, had intoxicated with enthusiasm the hearts of multitudes.

One of those emotional epidemics of patriotic generosity in this period of financial need was now exhibited, which strikingly illustrates the impulses of the sensitive French character and forms, with many other examples like it, a curious commentary upon the contagion of ideas and enthusiasm in human nature. What we shall describe is exactly the same tendency which in the Middle Ages produced with



THE LADIES MAKING OFFERINGS IN THE HALL OF THE NATIONAL ASSEMBLY, 1789.

a different object the Crusades, and which to-day is *one* of the factors which makes possible a great revival of religion. We do not quarrel with this fact ; but as a faithful historian we state it. No sacrifice in that hour was deemed too great to advance the cause of liberty. Liberty had actually become a kind of personified fetich. Twelve women of the middle class, in the latter part of 1789,—directed by a sudden and generous desire to help the nation financially,—one day brought to the National Assembly, enclosed in a casket, a large quantity of gold and silver, consisting of trinkets made into locketts, chains, rings, earrings, and various other jewelry. The Assembly received these patriotic dames with usual applause, and voted that, like the Roman matrons of old, they should have their features embalmed in bronze medals, as a lasting testimonial of a grateful nation—to their noble devotion. Presto ! the contagion of sacrifice immediately spread with an electric rapidity into every class and rank of French society. The volatile and impulsive women of Paris, with the greatest enthusiasm, instantly rushed forward in a sublime frenzy, and cast their diamonds, their necklaces, their jeweled crosses, their buckles, their chains, their locketts and all their female adornments of gold, silver, and precious stones at the feet of the nation and into the patriotic fund. The men of Paris were not to be outdone. These infected enthusiasts added immediately to the rapidly increasing pile in the hall of the Assembly, amid the constant and encouraging applause of multitudes. They gave their gold and silver buckles, and such jewelry as they possessed. The silver buckles alone of the citizen soldiery of Paris were valued at 40,000 francs.

The affair soon became a general mania inflamed by a desire to assist the necessitous State. Even the King did not escape its generous influence. He sent 4721 pounds of silver and 150 pounds of gold plate to the mint, including some of the most beautiful designs of St. Germon and other artists of the preceding reign. The Queen contributed profusely. Noble men and dames brought forth the hoarded gold and silver plate of centuries, and sent it to be converted into the coin of the realm. Actors and actresses ; the religious brotherhoods existing in Paris, monks, nuns, and even recluses united with fencing-masters and dancing-masters, with merchants and their clerks. Laborers out of their extreme poverty, and professional

men of every rank, gave to the fund, and a thousand golden trinkets, even the little souvenirs of the poor, went into the National pocketbook of the redeemed Monarchy. Boys of the colleges of St. Omer and Brienne emulated this enthusiastic liberality. The poor were more emulous, by another fact of human nature, than the rich. A cobbler of Poitiers brings a pair of silver shoe-buckles, saying : "These have served to hold together the straps [tirants in French] of my shoes, they will now serve to pull asunder the tyrants who oppress freedom." Man is man under every guise, iron mail or modern uniform, clerical dress or tattooed skin, the world over.

All through the autumn and winter there was incessant discussion and restlessness among the people. They eagerly perused inflammatory journals and pamphlets. The most obscure men became candidates for the public offices, and the Assembly was crowded with excited and eager listeners. The eloquence, the genius and fascination of Mirabeau drew throngs of the mercurial French. They listened to his fervid words and applauded him, as they would an actor in the Théâtre Français.

A club called "The Friends of the Constitution" had been organized in Versailles, and had soon become the center of hot debates for liberty. It presently became more fully organized, as "the Breton Club," and on its removal to Paris obtained a terrible renown, during the Revolution, as "the Jacobins." Such clubs began to multiply all over France, and soon became a formidable power. They rivaled the influence of the regular authorities ; became places where the great orators like Mirabeau and Barnave rehearsed those speeches they afterward addressed to the Assembly ; and formed the fountain-head from which soon flowed forth all those poisonous streams of innovation and revolution, which more and more threatened to destroy government and even society itself.

The confiscation of the estates of the clergy was completed by the National Assembly. On a motion of Mirabeau it was decreed that the whole property of the Roman Catholic church was at the disposal of the Nation. The legislators promised to provide for the cost of public worship, the maintaining of the clergy, and the relief of those in poverty. Curates were to have a yearly revenue of twelve hundred livres, and lodgings : free palaces were to be given to the

bishops and to the archbishops. All, of every rank, were to become salaried officers of the State, and to descend from the position of an order into the condition of citizens, paid to exercise the functions of religion.

The Assembly next created a Tribunal of Cassation. This body was placed in authority, above and over all the other legal tribunals of France. Its place in the legal economy of the monarchy was the same as that of the Supreme Court of the United States in the American republic. Its judges were selected for four years, by the departmental assemblies, according to the new territorial division, and its organization for civil justice began to be formed as early as from March to November, 1790; but the court for criminal justice was not completed until 1791. In the onward march of the Revolution, these tribunals soon became utterly powerless, and could protect neither the property, nor rights, nor lives of the people. During all the Reign of Terror they were either blind slaves of the committees and factions, or trembled and cowered under the fear of the guillotine. This is a tremendous commentary upon the rapid disorganization of civilization and society in France, under the increasing throes of a godless Revolution. The people of the United States can long ponder profitably upon this fact.

In the new political organization of the monarchy, the ancient Canton had been abolished and given place to a Commune, and a Municipality chosen by legal voters. Each Commune administered its government and decided its local affairs. The members of the departments and districts were chosen for four years, half to be renewed every two years. They were divided into councils holding sessions annually, and into permanent directories, who were to render an account of all their proceedings yearly to the councils. The council of each department was to consist of thirty-six, and those of the directory of eight members. The primary assemblies were given power to name an elector for each hundred citizens. The active and eligible citizen was he who was twenty-five years old, and who paid a tax amounting to three days' labor, or in money to three livres. By this restricted suffrage there remained four millions two hundred thousand voters out of an entire population of twenty-six millions. Besides the decrees constituting these changes, many others were made affect-

ing the army, the right of the King to propose war on the approbation of the Assembly, and the recruiting of the regular forces.

The Assembly itself, being cultivated and aristocratic despite all its democratic excesses and changes, had no conception of a stinted sum for the ruler of a great and a free people. In June, 1790, they established the civil list of the King at twenty-five millions of francs, and this great annual sum of five million dollars was then a third more valuable than it would be now. Placed in the personal purse of the monarch, and independent of state auditing, it became a temporary factor of power in the relations presently established with Mirabeau, and afterward with other leaders of the Revolution. What Jugurtha said of Rome, as he flung a curse at it on his first departure, was true of more than one of the lights of the Revolution: "Venal city where everything can be bought and sold." Previous to many of these decrees and changes as described, in December, 1789, the Assembly ordered the publication of the "*Livre Rouge*," or "Red Book," which had so great an influence in confirming the French in their antagonism to the old reckless, squandering methods of the irresponsible despotism of the past. In that book were inscribed the pensions, gifts, and vast sums bestowed on princes, courtiers, and favorites of royalty, only less outrageous than similar sums given to unworthy favorites by Napoleon III., when in the plenitude of his power as autocratic Emperor. It was discovered that in eight years needy, impoverished, and starving France had given eight hundred and fifty millions of francs, to support the monarch's pensioners, and to provide the means for the vices, pleasures, follies, and festivals of the princes and their favorites, or to sustain the magnificence of the Court. Well might Loustalot, the editor of the popular journal, *Les Révolutions des Paris*, in an issue of that date write: "After the publication of the Red Book, the counter-revolution is impossible."

But notwithstanding all the liberality of the Assembly and the generosity of the civil list, while the people possessed an almost anarchical freedom, the royal family itself wore gilded chains. They were depressed by an incessant espionage. Among the crowds who thronged the Tuileries, except in the case of a few young or aged nobles, and some devoted females, the King and Queen could find hardly one

true friend to whom they could safely confide their anxieties, sorrows, or plans.

That they were not free soon became strikingly manifested. Louis XVI., like Charles IV. of Spain, his distant kinsman, was a great lover of hunting. It is said that he actually decided to have the States General convened at Versailles in May, 1789, because if held there it would not hinder his cherished amusement. Despite this probable slander, that he loved the chase extremely was true. Tending to a habit of great corpulency, like most of the Bourbons, Louis believed that the rigorous exercise of hunting was of the utmost benefit to his health. But since he had entered the Tuileries, he had been totally debarred from an exercise which he had pursued for years, and as a natural consequence his health suffered. His mind had also been tormented and his feelings daily hurt by the growing carelessness with which he was treated ; the familiarity of the officers of the National Guards, and the rudeness of the soldiers themselves. The etiquette, the profound reverence, the deference, loyalty, and respect which greeted his presence in Versailles had no existence in the Tuileries. Revolutionary equality, despite that he was yet addressed as "Sire" and "Your Majesty," was rapidly displacing all the forms of the old monarchy.

In April, 1790, came the Holy Week of the Roman Catholic church, and the monarch, desiring a change of air for the benefit of himself and family, sought to celebrate its solemn and affecting rites at the Palace of St. Cloud. St. Cloud was eight miles from Paris. The atmosphere there was clear and delicate ; it was in the midst of quiet gardens and parks ; the leaves were just blossoming on the trees, and the land full of spring fragrance. The population of Paris was atheistic and incredulous. Their minds were filled with the cynicism of Voltaire, the sentimentalism of Rousseau, the bold atheism of De Holbach. They sincerely believed that the monarch veiled some insidious and dangerous design, hostile to liberty and fatal to the nation, under this seemingly simple purpose of a temporary sanitary departure. They insisted that the King could celebrate Easter as well in Paris as at St. Cloud.

The Assembly had just passed a law, compelling every priest and religious official to take an oath of fidelity to the new order of things. Those who refused were to be imme-

diately deprived of their state salaries, and if they persisted after this punishment in contumacy, they were to be dispossessed of their living. The great majority of the priests were true to their consciences. *They* were as faithful as the Dissenters of England were in 1662, or the Covenanters of Scotland to their stern creed when under the bloody persecutions of Charles II. Ready to sacrifice their all, they steadily refused compliance with the decree of the National Legislature. They were punished by being deprived of their stipends, and ultimately they were driven from their parishes.

The obedient clergy were called "constitutional priests," but the recusants were stigmatized as "aristocrats," a name which now became a threat and terror to the Royalists. Louis XVI. secretly desired, while deriving benefit from his change of air, to also receive, in the solitudes of St. Cloud, the ministrations of his religion from priests who were faithful to the old order. But the people were determined that he should receive those rites from a constitutional ecclesiastic. The Mayor Bailly and Lafayette, both indignant at the popular and senseless clamor, were resolved that the King with his family should take his journey to St. Cloud and enjoy his religious privileges in peace. The carriages for the monarch drew up in the court of the Carrousel at eleven o'clock in the morning. The royal family joyfully entered them, but they were scarcely seated when a body of mutinous soldiers, belonging to the National Guards, rushed to the great gates of the court and closed them. In a frenzy of rage these troops surrounded the carriages, shook their fists in the faces of the King and Queen, and abused and insulted those innocent and royal personages in the very presence of their children, using curses and vile language, while they presented their bayonets at the horses. Lafayette was amazed, indignant, and determined. "The King shall go," he said bitterly. This contest of words and efforts continued for two hours, while a great crowd gathered without. The flaming eyes of the General showed the intensity of his anger. The mutinous soldiers seemed to forget all their respect for Lafayette. They continued a storm of abuse and vituperation against the royal family. The King's children cowered down and wept. The Queen blushed as she heard the frightful billingsgate, and even her daring eyes were suffused with tears of vexation and shame. The King most earnestly expostulated. But all was useless. The

mutinous guard was inexorable, and Lafayette was equally inexorable. He would have ordered up loyal troops, though to succeed it was plain that a strife would be inevitable. Would it be a victory? Might it not be as the tocsin of a new revolt for Paris? Louis XVI. hated bloodshed. He had a sagacious, if slow mind. He respected the passionate determination of Lafayette, usually so cool,—but he finally resolved, by abandoning the proposed journey, to relieve the painful crisis. He sadly dismounted from his carriage, together with his dejected family and attendants, and mournfully returned to his palace prison.

Though these soldiers were but a minute portion of the great National Guards, yet they clearly revealed by their actions how little in reality was the authority of either Lafayette or the King, when the fears or passions of that force were aroused. The insurgents were fêted and praised and rewarded the next day by the radicals of Paris. "They wish," wrote Madame Elizabeth soon after, in a letter to a friend, "to force the King to send away the priests of his chapel, or to compel them to take the constitutional oath, and to celebrate the Easter service in the parish church. This was the cause of yesterday's insurrection. The journey to St. Cloud was a mere pretext. The Guards altogether disobeyed M. de Lafayette and his officers. Fortunately nothing serious occurred. The King spoke with firmness and goodness, and was quite himself."

The little Dauphin, who had anticipated with childish eagerness the promised delights of chasing butterflies over the green fields, or walking in the enticing garden of St. Cloud, was sorely disappointed. His beautiful face was clouded, and betrayed his grief. "Papa," he said, "What is it to be free?" "To go where you please, my child," replied the King. "Alas, then," answered the child, "*we are not free.*"

The next day after the outrage Louis repaired to the National Assembly. "Gentlemen," he said, "I come among you with the confidence I have ever felt in you. You have been informed of the resistance which opposed yesterday my departure to St. Cloud. I did not choose that this resistance should be put a stop to by force, because I feared to occasion acts of rigor toward a misguided body, who imagined they were acting in favor of the very laws that

they were infringing. But to prove that I am free is important to the nation and essential for the authorization of the sanction which I have given to your decrees. I am resolved, therefore, from this powerful motive to persist in my journey to St. Cloud, and the Assembly must see the necessity of my doing so."

The Assembly was embarrassed. It felt the force and truth of the King's speech, and realized that such events would confirm the already too well-founded opinion pervading all Europe, that Louis was a captive, an opinion which led to the most important after-consequences.

But in their blinded prejudice the deputies took no steps to punish the rioters nor to open the way for the King's visit to his country palace. The president replied calmly to this honest remonstrance of the outraged monarch, "That all hearts were true to the King, and that as the Sovereign desired the happiness of his people, so would they also desire his own." These hollow words sounded like a sarcasm in view of the volcano of the preceding day.

Louis returned disheartened to the Tuileries, and totally abandoned all thought of his proposed journey. Debarred from St. Cloud and resigning himself to circumstances, the unhappy monarch endeavored to allay the suspicions and fears by which he was beset.

The hatred of the people toward the priests who would not take the constitutional oath now became marked, and daily more imperious and fierce. The King's chaplains were objects of extreme dislike. Louis dismissed them, but these conciliatory efforts were vain, for the people had sided with the soldiers, and constantly greeted them with enthusiastic applause.

The fever of faction began to burn more vigorously, and calumnies like clouds and vultures darkened and harassed the pure steps of Marie Antoinette. The leaders of the Assembly were marked, and many independent and conservative men became the targets at which were directed all the shafts of popular indignation. Some of those like Lally Tollendal, who had been reformers in May, 1789, had retired in horror and disgust, at the fatal progress of a Revolution which they had inaugurated and which was yet in its mildest form, when compared with the dreadful anarchy and bloodshed to come. Several in the Assembly began to draw back from a revolt which now terrified them

by the dark vistas of social dissolution and convulsion it presented.

One of the first of these deputies was Mirabeau, himself a man who had hitherto been the very volcano and inspiring force of the Revolution, and was yet its supreme idol. This great and sagacious, if dissipated and corrupt leader, after the 5th of October, 1789, and witnessing its excesses, began to turn from movements which, with prophetic eye, he saw were rapidly hurrying the vessel of State to a blood-red abyss of total ruin. Mirabeau beheld with secret horror the anarchical trend of the times. He did not conceal from his reliable friends some of his emotions. Despite the calumny that he was seen with the agents of the Duke of Orleans, on that eventful night, aiding the insurgents, Dumont has clearly proved that on that very occasion Mirabeau was with him and innocent as himself. The violence of the mob, the horrible procession, the cruel effort to slay the Queen, had affected Mirabeau, despite the assertion of Lally Tollendal in his letter, as they had affected Tollendal himself. The Tribune henceforth, and especially after the successful hindrance of the monarch's innocent journey, resolved to throw all his genius and talent, his power and influence into a strenuous endeavor to retard and stay, if it might be possible, the farther downward course of revolutionary excesses, and to chain it where it then was. But "those who sow the wind, shall reap the whirlwind."

In June, 1790, he entered into a secret correspondence with the King. It is asserted that he was purchased by gold from the civil list of the monarch. That he received money from Louis, has been fairly proved. Mirabeau used it for himself and also as an instrument of power to aid the cause of Louis. The Tribune's nature was venial; he was at heart both corrupt and patriotic, and he, like Danton, took his sufficient share for his own pleasures and vices, of the "reptile fund." Yet he used much that he received to retard the further advance of the Revolution, for he was honestly and sincerely aroused, and from this moment persisted in his efforts to save the remnant of power left the monarchy, and to establish on a firm basis the kingdom and Constitutional liberty.

In a private interview with the King and Queen, Mirabeau was swayed by the goodness of Louis XVI. and fascinated by the beauty, courage, and magnetism of Marie Antoinette.

The Queen, when she desired, had an irresistible power to charm. While she detested Lafayette, she was won by the talent, eloquence, and respect of Mirabeau. She admired and flattered him. She believed in his sincerity, recognized the aristocratic hauteur of the old nobility beneath the garments of the revolutionary democrat, and understood his popular power, so vast and undisputed, both in the Assembly and among the people. The Queen had succeeded in banishing for a period the Duke of Orleans to England, and had thus removed this secret plotter from Paris, and she had won some supporters in the Assembly itself. In his interview with these august personages, Mirabeau was sincere and frank. He boldly declared his rigid adhesion to constitutional monarchy; and as candidly announced his fears as to the dangers of further revolt and anarchy. He urged the King to make no delay in removing secretly to some strong frontier fortress where he could be surrounded by faithful generals and loyal soldiers, and where he could freely perfect and establish the constitutional government. Mirabeau asserted that he believed that if the King, free, and under such circumstances, should be true to the changes that had been made, peace would inevitably ensue, and a stable government be formed. But Louis, swayed by his great dread that such a step might result in civil war, and as yet dominated by his intense horror of bloodshed, replied *that he did not wholly despair*; that he was not ready for such measures; and that with the assistance of Mirabeau he hoped that all these results might ensue, without so radical a step as his withdrawal from Paris. Mirabeau earnestly declared his fears that the State "had already fallen into an almost utter anarchy," but for the moment and from various motives did not press his advice. Whatever up to this time may have been the friendly relations between Mirabeau and the Duke of Orleans, they now seemed to cease. The execution of the Marquis of Favras, in the previous winter, by hanging that innocent nobleman upon the gallows in the Place de la Grève, had been most afflictive to the Queen. The very spot where the vilest criminals had been executed was selected for his punishment. The Marquis had been tried on the absurd charge of endeavoring to raise an army of thirty thousand men to destroy the Revolution. The monarch and his wife made strenuous efforts to save him. His innocence was perfectly manifest to the

Assembly itself, but that body did not dare to resist the clamor of the people, and he was ignominiously put to death. This cruel murder also had its influence upon Mirabeau.

In the interviews of a confidential character between the monarch and the great legislative leader, the King hinted that he was willing to discharge the immense debts of the orator, independent of the sums he received for political purposes. Mirabeau neither consented to nor rejected the proposal. *He was silent, and the debts were paid.*

The power and the genius of Mirabeau, which had been so mighty when moving in the current of the Revolution, were now taxed to their utmost extent. The very moment that he began to resist the disorganization and audacity of the radical elements in the Assembly, and clubs, he was like a man who from floating down stream had turned around and was seeking by strenuous application of his oars to breast a mighty current. His stormy eloquence, however, was yet irresistible. In the advocacy of a conservative measure, he, with all his wonted thunder and fire, was urging before the Assembly his argument, when he was interrupted by the clamor of those men who now began to be known as Jacobins. Mirabeau paused ; he shook his shaggy locks and glared upon them as a lion on his prey. He brought his hand down on the tribune with a power that shook it to the very base, and cried in awful tones, "*Silence those thirty voices !*" The clamor of his enemies was hushed in a moment. The fretful Anarchists obeyed the voice of their master, and listened to the remainder of his address in a species of dazed and frightened silence.

The clubs of Paris had now become an increasing power in directing and encouraging the factional life of the city. The first of them, the Breton Club, was organized by some ardent delegates from Brittany in 1789. Under the name of "the Breton Club" these delegates had incited innovations and violences which were impossible without their secret influence. When the Court and Assembly removed to Paris, the Breton Club followed. It soon found a domicile in the old convent of those Jacobin Friars, who were a part of the monks of the Dominican Order. This building was situated but a short distance from the Tuileries and the Assembly, and was a most convenient center for political agitation. Established here, the Bretons assumed from the name of the edifice the title of "the Jacobin Club," a name destined

presently to terrorize both France and Europe. The Jacobins soon became a power in the cause of radical revolution. The most violent, the most bloodthirsty, the most reckless and vicious of all the delegates to the Assembly and of the citizens of Paris, crowded into their ranks. In their hall the brutal eloquence of Marat began to be heard, as he constantly inflamed the people to bloodshed and violence, and there the sleek, feline, and snaky Robespierre might be seen. He was always attired in an elegant costume of pale blue or pale rose, while his cuffs and linen were of immaculate whiteness. There he commenced his open assaults on the monarchy. There Barnave, who was as yet a violent Revolutionist, poured out his fervent oratory, brilliant as the flash of an aurora in an arctic sky; and there the brothers Lameth denounced the conservatives of the Assembly. Though as yet obscure and but little known to the nation, Robespierre, Marat, and Barnave soon became leaders in the councils of the Jacobins, and Brissot's voice was also heard.

Mirabeau jealously watched this rising power and called it in bitter sarcasm, "The New Triumvirate." But the Triumvirate, by crafty, persistent, and unscrupulous methods, soon obtained exaggerated details of the secret interviews between Mirabeau, the trusted idol of the Revolution, and the King and Court. They learned of his occult meetings with the subjected monarch and his wife. Revengeful, and patriotic, as they believed themselves to be, Robespierre, Marat and Barnave immediately published a bitter pamphlet against the Count, entitled, "The Treason of the Count de Mirabeau." It was filled with denunciations of the nation's favorite, and accused him of being purchased by the Royalists and of having turned a traitor to Freedom. This pamphlet was industriously hawked about Paris, and read with sensations of profound surprise by the patriotic people. It produced an immense, though temporary, impression. That Mirabeau could be false to the Revolution was to the mind of France just as though the sun had been hurled from the solar system that it might endanger worlds and universes.

Mirabeau saw the abyss of danger and ruin which his enemies had opened before him, and realized that the foundations of the people's trust in his fidelity rocked to their overthrow. He met the calumny at once. Ap-

pearing in the Assembly confident and contemptuous, with the resources of his amazing eloquence fully in hand, in a stormy and patriotic speech he denounced the assailers of his loyalty to the people. The Triumvirate cowered and quivered under the irresistible lash of his mighty tongue. Such tremendous effects of language as Mirabeau then exhibited demands a recall of Demosthenes before the Athenian public to find their parallel. The walls of the Assembly shook with the answering thunders of applause which greeted his defense. The delegates Robespierre and Barnave, those of the Triumvirate who were in the National Assembly, trembled with impotent rage, and shivered in cowardly dread. Both the Assembly and the nation were convinced of the Tribune's innocence, and Mirabeau renewed, at that sublime moment, a power which, though often threatened, and sometimes almost shaken, remained great, dominant, and triumphant until his very death.

CHAPTER IX.

THE FIRST CELEBRATION OF THE FALL OF THE BASTILE.

EARLY in April, 1790, a spontaneous movement seemed to spring up throughout France in favor of celebrating the fall of the Bastile, by appropriate ceremonies and on a scale of vastness and grandeur commensurate with the importance of that great and decisive event. Amid the loud acclamations of the mercurial and fervid south, Lyons held such a festival. Paris was ambitious of excelling that city and of astonishing Europe by the imposing splendor of her own ceremonies, in grateful commemoration of those "martyrs for liberty" who fell in their heroic assault on the citadel of tyrannical cruelty and infamous depotism.

Though troubles broke out at Avignon and Nîmes, and there were disorders as yet in many districts of that impulsive section, the proposed celebration was not delayed, but only accelerated. The 14th of July was naturally fixed as the time. It was resolved that upon that day there should be concluded, upon the very spot where absolute tyranny had been destroyed, a compact to be termed a "Federation of the People."

An atheistic spirit animated the great majority of the Assembly and the clubs of Paris, but they yet tolerated religion, as a Cæsar might tolerate, while he laughed, the *sortes* and sacrifices of the Roman heathen priesthood. Through mere policy they resolved to associate religious exercises with their celebration of the triumphs of freedom. It was agreed that certain rites of the Roman Catholic church, to be conducted by the "constitutional priests," should inaugurate the august ceremonies. The mass recitals and chants were to be intoned, but, with the accompaniment of Revolutionary cannons.

The French Revolution had already shown its intense hatred of the Christian religion in every form, whether Catholic or Protestant. Its contempt was not directed against the church of the Pope alone, but equally against the churches of Luther, of Calvin, and of the English Reforma-

tion. Its quarrels were with *God* and *all* revelation proceeding from *God*. Its idol was Voltaire, that cynic who laughed at Abraham and derided David, and who in his "Philosophical Dictionary" had held not alone Daniel the prophet, but Paul the apostle, up to contumely and scorn. Voltaire had exhausted every effort of his mighty genius against the holy and sacred personalty of the Godhead of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, and "Kill the Beast," was the favorite expression directed by him against that Divine Being "who was the first-born of every creature."

The man who had pocketed at San Souci wax candles; who had abused almost to madness the great scientist Maupertuis, and who on account of his lying meanness and reptile nature had been finally driven away by Frederick the Great from Prussia,—that same man had been received in France in 1778 with a delirium of enthusiasm, and was now to become, united with the immoral, impracticable, but fascinating Rousseau, the opener and interpreter, according to this infatuated nation, of a golden era of reason, freedom, humanity, and happiness.

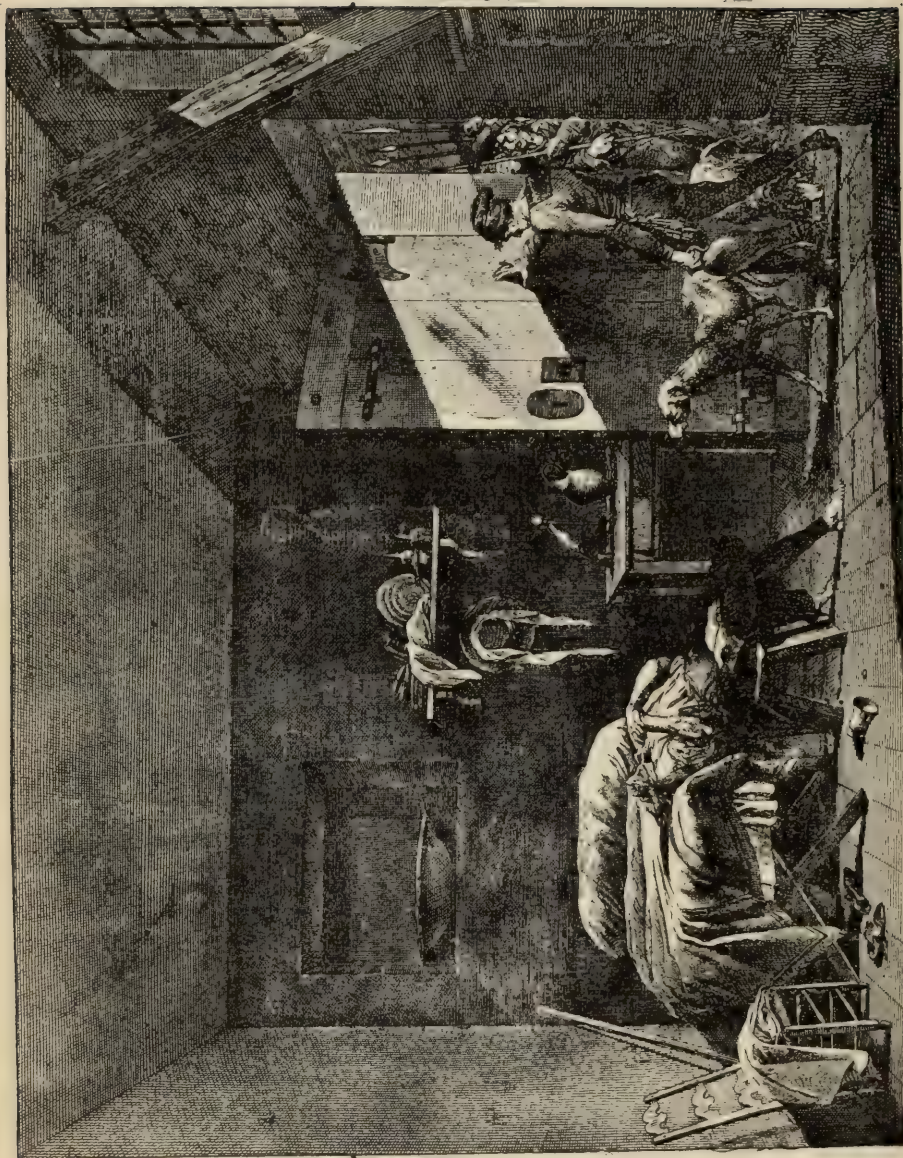
Liberty, to the minds of these selfish and unreliable disciples, largely meant an impracticable system, and an ideal as unreal as the Utopia of Moore or the Republic of Plato. The infidel French could not escape from the influence of their temperament, and of their human nature. Controlled often by its worst impulses, they exhibited in their attitude toward Christianity all the meanness and malice, all the prejudice and injustice, inseparable from the spirit of disbelief. While they were hollow declaimers of freedom, equality, and fraternity, there was no abuse, no outrage that they did not ultimately inflict on the disciples of both the Roman Catholic and the Reformed churches. Oberlin, who humbly performed those labors of love and improvement in the Ban des Roches, which have made his name a benediction and inspiration to Christian workers the world over, during the Reign of Terror escaped with extreme difficulty from their atheistic clutches. They not only pursued a Cardinal de Rohan, eating his pheasants, drinking his wine, fondling his harlots, and desecrating religion in his half-French and half-German prince-bishopric; but the holiest and poorest ecclesiastics of the church encountered their slanders, sarcasms, and invectives.

Their whole treatment of God and his Bible was similar

to that of the atheists and agnostics of America. They hated all men who loved the Scriptures, honored God, and believed in the salvation so tenderly wrought out on the cross of Christ. The inimical witty leaven of Voltaire and the chaotic sentimentalism of Rousseau had penetrated all ranks and classes of society. A class which was hereditarily licentious, and when aroused cruel, had swung away from the Gospel, and had fallen into an abyss of the grossest animalism. Those who remained noble and pure had run back to the heathen heroes of the Greek and Roman oligarchies. What France can be when obedient to Christ and evangelical religion has been clearly manifested by the great-souled Huguenots, by the Condés and Colignys, and by those who, after the Edict of Nantes, toiled at the galleys because of their fidelity to Jesus or fled to other lands where they could unmolested worship God. What she can be even in her Catholic ranks is clearly manifested by her saintly Fenelon, her faithful Massillon, and the consecrated Madame Guyon.

The infidelity of the French at this moment was extremely diversified. In some cases a naturalism existed which recognized a "To Pan," a kind of universal all, as being every explanation of all phenomena, in sun, stars, universes; in planetary movements; in the earth of mountains, oceans, hills, and vales. That To Pan was, they claimed, life in harvest fields, in forests, in flowers, in man himself, and in all animal and vegetable existences. But these were the *scientific* thinkers like Condorcet and Lavoisier, the first of whom poisoned himself to escape the guillotine wielded by infidelity, and the second of whom pleaded before the Revolutionary Tribunal for six days of life in which to perfect some important chemical experiments, and was met by the cold and decisive reply that "the Republic had no need of chemists nor philosophers, but only of justice," and so was beheaded. In other French minds there was a jumble of doctrines derived from imperfect knowledge of the Vedas or the teachings of Saki-Munyi or the Esoteric mysteries of the Zoroastrian East.

But the majority of the French in Paris in the summer of 1790 were bold, hard atheists of the Condillac, De Holbach, and Spinoza school. They possessed no faith in a God nor in any form of immortality, nor in any future after death. They linked themselves alone with the animal visible world.



CONDORCET DEAD IN HIS PRISON CELL, BY POISON, MARCH 28, 1794.

They believed that there was life here, on this mortal sphere, and that death was total annihilation of both body and soul. It was the most utter denial in heart, life, and practice of all the faiths of all the ages which the world has seen since the star of Bethlehem shone over the manger of the God-man, Christ. It is an astonishing fact, however, in the future trend of the Revolution, that the incarnate demon Robespierre was the only one of a horde of cruel and tyrannical murderers who linked with the name not of the Christian God, but of some ideal deity, his bloody massacres by the guillotine.

Reason was the acknowledged God of France. It was the *Age of Reason*, but nevertheless the force of circumstances, education, and heredity exhibited all the hates, lusts, and passions of the soul. Barnave and the sedate Bailly, Madame Roland in the pride of her seductive beauty, and Mirabeau with all his sagacious conservatism, alike bowed to their god Reason—worshiped Plutarch's heroes, and found a refuge for present trials in their contemplation of those ideals of immense and sublime heroism for liberty which they believed to be furnished by ancient republican Greece and Rome. All the most earnest advocates of constitutional freedom in the National Assembly rejected alike the gospel of Christ and that inspired Bible which has been the spiritual Palladium of the ages.

The French Revolution can only be understood when it is realized that it was a revolt not only against the tyranny of kings but also against the government of God. In its progress it sent a monarch to the guillotine, and for a season it banished God from his temples. It was never Christian but always infidel. The revolution in England in 1642 was that of men who loved their God, and revered their Bible; who hated tyranny as opposed to his will, and who worshiped Christ and rejoiced in his salvation.

Pym and Hampden were devoutly religious men. Cromwell professed the most fervent Christianity. It was "the sword of the Lord and of Gideon" which was shouted by his Ironsides as they swept away royal authority on the fields of Marston Moor and Naseby, or rebellion at Dunbar and Worcester. Hence, with all the hypocrisies and mistakes of the Puritan Era of rule, there was always the restraint upon threatened anarchy of the laws of the Bible, and a belief in Jehovah Christ. There were none of those

long, black scenes of horror, which made the world shudder at 1793, and yet more at 1794. The tiger in man, his lust, hates, ambitions, and revenges need a supernatural restraint. The insincerity, selfishness, and vanity of the human heart demand the daily purification of that heart by prayer and faith. But all these were absent from the lives and motives of the leaders of the French Revolution.

However much the various factions might differ as Royalists and Constitutionalists, and later as Jacobins and Girondists, they were all united in their contempt for Christ and his Bible, and in their denial of a revealed Deity. The cruel Robespierre might indeed pretend to believe in some kind of a God, but the gifted Vergniaud, the philosophic Condorcet, and the raving Marat, were alike free from every "chain," as they termed it, of religious faith. Louis XVI. and his wife were surrounded by human beings who were destitute of conscience, and filled with vanity. Some were Utopian dreamers, and many were hollow declaimers. None were men who, like Nehemiah, built up a state by the heavenly guidance and divine will, or who, like Daniel, walked with God even in darkness, and among the lions in their den.

Let Atheism rule over *our* great Republic ; let the Christian religion be abolished ; the churches closed, as they soon were in France ; let our children be driven from the Sabbath school, and secular lyceums and desecrating halls work the destruction of religious worship ; let a revolt, if it shall come against accumulated wealth, or the abuses of money power, be led by men who despise God and reject the Bible, and the same anarchy and bloodshed will mark the American Republic of the future, that has stained with its horrors the French Republic of the past. This book seeks to be candid, impartial, and truthful, and on every page will keep these irrefutable truths in view.

Already the contests of an infidel liberty had commenced with a church corrupt, it is true, and defiled by superstition, yet, notwithstanding reflecting much of piety and charity in its lower ranks. The whole clergy were brought under the dominion of the State. The salaries of all were greatly reduced, and bishops as well as village curés severely experienced the change. As early as February, 1790, the church property under the name of National domains had been placed upon the market. It was freely and rapidly

purchased with paper assignats, which soon dropped to a nominal value.

The church of France had been a grand, hierarchical institution, but many of its higher clergy had led scandalous lives, and all its leaders belonged to the aristocracy. Such ecclesiastics as Talleyrand, Gobel and Sieyes, such prelates of the past as Cardinal Dubois, had made it a mockery to the world and a libel upon the pure and sanctified religion of Christ. A century before it had crushed out an honest and reforming Protestantism, which, under the name of Huguenot, had purified and exalted in its Condé and Coligny, in its Sully and its Biron, the inner and outer life of the French nobility. In the eighteenth century Atheism and Deism had invaded its ranks, as to-day they have invaded in subtle and deceiving forms more than one Protestant pulpit, and threaten to invade more than one theological seminary in the American republic. But it had some holy and devoted bishops, and the common clergy, in distinction from the monks, being born of the people, and poor, devout, and chaste, were almost universally a leaven of the times. Mostly upright and honest men; faithful to God, their creed, and their flocks; beloved and obeyed in the West of France, and only hated and rejected by districts most penetrated by infidel frenzy, these Catholic priests sealed presently with their blood the convictions of their conscience and of their faith. They loved their church, and honored their King, and they clung with persistency to spiritual and not to state directions. They refused the National oath, not because they hated liberty, but because they believed it to be an infringement upon their rights, as the servants of God. From this time until the Consulate of Napoleon was established, during every change in the Revolution, they were alike persecuted. They were cruelly decimated; they wandered "destitute, tormented, and afflicted"; and numbers were butchered in the shambles of Paris. Even the constitutional priests performed their services, oftentimes, before a laughing Parisian populace, or to indifferent congregations who yawned even though they heard in silence. The monks in the many monasteries of Paris, Capuchins, Jacobins, and Dominicans, were idle, ignorant, and corrupt; and throughout central France they were very leeches, sucking the life-blood of the poor. The

Revolution now began to lay its hand on them, and they were scattered.

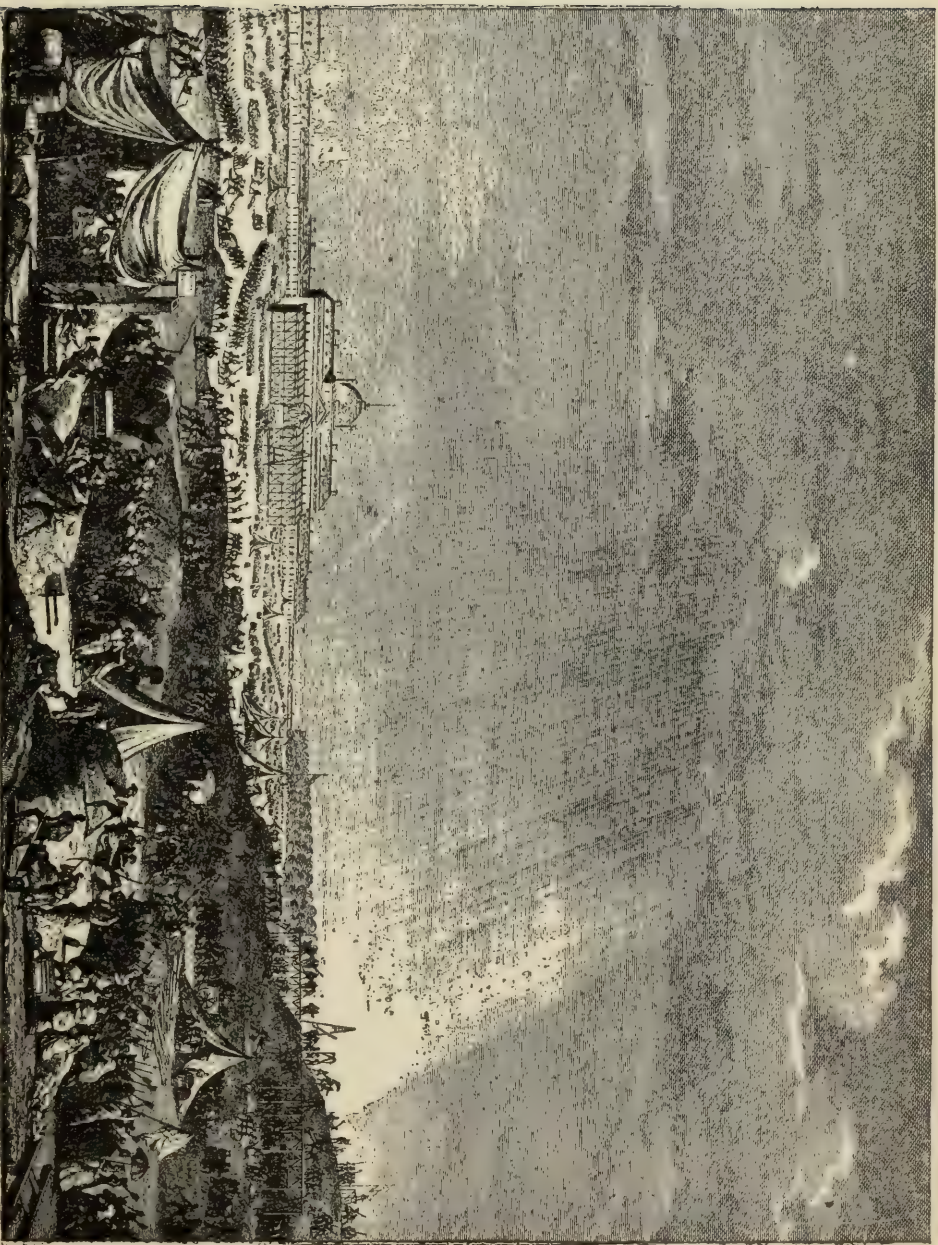
The writer of this history surveys the Revolution from the standpoint of the Christian religion, in whose divinity he implicitly believes, but the record he will give shall be impartial and fair, a record of facts.

The Federation of July was the first great commemorative service of the Revolution. The movement was inaugurated by a petition presented by those delegates from Brittany and the West, who were among the few violent Jacobins of that section. It was responded to by France with electric rapidity. Bailly, the Mayor of Paris, and the National Assembly indorsed with eagerness the purpose of a mighty National celebration.

The place selected was the vast open space of the Champ de Mars. Invitations were issued to the three million National Guards in the departments of France, to send delegates, and those alone numbered fifteen thousand. A hundred thousand Frenchmen responded from all parts of the monarchy to the invitations sent to representatives of various classes, civil, commercial, and military, in the nation's service.

The Field of Mars was filled for many days with an enthusiastic multitude of rich and poor, all heartily laboring to prepare for the celebration. Daughters and peasants, the old, wrinkled, and ugly, the fresh, rosy-cheeked, and beautiful among the women, wielded the pickaxe, used the spade, handled the rake, and trundled the wheelbarrow. Even children joyously engaged in patriotic labors. To the eyes of a spectator, the Champ de Mars was full of life, color, animation, manly vigor, and female loveliness, all intently hewing, delving, smoothing, digging, building, hammering, sawing, carrying boards, lime, stone, brick, mortar; as though the very days of the building of the Tower of Babel had returned. The great space of the Champ de Mars was quickly leveled and beautified.

Amphitheatres of wood rose in mighty tiers, capable of seating two hundred thousand spectators. In the center of the Champ de Mars towered, in imposing beauty and grandeur, the great Altar of the Country. Gigantic and snowy urns were lifted up at its four corners, from which the white smoke of incense was to ascend to the skies, as a sacrifice to Liberty. An elevated and magnifi-

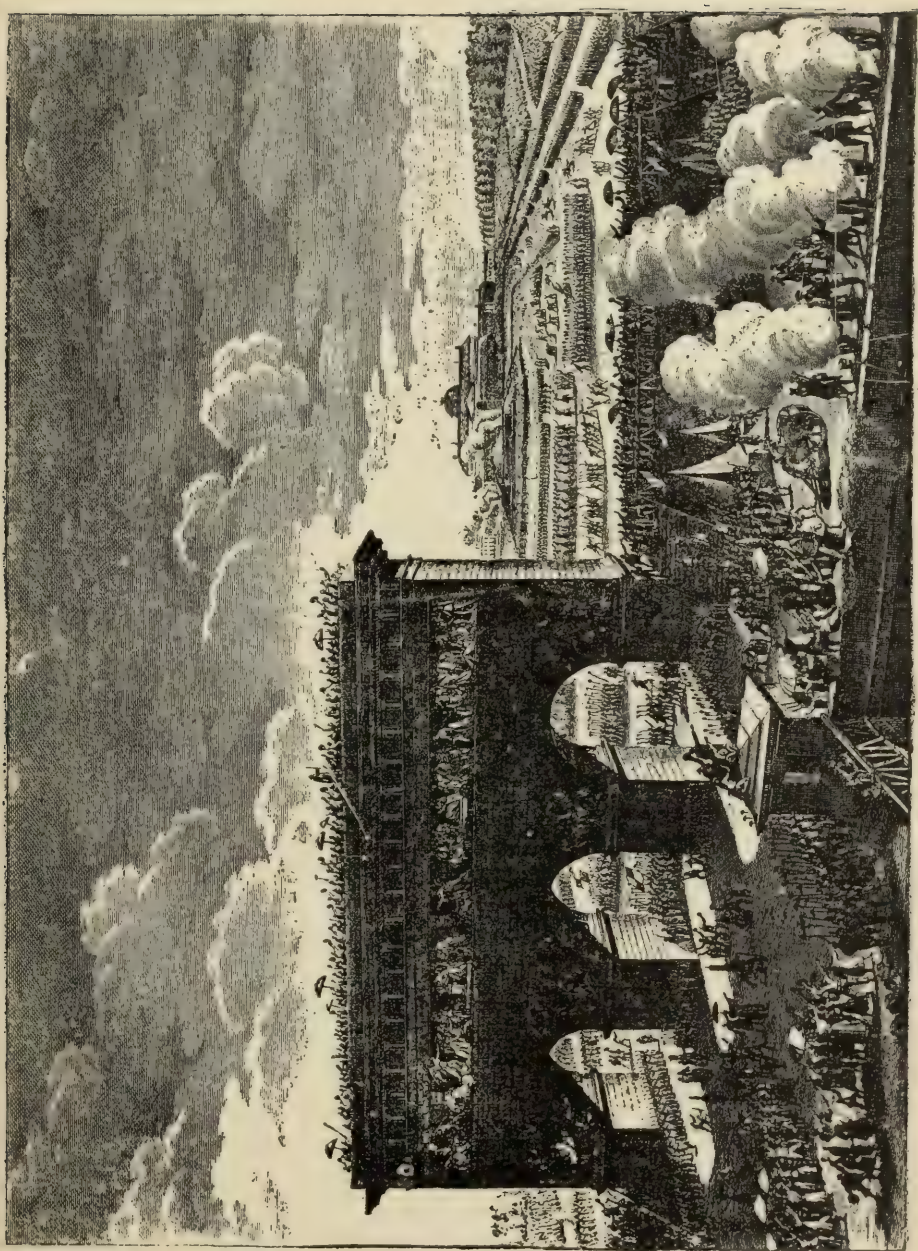


ALL CLASSES PREPARING THE CHAMP DE MARS FOR THE FEDERATION FESTIVALS AND CEREMONIES
OF JULY 14, 1790.

cent platform, decorated with tapestries and carpets of rare value, was erected for the monarch, his military and naval officers; for the National Assembly, the ministers of the state, and government officials. This platform was built directly behind the towering Altar of the Country, exactly where all eyes could see and all ears hear what took place.

The ostensible object of the Federation was the administration of the civic oath to the King, and all the various authorities. The oath was to be made to the new Constitution, now in its first draft but not as yet completed. The expectations and enthusiasm were general, despite the sinister rumors of threatened disorder, and the designs of the Duke of Orleans, who had just returned from London, and who was termed the "marplot of royalty."

The 14th of July, 1790, dawned upon Paris, with clouded skies and threatenings of rain. A rising breeze betokened a storm, but did not dampen the tremendous enthusiasm of the people. At an early hour, the rumble and thunder of cannons were heard, booming austere across the Seine, and announcing the inauguration of the memorable day. Paris was awake, festooned with flags and flowers; decorated in every possible way patriotism and money could suggest; and crowded with singing, laughing, rejoicing multitudes all in gala attire. The streets leading to the Champ de Mars were filled with joyous throngs, some carrying flowers, others singing patriotic songs. At seven o'clock all the federation deputies from the departments and army, ranged under their chiefs, with waving banners and loud cheers, proceeded from the site of the Bastille to the Tuileries. The deputies of Navarre, as they passed the Pont Neuf, greeted with loyalty the statue of their great King and blood kindred, the heroic Henry the Great. Arriving in the gardens of the Tuileries, they surrounded the municipality and National Assembly, who were there gathered, and formed an honorary escort. In advance of the Assembly proceeded a battalion of boys, and, behind, one of aged men. The happy and rejoicing multitude in crowded ranks commenced their march. The quays, the balconies, the streets were lined and crowded with shouting thousands. The house-tops were black with people and re-echoed with their cheers. The procession crossed the Seine, on an extemporized bridge covered with flowers. As it entered the Champ



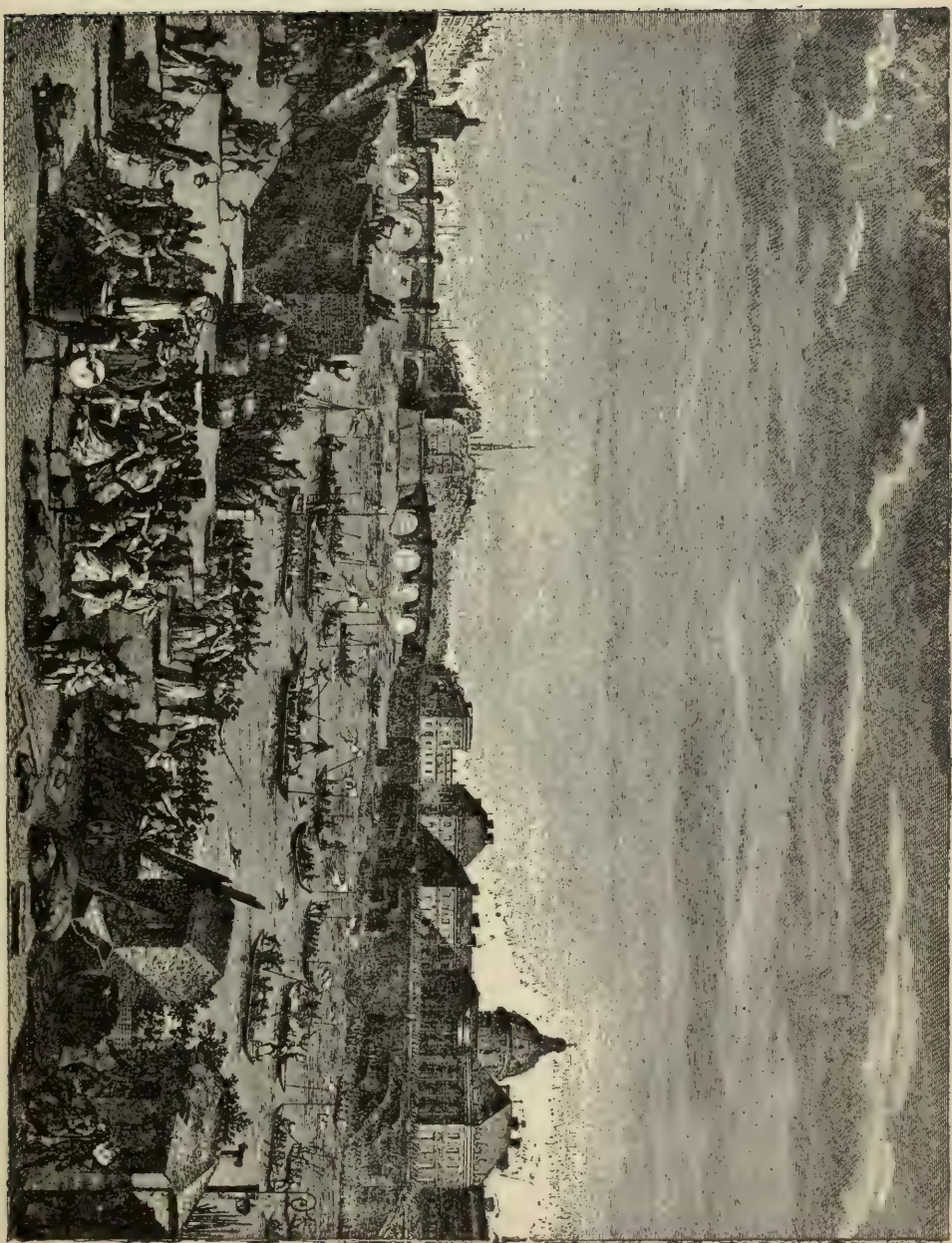
THE GRAND FÊTE OF THE FEDERATION IN THE CHAMP DE MARS, PARIS, JULY 14, 1790.

de Mars it was greeted by the deafening shouts, shaking the very heavens, of four hundred thousand spectators who occupied the lateral amphitheaters. Thirty thousand National Guards were in line. Sixty thousand armed federalists, with glittering pikes and bayonets, performed their evolutions, amid storms of joyous greeting that shook the air. Three hundred priests who had taken the oath to the Constitution, arrayed in white robes and tri-colored scarfs, stood before the altar, which towered on a base twenty-five feet high, in imposing sublimity and grandeur, the center of the fixed gaze of that stupendous audience. It was three hours before all the bands had entered the open space of the Champ de Mars. During the waiting, the frivolous French character, unique in Europe, burst forth in gayety; and the strange spectacle was presented of a dance in the open space, in which sixty thousand armed men participated. It was called the Pyrrhic Dance of the Republic. A shower of fast-falling rain began to darken the heavens; but after a few hours of violent storm, the sun again burst forth in resplendent light, and gave its brilliancy to the scene.

And now the thrilling and august services commenced. Talleyrand, the Bishop of Autun, performed the mass on the great altar, and while the choristers intoned their solemn chants, the cannons placed beyond pealed forth their sublime accompaniments. Louis XVI., the Assembly, and State ministers were seated on the magnificently decorated elevated platform. The Queen, who occupied a balcony adjacent to the King, in the excitement of the moment had forgotten the insults, sorrows, and abuses of her palace life, and her face was flushed and happy with hope and expectation.

The King wore a calm, dignified, and benignant expression. The mass ended. And now General Lafayette, gallantly mounted upon a white charger, rode forward amid the plaudits of the people, and greeted everywhere by smiles and cheers. He alighted from his steed at the foot of the altar, and, ascending the steps leading to the throne, he received the orders of the King to hand him the oath. The book containing it was carried to, and placed upon, the high altar. Louis XVI. advanced. The General, the President of the Assembly, the Deputies stood in silence behind him. Banners waved, bayonets were raised, and sabres glistened, in the immense army below.

Outstretching his hand toward the altar, the monarch



FESTIVITIES UPON THE RIVER SEINE, EVENING, JULY 14, 1790.

cried in a loud voice: "I, King of the French, swear to employ the power delegated to me by the constitutional act of the State in maintaining the Constitution decreed by the National Assembly and accepted by me." Deafening applause from the half-million people present, at these words and this act, either heard or seen, rent the skies. The National Assembly, the General of the National Guards, and all the officials responded, "We swear." At this moment of sublime delirium, the affected Queen raised from the balcony where she was placed the little Dauphin, and held him up before the vast army and circle of upturned faces. The act was received with a storm of "Long live the Queen! Long live the Dauphin!" To these cries were united most fervent and affectionate ones of, "Long live Louis XVI.! the restorer of French liberty."

During this intense hour all hearts seemed dissolved in love for royalty and the country. Discord seemed banished forever. Men embraced and women wept. Banners were waved, and cannons thundered out their deep diapasons amid a joy indescribable. It was late in the afternoon before these heart-stirring scenes ended. Magnificent fêtes in the various gardens, all of which were brilliantly illuminated, prolonged the celebration of the festivities late into the night. The site of the Bastille and the Champs Elysées were crowded with happy throngs, who chatted, danced, and sang, until morning dawned; while the river Seine was covered with illuminated gondolas.

The Federates on the next day visited the King in the Tuileries, and were received with royal kindness. They departed to their homes intoxicated with joy, and carried all over France expressions of fervent attachment to their monarch.

The student of mankind might naturally believe that, despite all the discords and changes of the past, the Revolution was now ended, and that society and the State, organized under new laws and expecting the immediate completion and establishment of the Constitution, would enter upon a long era of peace, obedience to a beneficent code, and of steady progress and happiness. But, alas! the Revolution had only begun. The slaves of feudalism having broken their chains, confounded constant license with national liberty. The fever of revolution was in the brain of France, the fires of suspicion and hate soon again devoured her heart, and the on-rolling car of disorder and strife could not be stopped.

CHAPTER X.

THE PROGRESS OF THE REVOLUTION AND THE DEATH OF MIRABEAU.

THE expectations of the nation, that concord would now displace revolt and anarchy, were natural but were not realized. The people did not know themselves. The Revolution was within their own natures, necessities, and emotions. It was hurried forward by the distrust and fear of parties, by the insincerity and instability of the King, and by the efforts and collisions of the old to restore the absolute past, and the new to preserve the free present. Despite the delirium of sentiment and devotion, of love and forgiveness, manifested upon the 14th of July, fear and suspicion immediately resumed their sway, and the Revolution its menaces and its march.

The intercourse between the King and Mirabeau continued. He drew nearer to the monarch, who sometimes approached him in confidence, and at other times irritated the popular leader by distrust. Mirabeau listened to advice from the Queen as to care and silence, but the heat of his temper, and the demands of his position before the people, made that silence impossible.

The Assembly had distrusted him for a moment, and dared to bring charges before its tribunal. The name of Mirabeau was coupled with that of the Duke of Orleans.

Mirabeau again met his enemies, and so charmed and convinced the Assembly that, enthralled by his genius and courage, and convinced of his innocence, they greeted him with cheers of confidence, and acquitted him with applause. The Duke of Orleans met a different fate. His known and detestable hypocrisy and treachery awakened distrust, and his influence from this time in the city, the Assembly, and the nation was greatly modified.

But it was in the army that the first disturbances of the autumn of 1790 occurred. The Marquis de Bouille was a cousin of Lafayette, and commanded the foreign and French regiments stationed in all the departments of the northeast.

His headquarters were in the strongly garrisoned and almost impregnable fortress of Metz. His regiments of cavalry and infantry were stationed in the great frontier towns, at Sedan and Stenay, at Strasbourg and Belfort, and on the borders of Switzerland. The Royal Allemands, a devoted regiment of cavalry, and several Swiss and German regiments, were under his command.

Bouille was a devoted royalist, an unquestioning servant of the King, and a sincere hater of the Revolution. Next to the National Assembly, he detested in his heart his patriotic cousin Lafayette. He often expressed to his confidential friends the delight that he would experience in *hanging Lafayette* because of the part that patriot had taken in the Revolution. But Lafayette had pardoned the fidelity of his cousin, and, as the Revolution progressed and the anarchy increased, recognizing the need of such a loyal general and force, he had by his influence over the Assembly maintained Bouille in his command.

Bouille was mortified and enraged when he observed how Revolutionary sentiments began to impregnate the French, and even some of the Swiss, regiments. Receiving the most pressing orders from the then Minister of War, he proceeded in an arbitrary and soldierly way to endeavor to repress the evil. Jacobin clubs had sprung up all over France, and their rabid, godless, and vehement agitations were in every town, commune, and village. A number of these clubs were in the portion of France under the military command of Bouille. Many soldiers when off duty attended the exciting sessions of the Jacobins. In order to prevent his troops becoming familiar with the people, on the principle of the ancient Roman despotism and the modern Russian autocracy, that free thought and free expressions are contagious, the Marquis continually shifted his army from place to place. He forbade the soldiers to attend the Jacobin Club, to which had been added the Cordeliers. To preserve their discipline they were constantly guarded and exercised.

On the entreaty of the King, whose will was law to Bouille, that officer had reluctantly taken the oath to the Constitution. Being an honest soldier, although an aristocrat, from that hour he resolved to uphold faithfully the Constitutional Monarchy. This step brought him nearer to Lafayette, and into outer but hollow relations of friendli-

ness. The severe military restraints of Bouille were resented by the French soldiers under his command. They insisted that they were *citizens* as well as warriors, and that by obeying while *on duty* military discipline, they did not forfeit their rights, when *off duty*, to visit patriotic clubs and listen to, or participate, in patriotic debates. Under a sense of wrong, a violent revolt broke out in the great fortified city of Metz itself. The mutinous soldiers ran to arms. They imprisoned their officers, seized the standards of the regiments, and plundered the military chests. They endeavored to terrorize the municipality, and to levy contributions upon the city. These disorders spread. Bouille hurried to Metz, and by persistent and courageous effort stamped out the flames of insurrection in that fortress.

But now in Nancy, the olden capital of the Dukes of Lorraine, which had been only thirty years united to France, the insurrection was renewed and in a more horrible form. The revolt was imitated by a number of regiments in Southern France. At Toul one regiment tore off its tri-colored cockades, and the Regiment of Champaign revolted because the officers did not *ask them to dinner*.

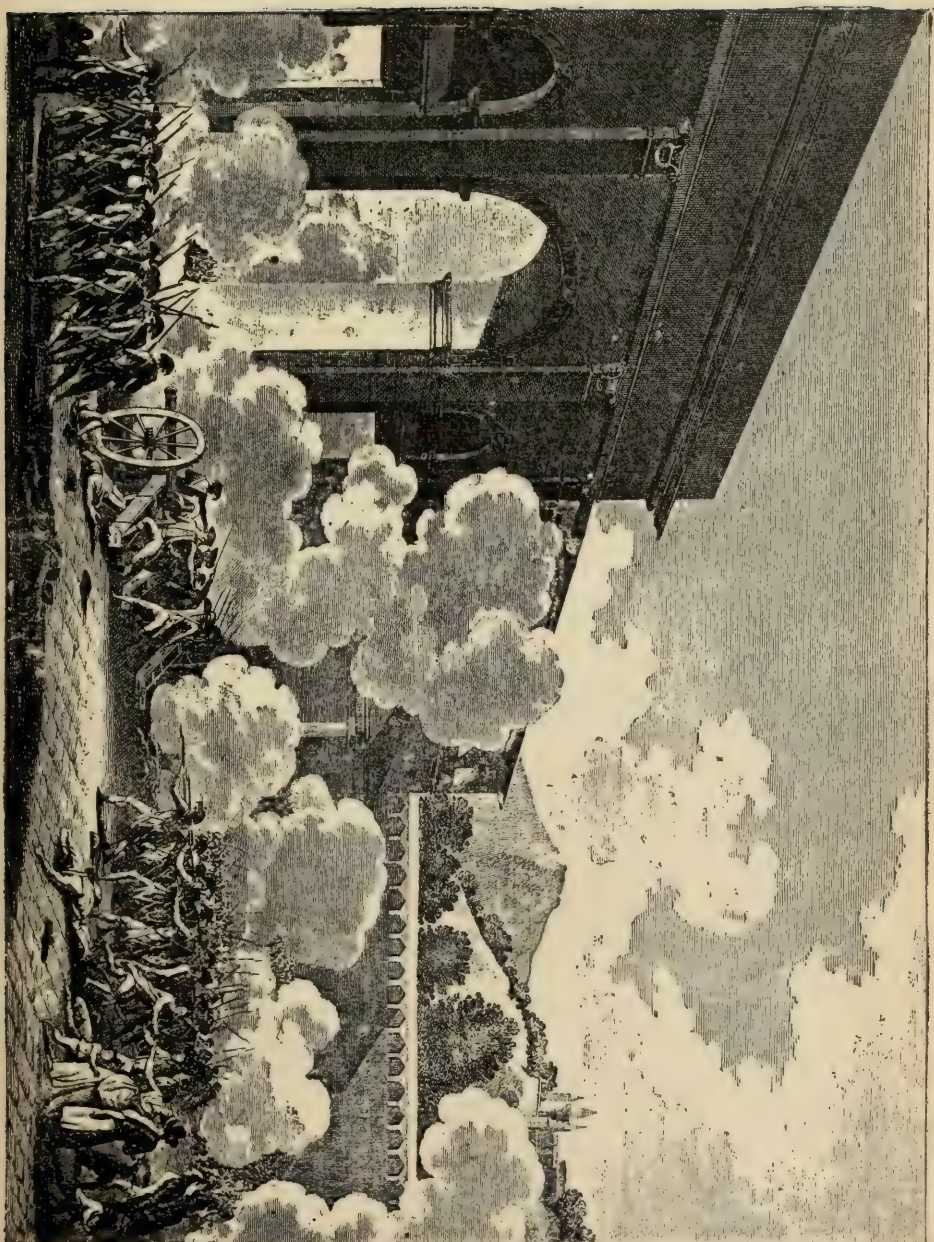
The rights of men, the equality of men, the fraternity of men, were as loudly advocated in the camp as in halls and in clubs. Many regiments had driven away their old officers, and elected members of different companies to supreme command. Soldiers who had for years been sergeants and corporals now found themselves captains and majors, if not colonels, with entire authority over their regiments. Many of these officers soon became the great generals of the Revolution. Nancy was garrisoned by the Regiment du Roi, and several battalions of the Swiss Regiment Château-Vieux. On the 19th of August, 1790, these troops broke out into open revolt. They were incited by the revolutionists in Metz, the inflaming harangues of the clubs, and by revolutionary incidents in the surrounding territory. Bouille gathered a force, consisting partly of National Guards, and partly of his late revolted regiments, who had become ashamed and repentant. To these soldiers he added a body of pikemen. Stimulated by a decree of the National Assembly authorizing the utmost severity against the rebels, he advanced rapidly to Nancy, with three thousand infantry and fourteen hundred cavalry. He appeared before the city on the 31st of August. The insurgents,

who had imprisoned their generals, released them on hearing of the approach of Bouille, and sent a deputation to treat with their commander. Bouille sternly demanded the release of all the captive officers whom they held in bonds, and unconditional surrender. While the rebel soldiers were favorably parleying over these terms, Bouille advanced to the Stanville gate of Nancy. It was held by a body of artillery who did not understand the negotiations taking place, and were greatly excited. They prepared to fire their cannons. An heroic young officer by the name of De Lisle, of the Regiment du Roi, rushed forward quickly, and placed his body in front of the muzzle of one of the cannons, to prevent the rash act. The cannoniers cut his hands, and seized him by the throat, while the cannons were fired. The noble De Lisle fell, mortally wounded, and a number of Bouille's soldiers were killed. The enraged troops of Bouille, crying "Treachery! Treachery!" stormed the Stanville gate. Attacking the Swiss rebels, the revolted French Regiment du Roi and a rabble of brigands and pikemen, for three hours they engaged in a furious and murderous contest along the streets of the city. The hussars charged ferociously both soldiers and people. Many were slain, and among them were a number of women and children, whom Bouille's troops mercilessly butchered. The rebels, disheartened, retreated, and finally surrendered. Thus, after a torrent of blood had flowed, the revolt was quelled. Bouille, after a brief court-martial, hanged a number of rebel soldiers. One was even broken on the wheel, while others were sent to the galleys for life.

This severe example of punishment awakened the soldiers in the department to their duty, and for the present stopped in all the regiments insubordination and revolt.

The National Assembly had been thoroughly aroused and alarmed by the revolt at Nancy, and they now voted enthusiastically both honors and thanks to the heroic Bouille, who had so promptly restored order and discipline in his army. They deplored the numbers slain, and the people who had lost their lives, but recognized the grave nature of the event and the fatal necessity. The King sent his personal congratulations to his loyal servant, and the boundaries of the command of Bouille were so enlarged that he ruled from the borders of the Austrian Netherlands to Switzerland. But a great cry went up in the clubs of Paris as soon as they

DEATH OF DE LISLE.



received the tidings of the victory of law and order. The orators gathered with darkened brows and fierce invectives. They stigmatized the victory as a massacre. They drew piteous descriptions of the females and innocent children who were slain, and sought to stir the people to demand the removal and impeachment of Bouille. They failed. Even Paris had seen and trembled at the danger of a revolting army marching upon it, like the Prætorians upon Rome, and the hypocritical invectives of the Jacobins were gradually replaced in its clubs by themes more new.

Mirabeau was profoundly affected by these events, and became daily more decided in his purpose of a counter-revolution. He saw the spectre of a dreadful anarchy raising its clouded and threatening hand, already crimson with blood, whilst he noticed with dismay that from the moment the Constitution had received the oath of the King and the people, it seemed to be forgotten by the orators and masses of the nation.

Instead of obedience to and reverence for the formulative document, which was engrossing as it had done and occupying the time of the Constituent Assembly for a year, the volatile French turned with feverish haste to new suspicions and new excitements, as though to a new fashion. The representatives of the people were themselves flagitious offenders against the spirit of the very work in which they were engaged. Though the document soon to be completed guaranteed liberty to the monarch as well as to the people, it was constantly violated. "A year ago," said a loyal delegate, "the King ruled twenty million subjects—but now twenty million Kings rule him." Louis should have been as free to come and go as George the Third, the constitutional monarch of England. Had he been fairly, even humanely treated, he might have become in time loyally faithful to the freedom of a nation which would have shown itself great and generous. But with fleeting intervals of impulsive enthusiasm on great or novel occasions, he was treated by the people as though he was a dangerous foe, who merited to be enchained and controlled.

After all the ecstasy of the Champ de Mars, Louis XVI. was as much a prisoner as before. Not a sentinel was withdrawn from the Tuileries, and the debates in the clubs increased rather than diminished in turpitude and invective. It seemed as though the Revolution's idea was that all

license and freedom must be the property of the *people*, but that the King and his family were to be *patient and enduring slaves*.

The clear eyes saw and the sound intellect of Mirabeau distrusted this tyranny of the populace and the Assembly, but he also hated and distrusted Lafayette. He judged the General as a vain, self-seeking charlatan, constantly posing before the French nation as the Knight of Liberty in two worlds. He believed, that, stripped of the halo a grateful and sentimental people, the Americans, had cast around him, Lafayette would appear the hollow, bewildered, and feeble demagogue that Mirabeau *believed* him really to be. He turned away from him in contempt, but his scorn was endured by Lafayette with silent patriotism.

Though the view of Mirabeau has found credence with later historians of the French Revolution, like Stevens and Taine, Von Sybel and Yonge, Lafayette remains, for the mind of the people of this country, on the pedestal erected by their confidence and gratitude. The more thoroughly his life is investigated and his character analyzed, the more fully will his patriotism, his foresight, and his unselfishness be vindicated. That Lafayette possessed the fault of excessive vanity was true ; but a man can be vain and yet be able, wise, good, and sincere. He was a patriot in 1790, and he was a patriot in 1815 when he rebuked Napoleon, demented by the defeat of Waterloo. He was a patriot when greeted by a nation on his visit to these shores in 1824, and he was a mistaken and deceived patriot in 1830, when on the ruins of the throne of Charles X., he erected that of Louis Phillippe.

Lafayette doubted and distrusted the King because of his knowledge of the power and tendencies of Marie Antoinette, of the King's vacillating character, and the sway of his strong-minded and beautiful wife over both the monarch's heart and convictions. But Lafayette was intensely loyal to the Constitutional Monarchy, and in the vain effort to perpetuate it in the future he sacrificed his popularity, and ultimately was driven into a foreign land. Realizing as fully as Mirabeau the disorderly character of the times, he exercised his authority over the people and National Guards to the utmost, in order to maintain tranquillity. He partially succeeded. Mobs ceased to gather, and comparative order was restored. The terror

of the civic militia in the hands of the resolute general held the lower classes in leash, and no surging insurrections, with one brief exception, startled Paris during the year 1790. It was an Indian summer of obedience, soon, alas ! to pass away.

The hatred of Marie Antoinette against Lafayette was unreasoning and extreme. She loathed his name and presence. The Queen well knew that he never could be compelled or bribed to restore the old despotism. To her, he represented the overthrow of the ancient State and power of the monarchy. She ascribed to him, as the real instrument of the people, their departure from the grandeur of Versailles. The reception she gave to the general who so honestly stood between her, her family, and anarchy, was always distant and cold. Lafayette, as a man extremely desirous without the sacrifice of his principles to stand well with so lovely and charming a woman, was greatly chagrined by this hostile treatment. Usually he bore it silently and patiently ; but sometimes he resented it by a severe and haughty air, in which he manifested his sense of his own power, and her helplessness and injustice, although he never transgressed the boundaries of courtesy in speech.

The Dauphin sighed more and yet more for the air and charms of the country. He longed, like every child, for the green leaves, the soothing woods, and the birds and skies of Versailles and St. Cloud. In his little garden he found his consolation and refuge.

The Queen still possessed female friends in the Princess Lamballe and Madame Campan, and in the remnant of a court. The beautiful and noble Princess de Lamballe was her heart's closest and tenderest female companion. The Queen made the Princess her bosom confidant, and Madame Lamballe repaid this trust by the most devoted fidelity. Often after the Queen had endured the abuse of the crowds at the window, which was now, in the developing fanaticism of the times, of increasing frequency, she would retire to her closet, and, on the tender and sympathizing bosom of the affectionate Princess find, while she wept profusely, resignation and support.

Though the King's brother the Count de Provence and his wife yet remained in Paris, they were selfish enemies to Marie Antoinette, and afforded but little consolation to the King. The Count was a treacherous brother, though

Louis XVI. had relied on his fidelity and had always treated him with fraternal regard.

At this time the Duke of Orleans, banished from the Tuileries by his past, sought a reconciliation with the King. He visited the palace and explained to the monarch his wishes and purposes. He was compliant and repentant. He seemed to be sincerely desirous of a complete reconciliation with the sovereign and his wife. Marie Antoinette received him with cold respect, but was affected by the protestations of one so near by blood to the throne. The Duke retired with a full purpose to henceforth devote himself to the royal cause. But it was the fate of Louis XVI. to have among his nobles some men of the most detestable malignity, and of the most reckless tempers. Because the royal family and Queen had been estranged from the Duke, they believed they had entire license to abuse him. As, with a grateful smile, the Prince passed out of the royal presence, crossed the Grand Hall, and was about to descend the staircase, they gibed at him, and mocked and insulted him, crying out, "Look out for the spoons," as though this immensely rich Prince was a common thief. They even descended to the lowest vulgarity, by actually covering the Duke's coat and hat with their spittle. The Prince was convulsed with rage and humiliation. His face became purple. To his jaundiced mind, with difficulty brought to take this step of reconciliation, the King and Queen were responsible for this outrage. He believed that with cruel perfidy they had cajoled him into the monarch's cabinet in order to so foully abuse him as he left.

From that moment he became a more desperate, determined antagonist against King, Queen, and throne than ever. He totally forsook the palace, united himself with energy to the Jacobins, and never ceased his conspiracies against the monarch, until he could vote for his death in the National Convention. That Louis XVI. or Marie Antoinette had any part in the outrage, or indeed any knowledge of it, it is impossible to believe. No explanation was sent by the Duke and no apologies were ever made by the King.

The monarch endeavored to carry out the plan of the Constitution, but was constantly threatened by the National Assembly. Louis was inspired for a moment with the courage of brief hope, and hugged a delusion that peace might

possibly be restored. His illusions were sincere and genuine, but soon dispelled, and the old life of insincerity and the maneuvers by which he endeavored to escape from an intolerable position was again pursued.

As the affairs of the monarchy with an almost mysterious dynamic tendency toward confusion trended downward, Mirabeau became more earnest in his desire to check the dissolution of society and overthrow of law which he so greatly apprehended.

The childish act of the Assembly in ordering the demolition of the splendid statue of Louis XV. in the Place des Armes filled Mirabeau with contempt. The body proved, by this useless iconoclasm, how rapidly authority was bowing to the behests of the impulses and the caprices of an ignorant and infatuated rabble.

Not many days after this event a deputy named Lambel arose in the Assembly and made a speech of three lines which changed the social condition of France until the Empire of Napoleon. "I demand," he said, "the suppression of the titles of duke, count, marquis, viscount, baron, and knight. This day is the tomb of vanity." The motion was seconded by *Lafayette* and Charles Lameth. It was carried with applause, the people, who were now freely permitted even to mingle with the delegates and to debate with the legislators, shouting their approbation. Decrees were also passed with great enthusiasm, prohibiting armorial bearings and razing the names of estates as titular designations, but until the Republic this law was largely a dead letter.

Every attack of the Assembly upon the nobility was at this time to Mirabeau an increasing source of irritation, and caused him to be yet more eager for a full reconciliation with the crown. The King had finally, after much effort, been permitted to spend, for the last time, a few days with his family in St. Cloud. Thither Mirabeau went, and there he had a yet more confidential interview with the Queen. Marie Antoinette was more than ever affected by his sincerity and devotion, and the great popular leader was equally impressed by her beauty, talents, and courage. "The King," he said, on his return, "has but one man about him, and that is the Queen. There is no safety for her but in the re-establishment of the royal authority. I am certain that she will not preserve her life, unless she preserves her crown."

As the autumn of 1790 wore on, and the harassed monarch was once more surrounded by the restless multitudes in his regal prison-house ; as he heard the tramp of the sentinels at night under the light of the cold unfeeling stars, and experienced daily an increase of the disrespect of the people, his weary heart turned yet more trustingly toward Mirabeau, as the mighty magician who could alone control the Revolution.

At this time Neckar, who had long been a nonentity, resigned. The Revolution had flowed turbulently onward, leaving him stranded upon the banks of a past receding farther and farther away. The fallen minister retired to Coppet in his native Switzerland, and hardly a paragraph noticed the departure of a man whose dismissal eighteen months before had convulsed Paris, and led to the destruction of the Bastile.

Meanwhile the rabid Marat was assuming a portentous importance. That foul and frenzied demagogue, ravening for massacre and blood, had established his paper, *L'Ami du Peuple*. It was a fierce Jacobin journal, devoted to incessant assaults on established orders. Constant and shameless slander poured forth in slimy abundance from its foetid columns directed against the King, the Queen, and all the royalists. Marat's attacks upon the virtue of Marie Antoinette were of the most foul and cruel character. Every day a column of his paper was devoted to holding up the Queen to the execration of Paris as guilty of all the crimes most detestable in human nature. He accused her of a voluptuousness and harlotry that rivaled Messalina in the past, and Catherine of Russia in the present. He asserted that she was the common mistress of the Count de Fersen, and the officers of her guard. With ferocious and brutal malignity Marat endeavored to discredit the parentage of the innocent little Dauphin, so cherished by his mother with the fondest and tenderest affection. Marat asserted that Louis XVI. was only the putative parent of the Prince, that his real father was the Count de Fersen, and of this he declared he possessed the most positive evidence. No reader can understand the strength and power of the hatred of the French people in 1791 against this unhappy Queen, only as he recognizes *that these villainous falsehoods were largely credited.*

It has taken the most candid siftings of careful and inves-

tigating history to disprove these atrocious fables, and only after irrefutable proofs have modern historians united in full belief in the entire purity of this ill-treated woman. Whatever follies the radiant and high-spirited Queen had committed in the early period of her life, however hoydenish some of her pranks, and defiant of etiquette—they were but the ebullitions of exuberant youth. She had always been pure and chaste, a true wife and devoted mother. The trying experiences of the Revolution rapidly developed all the latent courage, heroism, and sublime nobility of her character, while her dreadful sufferings, shameful treatment, and horrible execution have hallowed her memory for the ages of the future as a martyr.

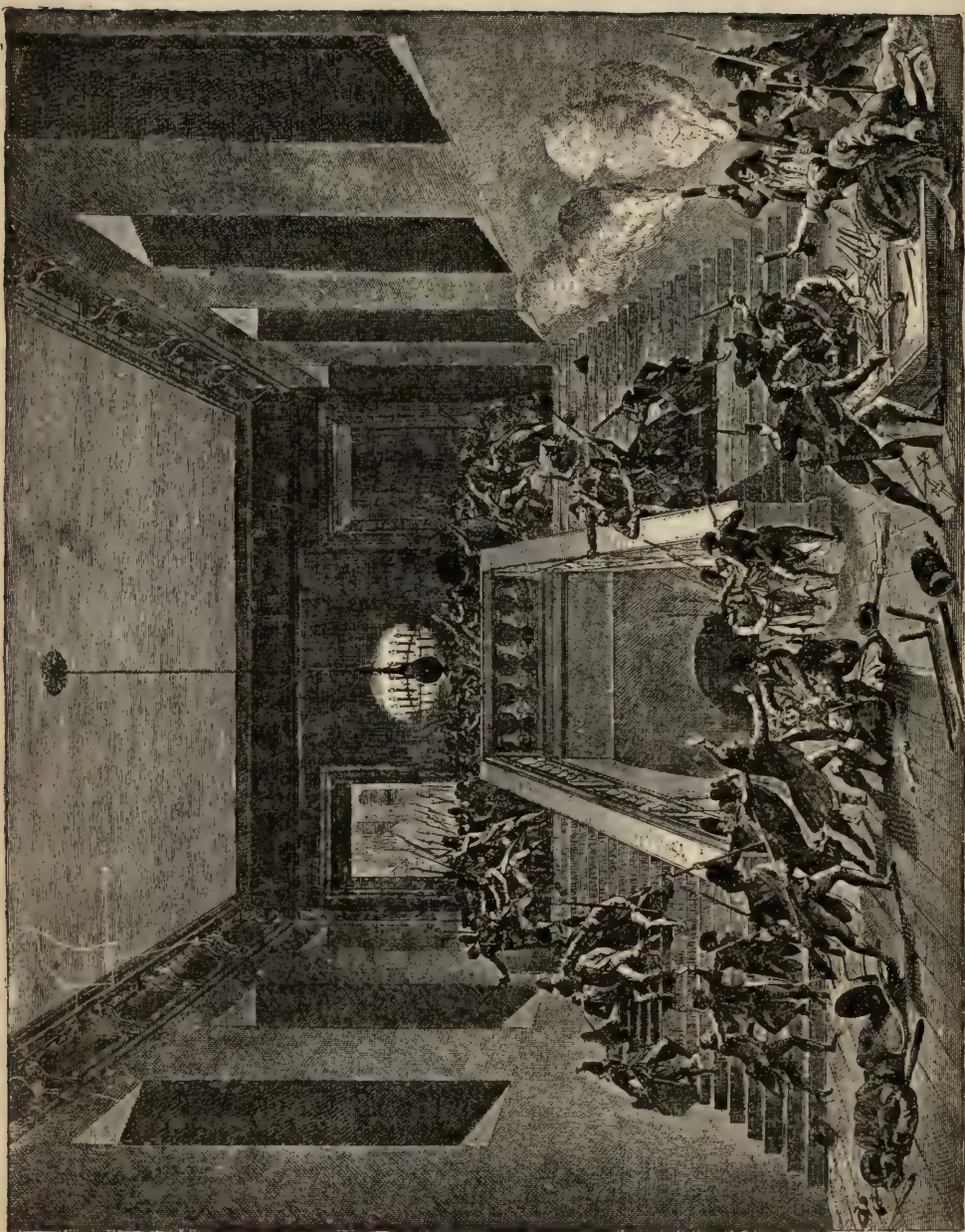
A sensitive, tender-hearted woman, the Queen suffered intensely in her feelings and was mentally agonized by these slanders. Despite her entire innocence, she felt degraded and humiliated by the constant necessity of refutation and self-defense. She finally abandoned the useless effort to stay the deadly poison of falsehood, and endured in silence the unjust prejudices of a soured and angry nation. The King heard these cowardly slanders with profound indignation, but he was helpless; on him they made no impression. He saw in his poignantly anguished wife all that was noble, dignified, pure, and beautiful in an heroic and devoted woman, and he was not deceived. He daily leaned upon her strong nature more and more, as though he was the vine and she was the oak. Nobly, patiently, grandly the Queen and mother met the thronging trials and duties which now like a succession of billows swept over and around her.

In February, 1791, the King's aunts resolved to emigrate from France to Rome. These ancient spinsters had been the neglected daughters of Louis XV., whom in his usual unfeeling and *blasé* manner he had decorated with the rude nicknames of Laque and Graille. They were peaceful, retired, worthy women, devoted to their breviaries and to works of charity. Louis XVI. had always treated them with kindness and respect. Their nerves were shaken by the constant dangers of the hour, and they now sought a calmer region in which to spend the small remainder of their lives.

But the patriots raised a great furor. All France seemed to "screech" over these poor homeless old ladies, on their departure, as though it was a thing fatal to liberty. The

matter of allowing them to go was debated for days in the National Assembly, while the people thronged in tumult through the gardens, terraces, and quays surrounding the Tuileries. Lafayette was compelled to call out the National Guards, and such a "tempest in a tea-pot" was never before seen. Finally the laughter of Europe brought the hysterical French to their senses, the Count de Provence emerged from that cellar in the Luxembourg where he had hidden himself in fear of bodily danger from an unreasoning mob, and the old ladies, terrified and palpitating, were permitted to depart. "All Europe," said a sarcastic deputy in the Assembly, "is on the broad grin that France should exhibit so ridiculous a spectacle over the matter, as to whether two old women shall be allowed to chatter their masses in Paris or in Rome."

On account of the accumulation of criminals in the prisons of Paris, from the changes which had taken place and the imperfect workings of the new courts, it was determined to repair the Castle of Vincennes in order to receive the overflow. But again suspicious Paris was on fire with immediate excitement. It was whispered that the King and Court, by a subterfuge, were preparing *a new Bastile* for *Patriots*. It was alleged also that the Royalists had dug a secret communication between the Tuileries and the subterranean sewer system of Paris, and the Catacombs; and were about to fill those gloomy recesses with gunpowder, and to *blow up the city*. The whole metropolis shook with the throes of this alarm. The Faubourg Saint Antoine rose in wrath. On the 28th of February, 1791, they rushed in large numbers and with great violence to Vincennes. They attacked the drawbridges, they smote off the iron stanchions of the windows with crowbars, and began to despoil that fortress of its furniture. General Lafayette was informed, and quickly calling out the National Guards, followed them. But many companies were then disaffected and would not fire on "the men of the Bastile." When Lafayette ordered Santerre to attack the mob, he did so in a jeering, good-natured way, which was the mockery of a real assault. Lafayette himself became an object of banter, and one ardent and impudent rioter endeavored to pull him off from his horse by one of his boots. However, by patience, tact, and explanation, the rioters were made to understand that no real danger to liberty need be apprehended, and finally, drinking, singing, and carousing, they dispersed.



THE AFFAIR OF THE PONIARDS.

All this time the Assembly seemed to be indifferent as to the tumult in the streets, and was calmly debating a new law against the emigrants. Mirabeau resisted the proposed decree with vigor and indignation. "Pass it if you will," he cried, "but I swear to you *that I will* not obey it."

At this crisis, strange men with tickets of entry began to appear in the Tuileries. They were dressed in cloaks, wore boots, and aroused the suspicions of the National Grenadiers of the Centre, composed of the old French Guards, who then watched the palace. A grenadier seized one of the strangers and captured a concealed poniard. He raised an alarm. The Guards hunted for men in black. They found several and rushed them headlong down the marble steps of the Tuileries. The excitement soon became great. Among either these victims of suspicion or these conspirators was d'Espremenil, the once popular delegate in the Parliament of Paris. He was rescued from the maltreatment of the constitutional grenadiers by Petion. "And I too, Monsieur," he said bitterly to that now increasingly popular leader, "have been carried on the people's shoulders." Petion turned pale, made no reply, and departed.

Through the winter of 1790 and 1791, Mirabeau was the trusted counsellor of Louis XVI. The increasing violence of speech and the threatening dangers, despite the restraining hand of Lafayette, confirmed the Tribune in his belief that there could be no peace nor real safety for the monarch while he remained a captive in his capital. Already the word "Republic" began to be associated with the denunciations in the Jacobin and other clubs. Mirabeau counseled the King to flee to the South, to rally the loyal sentiment of the nation, and assisted by the army of Bouille to establish himself in Lyons where attachment to his house was strong. There he could perfect the Constitution and organize order, in the midst of devoted partisans and reliable soldiers. The monarch in growing despair began to listen favorably to this advice.

The Assembly and the clubs were not blind in regard to the thinly veiled change which had taken place in the convictions and purposes of this yet great and popular Tribune. Mirabeau was received in its bosom with cold looks and expressions of increasing aversion and distrust. Muttered threats of impeachment again were heard. But shaking his potent locks, the Count met every threat with the mighty

thunders of his defiance. Like the keeper of a den of tigers he wielded the lash of his awful eloquence over the heads of the ferocious clubs, while he charmed and soothed the thinkers and scholars of the refined Assembly, until both were subdued and his power seemed immovable. How long he could have remained in this supremacy is a question upon which history may speculate, but which she cannot answer. The test was not to come. In the hour of the increasing gloom of the shaking monarchy, Mirabeau, its latest hope and prop, was suddenly removed by death. At a moment when he was most needed ; while the Court was turning to him with grateful confidence, and while he yet enthralled and controlled the people, Mirabeau died. The Providences of Jehovah are inscrutable !

Mirabeau had seriously undermined his health by the excesses of many years. He was only in middle life, but his physical constitution was shattered. The tremendous mental and moral strain which constantly rested upon him added to the forces which drained away his life. He became very ill. The King heard of his sickness with consternation. The Queen and Court watched with bated breath the progress of the great commoner's disease. The nation trembled with anxiety and wept with sympathy, and all the fullness of his old popularity was instantly restored. To their affectionate imaginations he was again the Mirabeau of the 23d of June, 1789, the dauntless Paladin of Liberty.

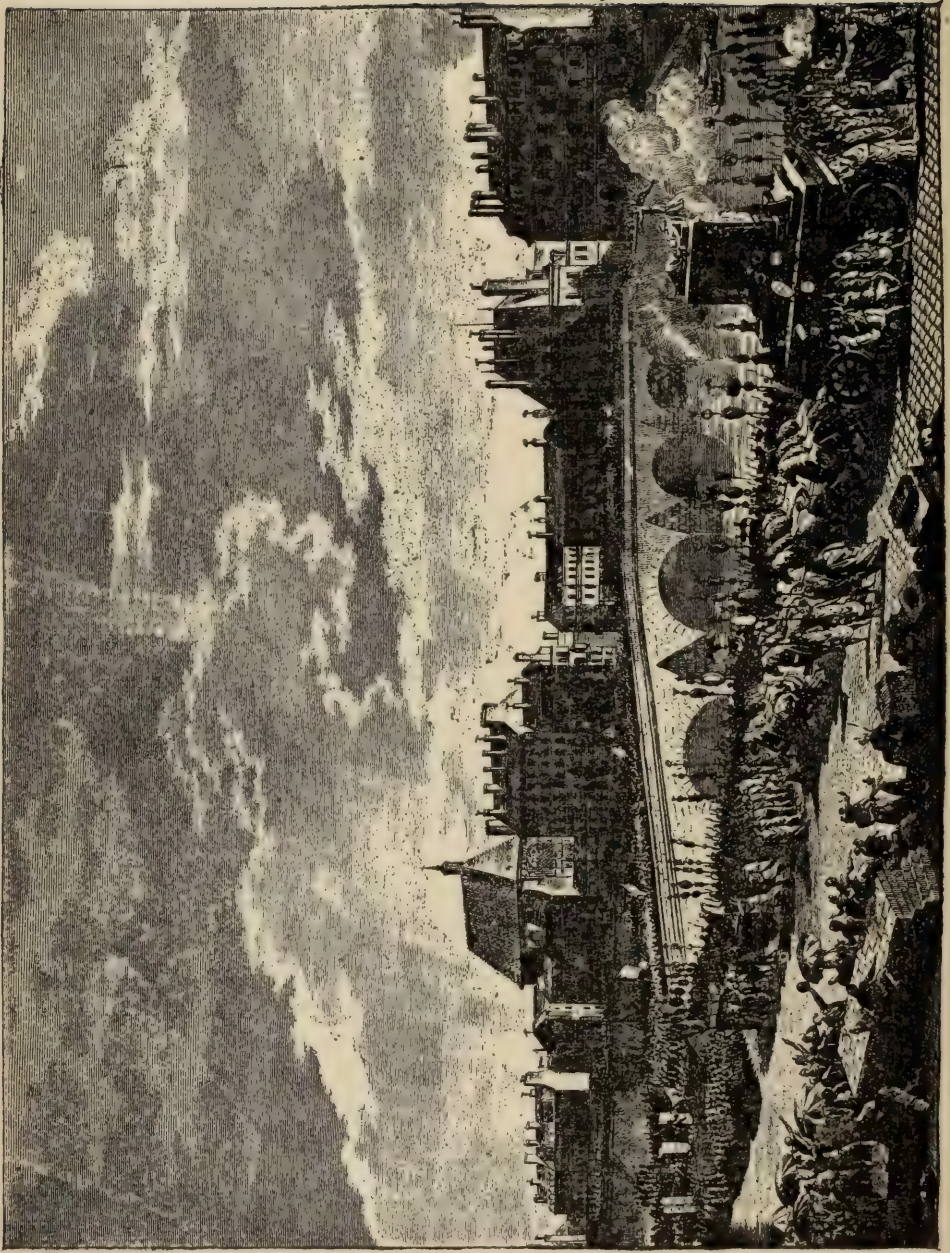
Crowds gathered in front of his residence. Daily messages were sent from the paralyzed Assembly. When it was learned that his case was hopeless, multitudes mourned, as bitterly as David mourned for Absalom. The control of this miraculous man over the French heart was something at that time unparalleled since the reign of Henry the Fourth. The hushed and awed Assembly heard the tidings of his danger with emotion ; even the Jacobin clubs were dumb in the presence of this majestic death, and had a voice in this supreme hour of a great nation's sorrow been heard in Paris against the dying statesman, its possessor would have been torn in pieces. The King and Queen sent solicitous messages. A prayerless nation looked dumbly to a heaven from which it had banished Faith and God, and bowed its head before the shadows that darkened its path, but neither necessity, nor talent, a nation's affection and sobs, nor a

monarch's prayers could stay the decrees of Jehovah, or turn back the iron hand of Death.

Medical science was baffled, for Mirabeau was worn out, and the temple in which dwelt that great soul was about to be shattered into dust. On the 26th of March, 1791, the dying Mirabeau said to his intimate and constant friend Dumont: "When I am gone they will appreciate my value. The miseries I have held back will then burst with fury from all sides upon unhappy France. I know well," he prophesied sadly, as on the 31st of March he conversed with Cabanis, his devoted physician—"I know well that great misery and confusion will follow my death. The factions will destroy the throne and the King, and will tear each other to pieces." This history in its progress will exhibit how exactly that impressive and dying prophecy was fulfilled. "Wrap me in flowers, bathe me in perfumes," said the dying and disbelieving Mirabeau. As the sun arose on the 2d of April, and its brilliant and blessed light streamed into the death-chamber, he fixed his eyes upon the sunbeams with seeming admiration and profound thought. Oh, that he had fixed his faith on that other and more eternal Sun which can rise over every clouded heart and suffering soul, "with healing in his beams!" Presently the gray shadows of death crept over his expressive countenance, and Mirabeau, turning to his physician, uttered the single word "Dormir," "sleep." His eyes closed, and with a smile on his lips he passed away to the judgment seat of Christ. It was half-past eight o'clock on the morning of the 2d of April, 1791. Cabanis, his physician, sobbed out, "His sufferings are at an end."

"A hushed, lugubrious, immense wail," says Von Laun, "resounded through France." Paris covered herself with black and bowed herself in mourning. The King heard with tears of this irreparable loss. The Jacobins in some of the provinces expressed indecent joy, but in the capital itself they were prudently silent. The whole city was covered with sable emblems of sorrow, while the bells tolled solemnly. With one impulse every rank and class seemed to unite in the most imposing and affectionate rites over his remains.

On the 4th of April, 1791, a stately procession moved through the hushed streets of the capital. A hundred thousand persons were in line. The National Assembly



FUNERAL OF MIRABEAU, APRIL, 1791.

led the way, and great officers of state and of the army were in the ranks. Amid the sad, sweet dirges of martial music, the booming of cannon, and the mourning of the vast multitude, Mirabeau was borne to his tomb. As his body was carried into the Pantheon and committed to its repose, a great muffled sob and wail went up from the hearts of that hundred thousand men.

“Dust to dust, and ashes to ashes,—
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.”

Europe, the King, the Court, the Assembly and the nation all alike fully appreciated the gravity of this event. Without the guiding and cheering light of the star of Bethlehem, no Christ to uphold him passing through the dark misty waters; without a hope of heaven or immortality to elevate or comfort his soul, the mighty Mirabeau entered into the mysteries beyond the grave, and into the silences of eternity.

The historical student speculates upon what would have been the future of the Revolution had Mirabeau lived. Would there have been a 10th of August with a destroyed throne? Would there have been a massacre of September, 1792?—an execution for the King—the Queen?—a Reign of Terror and a domination of Robespierre? But these speculations are idle. He died, and all these horrors followed. It was not in the mind of God that he should live. The world was to behold the full evolution of a revolt that banished God from its plans and which based the regeneration of society upon human reason, passions, inspirations, and weakness. The lesson is an object lesson to warn humanity and fasten believers yet more firmly on the Rock of Ages. God may be banished from the hearts of men, but his throne in the universe is eternal, omnipotent, and immovable. His laws are irresistible and “whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap,” can be the basilar text of this entire record. France, aspiring for liberty and peace, denied religion, order, and law, without which there is always anarchy, not liberty, and war, not peace.

The storm of revolution, yet partially held back by monarchical and constitutional forms, presently broke forth with renewed power and fury, and shook the Throne and the Constitution to pieces.

CHAPTER XI.

THE FLIGHT TO VARENNES.

THE story of the Revolution becomes yet more exciting and sad, as we approach the summer of 1791.

Hardly was the body of Mirabeau cold in its untimely grave before his prophecy began to be fulfilled. The "violence of faction" broke forth with renewed intensity. In Mirabeau, Louis had lost his last sensible adviser, and from the King's nature ultimate ruin was his inevitable destiny.

The advocates for the overthrow of the monarchy, hitherto a timid and obscure faction, now became more numerous and more bold. The word "republic" was often heard in the clubs and in the Jacobin debates. The Constitution, at which the Assembly was working so assiduously, seemed for a period to recede into the background, and to be remembered alone by the King, the National delegates, and the more conservative members of French society.

The project of flight, which Louis had not communicated to any one in Paris, except his wife, his sister, and Madame Campan, was now renewed. The Marquis de Bouille still commanded the whole northeast of France, with all its troops and fortresses. He was now intrusted with the secret design of the King. From the death of Mirabeau, Louis XVI. was unchangably resolved on departure from the revolutionary metropolis. He held aloof more and more from Lafayette, while the Queen's abhorrence of the constitutional general seemed hourly to increase in intensity. Early in the year the King had informed Bouille of the possible necessity of his leaving Paris, and seeking a refuge for himself and family among the faithful troops of the north. The Marquis replied, devotedly placing his sword and his command at the monarch's service. He strongly encouraged the King in his purpose to make the attempt to escape from the intolerable captivity and helplessness in which he then existed. At this moment an event occurred which confirmed the monarch's determination to escape from his environments at all hazard.

Soon after the funeral of Mirabeau, Louis, fatigued with the exhausting life of the Tuileries, planned to visit once more the palace of St. Cloud. He sent his household, his dinner was prepared, but at the last moment the National Guards mutinied as they had the year before. They ran again to the gates, and closed them. They presented their bayonets, and loudly declared that the King should not pass. They said that he was the nation's hostage for the preservation of its hard-won liberties. The King earnestly and kindly remonstrated ; asserting his fidelity to the free monarchy, and his equal love of constitutional liberty. But the Guards were neither placated nor convinced. Lafayette a second time hastened to the spot. The year before he had resigned his command after a similar outrage, and had only been induced to resume it, on the repeated and humble promise of the whole Guards that he should in future be obeyed. He now reminded the mutinous troops of this promise, but could not persuade the soldiers to allow the departure of the royal family. A vast multitude of people rushed to the Tuileries, crowded into the Carrousel, shouting and yelling, and encouraged the Guards in their rebellious actions. The King and his family were finally compelled to return within the Palace, and to forego the intended visit.

Louis wrote to the Marquis de Bouille concerning this new outrage. The King and Bouille immediately arranged the following plan to escape. The King, in disguise, with the royal family, was to go to the frontier fortress of Montmedy. The Marquis was to station his loyal German cavalry, from immediately beyond Chalons, at successive intervals between that town and Montmedy, and gradually envelop the monarch in their protecting ranks. The cavalry, to allay the possible fears of an excitable and suspicious population, were to pretend that they were about to escort a treasure of gold and silver to Stenay for the payment of the troops. This cavalry was to consist of men carefully selected and thoroughly loyal to the King and their general.

The most courageous and intelligent officers were to be their commanders. The King with his wife was to perfect the details of their disguise, assisted by reliable friends, and to minutely but secretly communicate the arrangement to Bouille.

A few days before his departure, Louis transmitted to the Marquis a million francs, in assignats, which were then

fairly valuable, from his own civil list, that Bouille might reward with liberality the regiments who were destined to take a prominent part in the King's rescue.

Bouille now carefully and thoroughly matured his plans so as to make certain and effectual the assistance that he sent to aid the monarch. All disaffected troops on various pretenses were dispersed to distant points. He concentrated near Stenay his cavalry brigade of the Royal Allemands, consisting of three thousand seasoned and disciplined troops, German by speech and birth. A park of sixteen pieces of artillery was moved to Montmedy. Squadrons of hussars were stationed, ready to advance on Chalons and Varennes upon a signal from the general, and were held carefully in hand. The command of these hussars was given to a dashing and loyal young officer, Count Charles de Damas. He was ordered to station his force in relays from Chalons to Varennes, and to expect Louis XVI. at Chalons.

On the 27th of May, 1791, the King wrote to the Marquis that he would leave Paris on the midnight of the 19th of June; that he would be driven in ordinary hackney coaches to Bondy; that one of his Body-guard would ride before as a courier, and that at Bondy, taking his own vehicles, he would press on as rapidly as possible.

On the 15th of June, however, the King from necessity wrote again. He announced to the anxious Bouille that he was compelled to postpone his journey for twenty-four hours, because a female servant, whom he believed to be a spy upon his actions, waited on the Queen on the 19th, and would not be relieved until the morning of the 20th of June. This most unfortunate delay threw Bouille into the most terrible perplexity, and ultimately was the cause of the disastrous failure of the enterprise. He had matured his plans and arranged their details on the basis of the King's departure on the 19th of June. The monarch was blameless, and Bouille could only so modify his plans with the utmost expedition as to so far as possible arrange for escorting the King upon the 21st.

Through the ingenuity of Madame de Tourzel it was arranged that she should assume the name of the Baroness de Korf, a rich Frankfort Jewess. As wealthy persons from Frankfort of that nationality were known to travel in great state and with independent ways, it was hoped that this

would account for whatever might seem bizarre and unusual in the carriage and methods of the King. The Queen was to take the character of the governess of the Baroness; the Princess Elizabeth was to be Rosalie, a female servant; the King was to assume the garb and position of valet; the Dauphin and his sister were to be children of the pretended Baroness, and her three domestics to ride behind on her carriage were three of the most valiant and devoted gentlemen of the monarch's former Body-guard. A passport was readily obtained, and is yet preserved in the archives of Paris. It read: "*De par le roi. Permet Madame the Baroness de Korf, to return to Frankfort with her two children, her female servant, her valet, and three domestics; Signed by the Minister of State for Foreign Affairs, Montmorin.*"

At this time Lafayette, as a conscientious officer, was watching and guarding Louis with a vigilant activity. Obscure rumors began to circulate in the clubs of Paris, that the King intended to escape, and the people grew more restless and threatening each day. But nothing in the conduct or acts of the royal family, so carefully did they guard themselves, revealed any purpose of flight. The monarch, with renewed affability, calmly received Lafayette, transacted cheerfully the official routine of his duties, and seemed in no way to change the daily order of his life.

The rumors of flight, as they were traced, faded into the air, but they led to new invectives against the King. "We cannot rely on Louis," said Camille Desmoulins. "Kings, having tasted the blood of nations, will not easily cease. We know that the horses of Diomedes, having once tasted of human flesh, would eat nothing else." At the same time Catharine the Second, the haughty Imperial Autocrat of Russia, wrote to the captive Marie Antoinette: "Kings must pursue their course without caring for the outcries of the people, as the moon rides through the heavens unimpeded by the barking of the dogs." This had been the method of Louis XIV. and Louis XV., but those days of crushing despotism had borne their fruit, and good Louis XVI. was to endure their penalties.

The King had no friends in whom he dared to confide, save his brother the Count de Provence,—who was preparing to fly with him,—and a few devoted females. In this extremity he remembered the Count de Fersen and his devotion and

fidelity. Unaffected by the rumors which had associated this Swedish nobleman with alleged amours with Marie Antoinette, and implicitly believing in the innocence of his Queen and of the Count, he wrote him a pathetic letter, detailed his trials, and summoned him to his assistance. The Count hastened with rapidity from Stockholm, and soon paid his respects to the adored Queen and her husband. He entered with ardor into their plans, and employed all the resources of his skillful and fertile mind to assist the royal family. The Count, however, found his worst impediment, as did the Marquis de Bouille, in the King himself. Louis, while amiable and vacillating, was in some things extremely obstinate. His lack of judgment and his simplicity of character were at times remarkable. It was for the vital interest of himself and all he held dear, that he should make his proposed journey with as little divergence from the methods of ordinary travel as possible. But the infatuated monarch risked all upon a conviction in his own mind that he and his family and guards must travel together in one immense carriage. He ordered a large berlin, an old-fashioned and cumbrous vehicle, such as was rarely used at that time from its great size and unwieldiness. Despite the arguments and remonstrances of the Count de Fersen, who warned him of the risk and danger that he would incur by this unusual mode of travel, the King persisted in his purpose. The berlin was rapidly constructed, and was ready at the desired time.

The Marquis de Bouille had earnestly recommended to Louis that he should make his journey to Montmedy by the quickest and shortest route through Rheims. But the King had been crowned at Rheims in 1774 ; he feared that he would be recognized and discovered, and he resolved to take the route by Varennes, which was but little used, and destitute of posting facilities, such as the relays of horses demanded for his carriages made necessary. It was a fatal determination.

Meantime in the Tuileries, and in secret, the Queen busily prepared for the journey. Madame Campan, her lady in waiting, in her interesting memoirs gives the details of these preparations. The natural pride of the Queen's imperial Austrian blood, led her to resolve not to go away like a pauper. She expected to ultimately reach Brussels, and the court of her sister Christina, the Regent of the

Austrian Netherlands. Madame Campan was sent on many journeys into the shops of Paris. The royal wardrobe was rapidly completed. The astute lady in waiting ordered clothes for the Queen's daughter from the measure of her own child, and for the Dauphin, by employing in the same way her son. Trunks were packed, well-filled, and sent to faithful servants of the Queen's at Arras, there to await her orders. But the Queen was infatuated. She purchased in a blinded way dressing-cases with ivory and other unnecessary appurtenances. She, like her husband, had no adequate idea of the necessities of a "tooth-brush and collar alone," such as General Grant possessed in his Vicksburg Campaign; and rapidity is as essential in flight as in war. Accustomed to inconceivable elegance and splendor, as yet not seriously interfered with by the Revolution, in her toilet and personal arrangements, the Queen, like Xerxes of old, if she escaped desired to carry her palace with her.

The historian writing for the people must reach the people's imagination. Suppose now the female reader of this book to be born an archduchess, accustomed from childhood to the fairy life of Vienna, in imperial girlhood treated with every respect, and possessed of every comfort and every grandeur. Suppose that reader the "Bride of France," and surrounded by an adulation, magnificence, and enthusiasm that yet makes the eye sparkle as the historian peruses its record. Then for years suppose her a Dauphiness and a Queen in the world's most gorgeous palace, and a ruler by wit and royal rank. Suppose her surrounded by terraces, esplanades, forests full of game, magnificent halls, and boudoirs, with the loveliest ladies and the most magnificent men her gladly obedient slaves. Finally let this reader imagine a bloody Revolution marring her life and bereaving her of most of these splendors, and yet, leaving a royal position,—despite abuse—full of innumerable and indescribable female necessities and elegances in a royal palace, and then—to suddenly forsake all, and take nothing and flee as from death! The Queen could not endure it, and hence, through all her sense of the importance of every moment, this is the key to what we call her "follies."

The Queen's diamonds and jewelry were carefully packed. They were the ransom of a province in value. The diamonds were discovered by the female spy whom Louis dreaded, and might have led to serious results, but fortunately the danger passed.

The 20th of June, 1791, that eventful day, at length dawned. In the spring of the year, driven to despair, and like Baron Trenck armed with the resources of despair, the King had craftily caused some secret passages in the Tuileries to be made by faithful servants who did not betray him. This was the only way that he could hope to escape.

All those momentous seventeen long weary hours of that June day, the King and Queen were compelled to keep up the appearance of perfect nonchalance, but were all the while in mortal agony and fear.

The Count de Fersen with great skill had perfectly made his part of the arrangements. Night came. The Queen, so lovely and fascinating in person, and so pure and maternal in heart, awaited in dread.

Lafayette had that day been more than usually watchful. That night he had stationed additional sentinels at all the known entrances of the Palace. A vague suspicion filled his mind and those of the people of the city, and many patriots were restless and uneasy. The King received the General and his usual escort with calmness. He conversed with him with a suavity that soothed and charmed Lafayette. The Queen for a moment lent her fascination in a few friendly words. The patriot, though enthralled by the royal Circe, did not relax his vigilance. He doubled the guards of the main entrance and on the Carrousel in a blind effort against any possible misfortune. Proposing to return and examine the guards at a late hour, and when the public audiences had ceased, the General for the present departed.

And now the King and Queen hurried to their private rooms, and but a moment was employed by them in effecting their hurried disguise. Each one was attired in the garments suitable to the parts they were to assume. The sleepy little Prince, when he was aroused, rubbed his eyes, and said as he was clothed in female attire, "Is this a play?"

One by one the fugitives stole out of the secret door; the King leading his son, and the Queen leaning upon the arm of a devoted Body-guard, and holding her daughter by the hand. The public way was safely reached. The occasional loungers did not recognize this trembling royalty. Under the beautiful light of the June stars the King and his son and sister approached the open

streets and reached the waiting carriages. As the still lovely Queen with her trembling child crossed the Carrousel she met Lafayette. The General was proceeding to the Tuileries in a carriage, "blazing with light," in order that he might satisfy himself that all his orders for the safety of the royal family were observed. The Queen smiled upon Lafayette a smile of hate, fear, and joy, hate against him, fear of him, and joy at her escape. The General, absorbed in contemplations of his duties and of possible danger, passed without recognizing her. In her fear the Queen had ran across the gardens of the Palace and sped into a strange street. For several moments she and her escort wandered in terror among the darkly shaded and terrible streets of revolutionary Paris. But fortune assisted her. She timidly inquired the way of a stranger and soon, panting and in tears, she reached the carriages. The delay was most unfortunate. The King, Madame Elizabeth, and her son had been anxiously awaiting the Queen's appearance. The Count de Fersen, disguised as a coachman, kissed her hand and leaped upon the box. The carriages were entered and at last away the captives went to hoped for liberty and power and happiness. Fast flashed the whip of De Fersen. The horses smoked under his lash. He passed by a round-about way the streets of Paris, and reached the Barriers. The guard at the gate read and recognized the passport, and on and on to freedom the fugitives sped with the swiftness of devotion and love fleeing captivity and death.

At Bondy the berlin and a carriage were drawn up, and there Madame de Tourzel met them. De Fersen earnestly besought the King that he might accompany him on his journey. Had he done so it is asserted the royal family would have escaped. The King kindly refused. De Fersen raised the Queen's hand and kissed it, saluted respectfully the monarch, and departed. He escaped easily to Brussels. He was received with distinction by the sister of the Queen, the Regent Christina, and did not again appear connected with French history until Bonaparte at Balse, on his return from his great Italian Campaign, decidedly and contemptuously refused to receive him as a foreign envoy. De Fersen's death was by suicide in Sweden in 1810, while Napoleon was in the dazzling culmination of his immense imperial power.

Bouille had besought the King to allow M. d'Agoult to accompany him, and aid him by his advice, but Madame de Tourzel would not give way, and the monarch was most unfortunately compelled to leave D'Agoult behind. He was a most astute man, and had he been present, might have saved Louis. And now in the berlin, the helpless and infatuated royal family sped on. The day dawned. Merrily and joyfully to their welcome eyes rose the sun. The escaped captives drank in with delight the perfume of the leaves, and saw the flowers sparkling with dew, and the green grass flashing like diamonds. They rejoiced in the lowing of the herds, the delight of the woodlands and pastures, the wide, wind-swept fields, the birds chanting in the air, the streams, the light, the gentle music of Nature. For a year they had seen the Revolution amid marble and stone ; they had gazed upon crowded gardens in the midst of abuse, outrage, noise, and frenzy. Now they saw, with ecstasy, nature, and nature's calm, holy, and beneficent landscapes. Their hearts beat exultingly. Every moment they were farther away from danger and death, and nearer to friends. For the bayonets of the Tuileries they had the vast landscapes of barley and clover, grass and wheat, of vineyards and orchards, under the white clouds and the warm June sun, which was to them as a benediction from God.

The King and his family, as the day wore on thus rapidly and prosperously, were full of confidence.

The relays provided by the Count de Bouille were furnished promptly. The roads were lonely. There was no direct suspicion or vigilance in the towns which they entered and passed, though sometimes a vague uneasiness was manifested. Telegraphs, telephones, and railroads remained to bless or curse the next century, and no tidings of his escape yet followed the King. With these exultant emotions the royal berlin and attendant carriages rolled into Chalons. This was the only large town through which they were obliged to pass.

It was half-past three in the afternoon of June 21. The courier provided had preceded them only an hour, and had passed on again before. A few idlers were standing in uneasy groups. The King expected here to meet the first detachment of hussars from Bouille, and was disappointed and anxious when he could not perceive them. He put his

head out of the carriage window. The postmaster of the village, a loyal man, instantly recognized him, but was faithful to his secret and eagerly assisted in harnessing the horses. There was no excitement, and the berlin rolled along the country road and on toward Ste. Menehould. The royal family clasped each other's hands in rapture, and cried: "We are saved." They were now within reach of the first cavalry of Bouille, if there had been no delay.

M. de Goguelas, punctual to commands, had entered Chalons, and had there anxiously awaited the appearance of the King.

But new fatalities occurred which constantly increased until the monarch was captured. The country was doubtful and suspicious, as for several weeks obscure rumors had spread into those remote sections of an intended escape of the King.

The movement of the cavalry along the road to Chalons was remarkable, and caused widespread, whispered comments among gatherings of excited peasants. The Mayor of Chalons had heard of the confusion and sent to know its cause. M. de Choiseul and Goguelas, who were both at the head of the hussars, saw the disorder, witnessed the agitation of the people, and gave out, as had been agreed, that they were expecting a treasure from Paris.

But when after a long delay the King did not appear, and some person declared that the mail had passed through, and with an unusual load, M. de Goguelas, afraid of detention, said finally: "Then it may be there is no need for us here." He mounted his horse and departed with his cavalry. Almost immediately after, the tardy berlin of the King came lumbering into the town.

Quiet had been restored by the departure of the hussars. The King, alarmed and confounded at being again disappointed, pressed on to Ste. Menehould. But the escort of dragoons which was destined to meet the monarch in that place was stopped by the suspicious authorities, and its captain compelled to go to the Hôtel de Ville to explain the cause of their presence.

The carriage of the King entered Ste. Menehould, and still again he was disappointed. As the relays were being changed, in great anxiety and perplexity he looked imprudently and inquiringly out of his carriage window. It was a fatal act. He was instantly recognized by Drouet, an ardent

Republican and son of the postmaster of the place. Drouet took from his pocket a new assignat, upon which a very truthful likeness of the King was engraved, compared the face upon that with that of the man before him, and his suspicions that the King was present were immediately confirmed.

The relays, however, were furnished, and without interruption the berlin proceeded toward the next station of St. Clermont. As it departed, Drouet reported his suspicions to the officials of Ste. Meneshould. It was now seven o'clock in the evening of a long summer day. At this moment the first messenger from the National Assembly reached the village.

It was at once resolved to act. Drouet set off on horseback to raise the Jacobins of Varennes and stop the King.

M. de Damas with a third detachment of dragoons had reached St. Clermont, the station beyond Ste. Meneshould, at five o'clock the evening before.

He was ordered to remain there during the following day and until the royal carriage passed through the town, and to then follow in its rear, protecting it. He waited through the day. But when night came and still no carriages appeared, he ordered his dragoons to their quarters. It was nine o'clock at night. The royal vehicle at this moment entered the village and stopped for new relays of horses. M. de Damas, who was anxiously watching, beheld them, and coming furtively up to the berlin held a brief whispered conversation with the King. The berlin again started, and Damas immediately sent his subaltern officers to rouse his soldiers. But, now, excited by the long presence of the cavalry, the passing berlin, and the gathering of the dragoons, as soon as it left the place the town was in commotion. An uproar immediately followed. Damas sounded to horse. The municipality beat their drums to gather the National Guards and appealed to the dragoons. The cavalry sided with the officials and refused to advance. Damas with great difficulty escaped alone from the village, and rode on toward Varennes.

The royal carriage had just left St. Clermont when Drouet on his way to alarm Varennes reached that village. As, on a fresh horse, he sped away on the road to Varennes, a dragoon faithful to the King saw him and suspected correctly his purpose. Leaping on his steed before he could

be prevented the loyal dragoon dashed after Drouet, resolved either to capture or slay him. But the wily Jacobin turning observed his pursuer, divined his object, and leaving the high road, struck into the byways of a country with which he was entirely familiar, and reached Varennes in safety.

The baffled dragoon returned dejected to his companions in St. Clermont. The King was just entering Varennes, when Drouet also reached it. The latter lost no time. He immediately visited the municipality and informed them of his fears and suspicions. It was agreed between them that the carriages should be quietly stopped at the bridge.

Varennes was a post town situated on the little river Aire. It was divided by that stream into two sections, an upper and a lower town. In June, 1791, an archway leading from the lower town to the bridge spanned the river, and was the only means of access to the upper village.

Drouet and several of the municipality armed themselves, and having overturned a wagon in front of the entrance to the bridge, on the side of the upper town, they secreted themselves in the shadow of the arch, and grimly and silently awaited their prey. At this very moment there was a company of dragoons in the upper town under the command of a nephew of Bouille. This young man had waited long. He had finally become convinced in his foolish mind that the King would not appear *that* night, if he came at all, and so young Bouille had dismissed his soldiers to their quarters, and retiring to bed had coolly gone to sleep. Had he been at his post of duty; had he held his cavalry in readiness; had he watched carefully for the advent of his sovereign, and the moment the King and his family entered the village, had he sounded to horse and rallied his force around Louis,—the King might have been rescued from his captors before any considerable body of patriots had assembled, and probably have escaped. The sleep of young Bouille turned the current of European history.

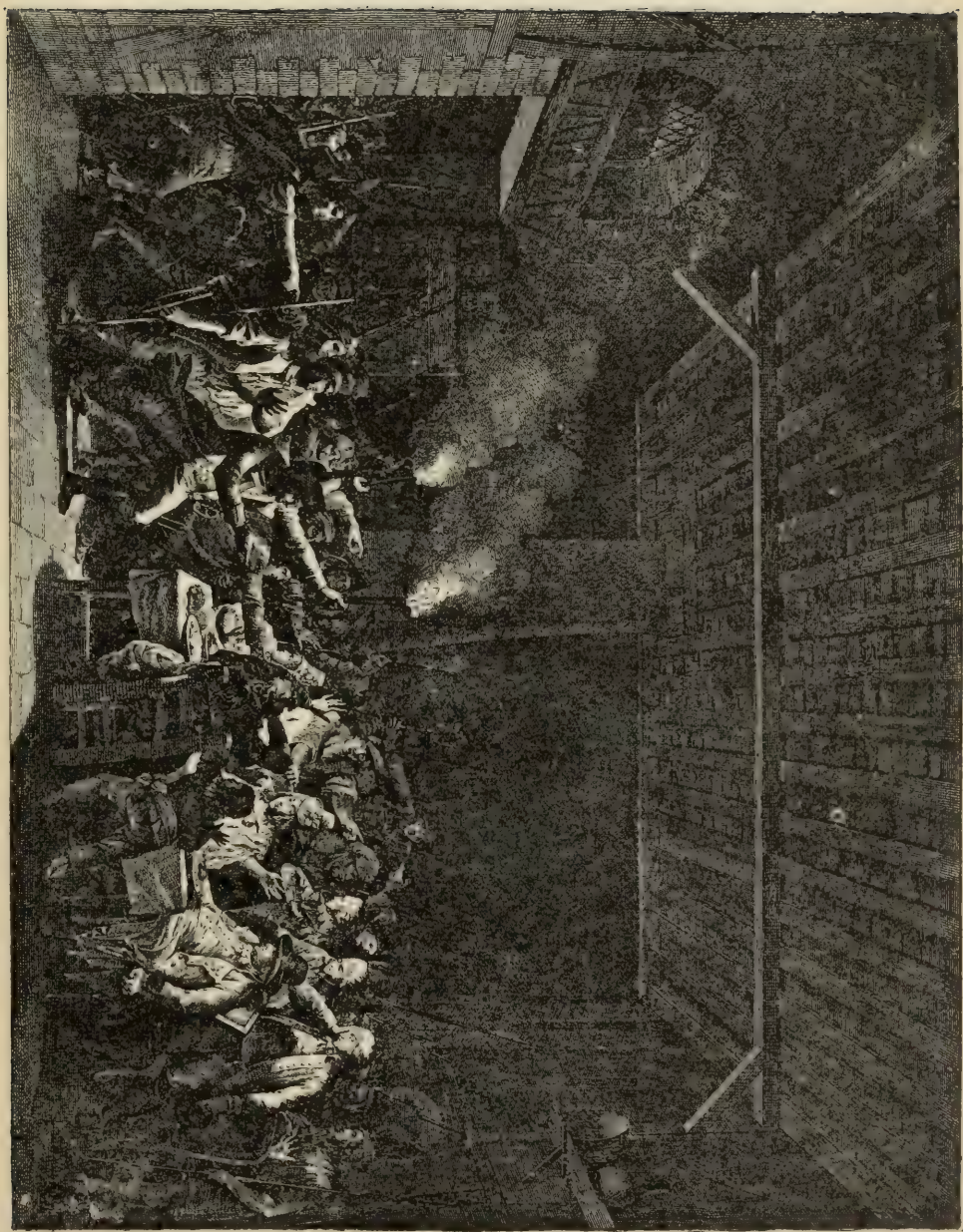
CHAPTER XII.

THE CAPTURE OF THE ROYAL FAMILY AND RETURN TO PARIS.

HAPPILY unconscious of these sinister preparations and fatal mistakes, and yet confident of success despite his chagrin and disappointment at the delay of the rescuing cavalry, and unacquainted with the tumult at St. Clermont, Louis and his family entered Varennes. They were fully expectant that here they would at last find friends and soldiers. The berlin rolled into the lower town and stopped. It was half-past eleven o'clock at night. They were now several hours late. All was silent in the houses and darkened streets of the lower town. The King expected the usual relay of horses to be ready, but to his surprise there were none. His courier had passed on. The King descended from the berlin followed by one of the garde du corps, and knocked at several doors. There was no response. In great anxiety the monarch again entered his carriage, and it rolled aimlessly along toward the upper town. By some mistake, the expected relay had been transferred to an inn on the upper side of the River Aire, and the King had not been informed of the change.

As they approached the dark arch the horses started and reared, frightened by the impediment which Drouet had placed in the way. In a moment Drouet and his companions rushed forth and seized them by their heads. They ordered the King to alight and demanded of him who he was. Louis replied that he was the valet of the Baroness de Korff on her journey with her children to Frankfort. "Possibly," Drouet replied, "but you must accompany us to the Mayor."

At the first cry and gleam of muskets the disguised gardes du corps had leaped to their feet, seized their concealed weapons, and prepared to defend the King with their lives. But Louis forbade bloodshed. The royal family alighted. As they crossed the street to the inn, suddenly they observed a number of dragoons. They were



CAPTURE OF LOUIS XVI. AT VARENNES, JUNE 21, 1791.

the troops whom M. de Choiseul had led by an outer road from Chalons to Varennes. The troops of young Bouille had been drinking in their quarters and were already unfit for duty. At this moment also M. de Goguelas appeared.

Meantime in the dark night, Drouet had rushed to the neighboring, belfry and sounded the tocsin. The awakened people rapidly gathered in a wonder which soon became rage. Young Bouille, also awakened, rushed for the hostelry, saw his error when too late, mounted a horse and hurried off to the Marquis. Excited emissaries aroused the National Guards of the surrounding villages, and they came rapidly and confusedly thronging into Varennes. All was tumult, excitement, and confusion. The streets of the village were barricaded, and M. de Goguelas could only with extreme difficulty reach the captive King.

Meantime the royal family had entered the inn. A wondering throng followed, and longer disguise became useless. When one of the judges insisted that it was the monarch who was present, "Well, then," cried Marie Antoinette indignantly, "if he is the King, treat him with the respect which he deserves." Varied emotions at once entered the hearts of these humble villagers. Some were filled with pity, but the majority were firm in their determination to hold the royal family. The King made a speech, explaining his flight and revealing his danger, which had a powerful effect upon his audience. The Mayor, Sausse, was friendly to Louis, but Drouet stormed, raged, swore, and declared that the Assembly would destroy all those who permitted the King's departure.

The sounding of the tocsin, the beating of the drums, the cries of the gathering people filled the night with terror. National Guards were thronging in, while portions of Bouille's cavalry appeared in the lower town. M. de Goguelas and other officers, remonstrating and pressing their way through the crowd, finally reached the King.

"When shall we depart?" said Louis eagerly.

"When your Majesty pleases, but we must cut our way out."

"Will it be hot work?" cried the King.

"Very hot, Sire," replied de Goguelas.

M. de Damas now appeared before Louis. "Let us charge!" he cried vehemently. "To horse, to horse!"

The National Guards had placed a battery of cannon

sweeping the street at its upper and lower extremities. M. de Damas rushed out to the hussars. "Hussars," he cried, "are you for the King or nation?" Tired and disgusted with their long ride and daunted by the scene, the Hussars replied, "For the nation," and began to shout as they sheathed their swords, "Vive le Roi, Vive la nation, Vive Lauzun!" the name of their regiment.

The scene now became perilous and terrible. A squadron of the cavalry of Bouille, under his son, was in the lower town, but could not force the bridge, while there was no available ford. They began sadly to retire, in order to seek a new road.

The Queen, with her children by her side, pleaded with the wife of Sausse, the Mayor, in the most pathetic and affecting language, for permission to depart. "You are a mother, Madame," she said, piteously, "and a wife."

"Madame," responded the wife of the Mayor, "it is impossible. You are thinking of your husband, and I am thinking of mine."

Marie Antoinette was compelled to retire to an upper chamber. Her children, worn and sleepy, were placed on a trundle-bed. The Queen passed a fearful night of grief, rage, despair, terror, and her mental conflict was so dreadful, the thought of returning to the horrors of Paris so unendurable, that in the morning her hair, which had been the night before of an auburn hue, was found turned as white as snow. No fact could more pathetically reveal the sufferings of this beautiful mother and devoted wife.

At six o'clock on the morning of June 22, the commissioners with the decree of the Assembly stopping the King, and ordering him to return to Paris, arrived at Varennes. The members of the Assembly had learned of the departure of the King eight hours after he had escaped. With great dignity they had passed a decree in which they employed the fiction that Louis had been abducted. They sent commissioners to rescue and protect the "captive" on the road back to his "beloved capital." That was sarcasm indeed.

Crowds assembled in Paris. Excited multitudes roamed the streets proclaiming Lafayette a traitor because he had not properly guarded the King. Obscene sketches were handed around among laughing multitudes, portraying the Royal Family as noxious animals. The clubs resounded with invectives, and the National Guards murmured, astoun-

ded. For a moment Lafayette was doubted even by his troops. But Lafayette was innocent. He had placed all his guards in the most vigilant manner, but could not know of the secret passages by which the King escaped. The General at once sent an aide-de-camp in pursuit, and so active and earnest were his efforts for the monarch's capture, that even the most rabid Jacobins soon acquitted him of collusion with Louis XVI.

"General," said Camille Desmoulins to Lafayette, "I have abused you much in my paper; now tell me, are you innocent of the King's escape?"

"As innocent as yourself," replied Lafayette, calmly. The impulsive Camille believed. He embraced Lafayette, and in the club of the Cordeliers maintained the innocence of the General.

The orators of the Jacobins were rude and profane. "Citizens," said one, "if Louis returns to Paris, I move that he be taken by the neck and kicked mile by mile over the frontier." The vindictive and godless assemblage received the low advice with shrieks of laughter and shouts of applause.

The paper published by Freron had an immense sale. In one copy he wrote, "He is gone, this imbecile King, this perjured monarch. She is gone, this wretched Queen, who to the lasciviousness of Messalina unites the insatiable thirst of blood which devoured Medea. Execrable woman! Evil genius of France! thou wast the leader, the soul of this conspiracy." The people repeated these words, and their hatred for the unfortunate Marié Antoinette became yet more terrible. "Louis XVI." howled Marat in the Jacobins, "will come back to steep his hands in our blood."

Let us return to Varennes. At six o'clock the sun is high in the heavens, this 22d of June, and burning the dew from off the grass, leaves, and flowers. The day dawns hot and the roads are dusty. The arriving battalions of National Guards from Ste. Menehould, St. Clermont, and the adjacent towns, as they tramp into Varennes are covered with sweat and dust, and livid with excitement.

Bouille also has been roused at Dun. He has spurred to Stenay, and he has called out his great regiment of Royal Allemands. Three thousand sabres have waved in the dawn of four o'clock in the morning, and stentorian voices have cried, "Hoch der Koenig! Hoch Bouille!" He has

set out in desperate haste over a rough hilly country. He rides furiously in clouds of dust with three thousand Royal Allemands clanging behind him. He urges every dragoon to increased speed by liberal promises of money and wine. He is as a man distraught. He devours the miles, up hill and down. The vast squadrons rattling and clattering and thundering after him, their blue and red uniforms white again with dust, form a martial and stirring spectacle. To reach the King ; to save the King ; to reach him before he sets out on his return ; to slay all who oppose, to tear by force Louis and his precious family from "the vile banditti,"—for so, in his heart, Bouille esteems all patriot guardsmen—this is his full purpose. On, on, in the June heat ; on, on, in the dust ; glory forever and to all if the King is rescued ! The Allemands spur and cry and enter into the race, loyal to the core.

But when those panting warriors reach the heights overlooking Varennes, it is too late. At eight o'clock the King is gone, gone the Royal Family miles away, and only seen by the distant dust on the horizon. Bouille tries a ford—in vain ; tries to cross bridges—in vain. They are barricaded by desperate men, and even delay is ruin, and there will be delay. In despair and shedding tears of rage, Bouille finally reluctantly turns and rides back to Stenay. His Allemands are yet faithful, but leaving them to the mercy of the Assembly the baffled Bouille flies into the Austrian Netherlands and to Brussels, where by the Regent Christina he is received with open arms.

In the upper room of the inn at Varennes, at six o'clock of that eventful June morning, the Commissioners of the Assembly, Bayon and Romeuf, appeared. Bayon entered by himself the back chamber, in which he found the King. Bayon was of sombre complexion, his hair and dress were in disorder, his features agitated, and his voice broken and panting. "Sire—you know—perhaps at Paris they are cutting one another's throats—our wives, our children, Sire—you will not proceed—Sire, the interests of the State—yes, Sire, our wives—our children"—these were his broken ejaculations.

The Queen, who had entered, seized his hand. "Am I," she said, "not a mother also ?"

"What is it you require ?" said the King, with dignity.

"Sire," faltered Bayon, "a decree of the Assembly."

"Where is it?" commanded the King. He half opened the door as he spoke, and the monarch saw the Commissioner Romeuf leaning against the window, his face streaming with tears. The King snatched the paper from Bayon, read it with a quick perusal, and cried: "There is no longer a King in France." The Queen, indignant at what she esteemed the gross usurpation by the Assembly, spurned it from her as a vile thing, and said: "I will not have it touch and sully my children."

The little Dauphin had now awakened. In his female dress he looked exquisitely beautiful. His sister said in a low voice to him as he raised his lovely, sleepy blue eyes: "You see, Charles, this is not a comedy." The precocious child replied: "I have perceived that long since."

Bayon had recovered from his emotion, and now loudly ordered the municipal officers to urge the King's instant departure. He was strenuously seconded by Drouet. The clamor outside increased, intermingled with threats and menaces. The desperate people feared the rapidly approaching cavalry of Bouille, and shouted hoarsely for immediate departure. All felt that rescue might come at any moment. "We'll drag the King, if needs be, to his carriage," were words now heard in the frenzy and rage of the people. All the efforts of the King to obtain delay and appease the mob were in vain, and all the Queen's pretenses of a female attendant being taken dangerously ill were useless.

Finally, in despair, and overcome by the unreasoning fury of the people, Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette, believing their children and Madame Elizabeth endangered, reluctantly submitted. The King, deeply agitated, carried his son to the carriage. The Queen, pale and dejected, followed. The attendants entered, the body-guard without arms were restored as prisoners to the coupé, and the King set out on his fearful journey to Paris. It was half-past seven in the morning. Could he have secured two hours, Bouille and the Royal Allamands would have freed him. Napoleon said of an event: "Such is the importance of time in war." Of this whole journey, until the King turned his face toward Paris, it could be said: "A lack of punctuality was fatality."

We shall not undertake to describe minutely that long, sad journey. It occupied four days from the slow march

in the heat and dust of the successive relays of National Guards gathered from the adjacent districts on the route. Rage and fury were uppermost until the King reached Ste. Menehould. One loyal friend—the aged Dampierre—dared to show his respect for the King, and was at once ruthlessly slain. At Ste. Menehould a new escort took the safety of Louis under their charge, and a new people lined the route. The frenzied guards of Varennes and St. Clermont, and the partakers in the fury of the King's capture, returned to their homes. The new guards were more moderate acting men, though equally rabid Jacobins. The crowd which lined the road became more respectful and calm, and at intervals exhibited even pity and love. But as the carriage approached Paris violence again became manifested.

There are points in a cyclone when all is calm. So it was for a moment in the King's journey, in the interval between the violence of Varennes and the period when he approached the revolutionary hatred and revenge of Paris. There the fury re-commenced.

The National Assembly had sent three of its members, Petion, Barnave, and Latour-Marborough, to escort the King. They met the sad procession between Epernay and Dormans. They entered the royal berlin. Petion was rude and insolent. Barnave was a violent Jacobin and a republican, whose special detestation was the Queen, but he was a man of sensitive honor, kind heart, and gentlemanly manner. Latour was a Lepidus, that is, a nonentity in this triumvirate of the Assembly's messengers. The rude Petion ate oranges and threw the peelings out of the windows of the royal berlin, seemingly regardless whether they struck the King or Queen in the face or not. He took the Dauphin's hair in his hands, and in his excitement pulled the beautiful curls of the Prince until he cried out in pain. The Queen snatched him from Petion, saying severely: "Sir, my son is used to delicate treatment and not to such rudeness." Finally, as the berlin was crowded and the day extremely hot, Petion and Latour left that vehicle and took seats in the other carriages.

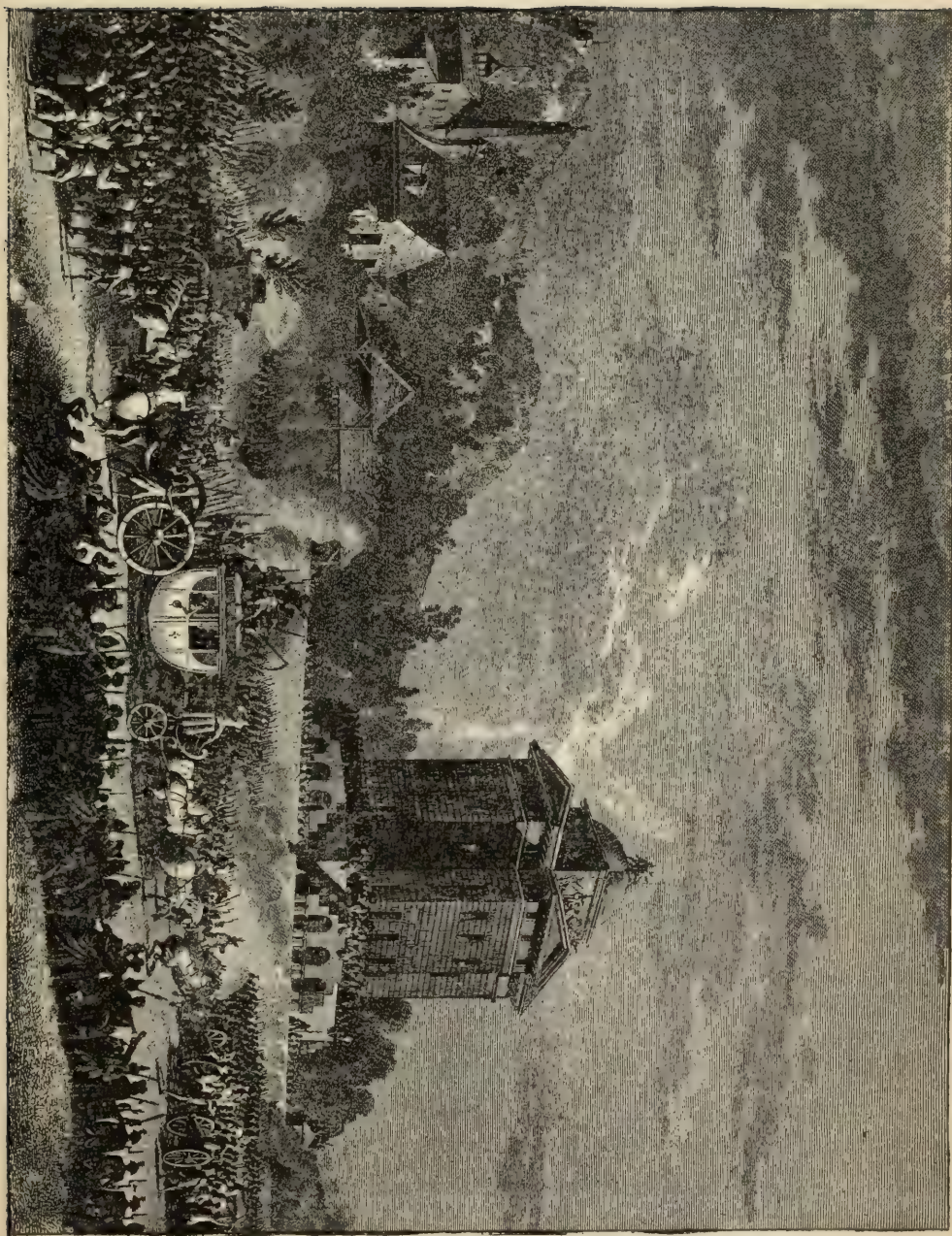
Barnave was now alone with the royal family. His face was beautiful and sad, his voice low, his manner deferential and sympathetic. He took the Dauphin on his knee, addressed him in gentle words, caressed him with great tenderness, and spoke to the grateful mother of his beauty

with the respect of an old courtier at Versailles. Amid the noise, and crowd, and dust, and cries outside of the carriages, the Queen and King commenced a conversation with this gentle tiger. They were acquainted with his rabid hatred and violence, but they saw, to their astonishment, in the fierce Barnave a refined, tender gentleman and a man of culture and noble heart. The King explained his ideas, plans and purposes, his sufferings and trials, and both convinced the reason and captivated the heart of Barnave. The Queen addressed him with respect and candor, spoke of the calumnies heaped upon her, the scandals democratic license had circulated, her sufferings as a pure woman, her fear of anarchy, and her loyalty to France and its interests. The Princess Elizabeth added a few words, low and sweet, from angelic lips. Barnave was enthralled. He heard, he believed; all his Jacobinism and fury and prejudice and hate were totally dissolved as the ice by the sun. He entered that carriage a gentlemanly Jacobin. He left it as a devoted Royalist, infatuatedly consecrated to, first, the Queen, then Madame Elizabeth, and finally the King. It was one of the most sudden and remarkable political transformations in history. This whole romantic conversation took place in a carriage amid dust, heat, and the loud execrations and constant curious gaze of infuriated thousands. It was a drama of the Revolution. The Queen, King, and Madame Elizabeth saw how the republican heart of a true and noble man was captured when the citadels of his mind were illuminated by truth. The Dauphin clung to him tenderly.

On June 25, as the carriage amid revolutionary cries approached Paris, a man stepped forth and saluted the King. He was seized by the mob. He would have been torn to pieces. Barnave, indignant, pushed his head so far out of the carriage in which he sat with the royal family that he was in danger of falling. The sedate and modest Madame Elizabeth hurriedly seized him by his coat, clung to it with energy, and prevented the catastrophe. "Frenchmen," cried Barnave, indignantly, "will a race of heroes and noble people become a nation of tigers?" These words saved the victim, and the procession moved on.

At the last stage of the journey to Paris, Petion and Latour-Marborough had returned to the berlin. Nine persons were now in the royal carriage, and the day was dry, dusty, and excessively warm. The sun blazed like fire in

RETURN OF LOUIS XVI. FROM VARENNES, JUNE 25, 1791.



the heavens, and the sweet little Dauphin and his delicate sister drooped like flowers in a sirocco. There was a crowd of a hundred thousand men shrieking invectives and abuse—there were bayonets, cannons, a burning sky of awful clearness above, and trees, fields, streets covered with dust, but no shadow.

The royal family greeted the evening of the 25th, despite its torture, with joy. As they entered Paris in the midst of an immense multitude, there could be observed on the walls of the city numerous placards bearing the inscription: "Whoever applauds the King shall be beaten. Whoever insults him shall be hanged." The National Guard, in full force and in profound silence, lined the streets, their arms being reversed as at a funeral. The mournful and afflicted royal family, amid clouds of dust, were driven slowly along between its sombre ranks. The way was through the Avenue des Champs and past the gardens of the Elysée, where three hundred thousand spectators stood in silence.

It was twilight, and the first bright star twinkled out to light in the blue above. The Queen and all within the berlin were in a state of suffocation. The little Dauphin's face streamed with perspiration. Marie Antoinette trembled for the life of her child. She let down a window and appealed to the National Guards who lined the road: "See, gentlemen," she cried pathetically, "in what a state are my poor children; they are almost choking." Several brutal voices responded, "We'll choke them in another way." At length the Tuileries were reached, and the long crucifixion ended. M. Hué, the faithful domestic, forced his way to the berlin and received the half-dead little Prince in his arms. But, of a robust constitution, the child soon revived in the coolness of the wide halls of the Tuileries, and forgot all his cares in refreshing slumber.

The rest of the royal family entered after the child. They were covered with perspiration and oppressed with fatigue. While in her bath, Marie Antoinette, through one of her most faithful female servants, dictated a letter to Madame Campan. Louis explained his purposes to the deputies sent by the Assembly. They received his statements with respectful incredulity. When the Queen had dressed, Lafayette appeared. The King heard his advice and protestation. "It seems," said Louis, "you are now more the master here than I." This Lafayette declared

was not the fact. Marie Antoinette, to show her undying hatred against the Constitutional General, approached him and indignantly handed him the keys of her wardrobes and private boxes.

"Your Majesty knows that I shall not take them," said Lafayette, insulted and hurt.

"But you are our jailer," replied the Queen with biting sarcasm, "and to you belongs our keys."

"I certainly will not take them, your Majesty," rejoined Lafayette, controlling his feelings.

"Then," said the Queen, scornfully, "I will find those who will."

The inexorable hatred of Marie Antoinette to Lafayette did that great man and true patriot infinite injustice. To be despised by a Queen, and one so beautiful and good, even if proud, as Marie Antoinette, was to Lafayette a constant source of mortification. We remind our readers again that Lafayette was in reality one of the truest and most unselfish friends of the Constitutional Monarchy. He was willing to perish in order to maintain it. But he was constantly met with the distrust of Louis XVI., the hatred, unreasoning and unchangeable, of Marie Antoinette, and the detestation of the only nobility that the Queen loved,—namely, those who would have murdered Lafayette and restored every tyranny and bastille of the old monarchy. This was one of the most potent causes of the coming and greater misfortunes of the royal family, which were only to be ended by the guillotine.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE KING AGAIN IN PARIS, AND THE MASSACRE OF THE CHAMP DE MARS.

UPON the flight of the King the Assembly had passed a decree suspending him temporarily from the exercise of his entire royal authority and functions. They assumed or usurped for a season the whole power of the government. They did not neglect to decree also that a guard should be given to Louis upon his return, which was to be under the absolute command of General Lafayette. This guard was taken from the most patriotic and reliable of the national militia, and was to be posted in its positions by Lafayette and was to receive its watchword only from him. Hitherto the watchword of the sentinels had been given by the King.

The celebrated Malouet was the only member of the National body who opposed these rigid and actually usurping decrees. He earnestly remonstrated against the captivity of the monarch. "It destroys," he said, "the inviolability of the sovereign and the Constitution, and it should never be forgotten that we have now united the legislative and executive powers. What harm has Louis done? Has he not the right to go to one of his armies? Is he a slave? Can he not leave Paris for a day?" Alexander Lameth replied to these truthful and just remarks, maintaining the right of the Assembly to exercise in such a crisis a temporary dictatorship, until the complete revision and completion of the Constitution had assured stability and tranquillity to the State. He freely admitted that the form of a monarchy was essential to the unity and order of France, and affirmed that such a method of government would be fully restored, when the Constitution was finally signed.

The King keenly felt the humiliating change in his position. He was now indeed a prisoner. When the royal family retired to their rooms at night, guards were placed before their doors, and mattresses stretched in the same place upon which the sentinels might rest. It was impossi-

ble to pass from one room to another without stepping over the bodies of these soldiers.

One day, in order to test his captivity, Louis XVI. approached a door leading to an outer garden. The guards stationed there instantly, though in a respectful manner, crossed their bayonets in front of the King. "Do you not know me?" said Louis. "Yes, Sire," replied one of the guards, "but we cannot let your Majesty pass without authority from the General." The King smiled and returned to his private chamber. There, in its solitude, his smile turned to the deepest dejection and to tears.

During the daytime and at night the doors of the King's apartments and those of the Queen and her children were constantly kept open. They were seldom free from surveillance, and could only at intervals snatch any tender interviews. All they did or said was spied and noted. Even female modesty was offended by the intrusion of an armed sentinel, who occupied the Queen's room after she had retired.

An officer of the guards was stationed behind the Queen's apartments, in a dark corridor which was lighted by a single lamp. He occupied his station for twenty-four hours, and then was relieved by a successor. The post, because of its dimness and the fatigue endured in performing its duties, was shunned by the King's enemies, but was eagerly sought by the soldiers who were his friends. In this way the devoted St. Prix, an actor of the Théâtre Français, afforded to the royal captives many stolen and hasty interviews which were unseen by others.

One night, after Marie Antoinette and her attendant lady had retired to her couch, the sentinel in the chamber, when he believed the Queen's companion asleep, softly approached the troubled and sad Marie Antoinette. She was awake. Sorrow now gave her many sleepless nights. In a respectful voice the sentinel addressed her, giving her in a low tone both information and advice. The conversation awakened the Queen's attendant, who would have cried out. But the Queen hindered and reassured her. "Do not alarm yourself," she said; "this is a good Frenchman, who is mistaken as to my intentions and those of the King, but whose conversation betokens a sincere attachment to his master."

During the suspension of Louis XVI., though the minis-

try and royal and civil officers were absorbed into the bosom of the Assembly, yet the State maintained its governmental and social activities without a shock. But the learned and able men in the national legislature looked askance upon the increasing violence of language, the threats and invectives which characterized the debates of the Jacobins, and began more decidedly to lean toward the King. The people also, when the heat of their indignation had subsided, showed a reactionary feeling of compassion and sympathy for their abused and captive sovereign and his family.

Pitying groups gathered in the garden of the Tuileries, and words of affectionate loyalty began to greet Louis and the Queen as often as they approached the windows of their palace. When they went forth under the espionage of the National Guards to take the air, many of the most respectable inhabitants of Paris greeted them and gave ardent evidence that they yet possessed hearts that loved them.

But in the Jacobin clubs throughout France, and in a host of papers, pamphlets, and books, a continuous agitation went on against the monarchy, and now boldly in favor of a republic. The violent radicals were incessant in their assaults on the Constitutional throne. They used every weapon of calumny that could be successfully, as they believed, hurled at the Tuileries. They continued to spread abroad the most cruel slanders against the Queen, and strewed in her darkening path many grievous thorns.

We have intimated that the King was an excellent mechanic. He possessed an intense love for tools, and was an expert locksmith. It will be remembered that in his happier days he loved to retire, with an assistant in whom he confided and who afterwards basely betrayed him, to the little shop which he had fitted up in the Palace of Versailles, and there, for a moment relieved of the hateful restraints of royalty, toil contentedly at the forge and with the hammer. He now once more sought recreation and diversion from his gloomy anxieties and the constant perplexities of the hour, in this harmless labor. This innocent occupation was whispered abroad. The furious Jacobins immediately declared *that the King was forging keys with which to renew his attempts at escape.*

Amid all these excitements, the *Moniteurs* reveal to us that

the theatres were crowded with gay multitudes, that the gardens were full of pleasure-seekers, and that dancing and revelry, and all the jocund life of a great capital was carried on just as if in a time of profound peace and as if unconscious of a Revolution in its midst. Such are the volatile French ; such was that unstable "tiger-monkey populace," as one of their own most distinguished writers stigmatizes them.

The monks and nuns, who had for so many ages inherited and enjoyed the beautiful edifices which mediæval devotion had reared through Paris and France, were now scattered by the confiscation of the religious estates. The nuns were married, or they engaged in secular work, while the monks returned to civil life and adopted such labors as were suitable to their education or ability.

The convents and monasteries were secularized and became hospitals, colleges, or public buildings, dedicated to the National use. The Jacobin, the Feuillan, the Cordelier clubs of Paris were all established in such buildings, and from this occupancy these baneful clubs received those names which, except the "Feuillans," became soon so terrible. Many nuns and monks, seduced by the dominate infidelity, soon degenerated into fierce atheists, and during 1793 and 1794 were some of the most bloody agents of the Jacobins.

The Assembly carried on its work in as dignified a manner as was possible in the constant presence of the people and their clamor. The Constitution now began to rapidly approach its completion, and was anxiously awaited by the whole of conservative France. This Constitution recognized a King, increased his civil list to thirty million francs, constituted a Legislative Assembly, and bestowed on Louis XVI. the command of the army and navy, and also a responsible ministry and the power of the veto. It was an excellent, patriotic, and wise document, and had it been obeyed by the French people, the Revolution at this date would have ended and an orderly and constitutional monarchy have supervened. The author has read it in full as printed in the *Moniteurs* of 1791.

But the radicals of France had now advanced to Republican aspirations. The influence of Madame Roland from her elegant *sâlon* as a center began to be strongly felt in political circles, and the continued agitations of the Jaco-

bins threatened to increased the disorder of the public mind. On the side of the purposed Constitution were the best of the National Guards of Paris, most of the regular army, all the patriotic bourgeois, and the entire conservative portion of France. On the side of a Republic were the violent Jacobins and, Cordeliers, the Sans Culottes of the Faubourgs, and the Jacobin clubs scattered throughout the nation. To these revolutionists must be joined all those who as Girondists soon afterwards entered the Legislative Assembly. To their numbers might be added also the whole vast half-starved proletaires of civilization living in the dens and cellars of Paris and of France, who welcomed every change that brought disorder or plunder, as a benefit to their own base condition.

It was these men who determined by every effort to resist the settlement of the Constitution. They clamored for the permanent dethronement of Louis XVI., now temporarily suspended. They affirmed that the royal family should be reduced to the rank of citizens; that a republic, one and indivisible, should now be established; and that the executive and legislative authority alike should be in the hands of the Representatives of the People. When, however, the Republicans beheld with baffled rage how small as yet was the influence of these new sentiments against the power of the Monarchy and Constitution; aroused by hate and guided by craft they resolved through a subtle movement to inflame the minds of the Parisian populace.

On the 16th of July, 1791, the commissioners appointed by the National Assembly to report upon the flight of the King appeared before that body, and made their answer. They declared that there was nothing in the actions of Louis *per se* in going to Varennes, that constituted a case worthy of causing his dethronement. They calmly affirmed that he was as King inviolable and ought to be so treated. They said that only his abettors and advisers should be held to account. They had based their labors upon the absurd fiction, so eagerly embraced by the Assembly, that the King had been carried off against his own will. The legislators listened to the report, and after a vehement debate, it was finally sanctioned.

It was Robespierre who made the most determined effort to prevent this action upon the part of the national body, but

the time of his power was as yet in the future, and his words had little influence, but on the contrary additional articles were prepared and by a large majority were placed in the new Constitution. These articles greatly strengthened the monarch's inviolability, but, alas! they were totally disregarded within a year. Such is Revolution!

In the great space of the Champ de Mars stood the "Altar of the Country," which had been erected in July, 1790. It towered on an elevated base called the Glacis, in a pyramidal form, many feet high, and was approached by a series of steps built in imitation of similar edifices of antique construction. The stairs ascended to a platform placed upon its summit, and upon this platform stood the "Altar of the Country." The steps and the base of the altar were made of wood.

The Jacobins and Cordeliers of the new school of sedition were furious on learning of the failure of Robespierre in his attempt to seduce the National Assembly. The disgruntled conspirators resolved to write a petition and to pretend to present it to the Assembly. Their real motive was to create an insurrection in favor of a republic. The petition was to be signed by the people, and was to urge the instant dethronement of Louis XVI. and the establishment of a government destitute of monarchy. The instrument of sedition was written. It was determined by the Jacobins to proceed in imposing numbers to the Champ de Mars, and placing the petition on the Altar of the Country, to call upon all patriots to ascend its steps and to sign it on that elevated summit.

On the 17th of July, 1791, a crowd of innocent sight-seers and of conspiring Jacobins alike gathered upon the Glacis and filled the adjacent greensward. It was a soft, beautiful, cool, and clear summer day. "The fields were emerald and the skies were blue." Above the multitude towered the "Altar of the Country," and on its top was placed the petition, and adjacent were convenient instruments of writing. Many of the people climbed the height and affixed their signature to the instrument. Their names can yet be read, for the document is preserved in Paris, in the library of the Louvre. Upon its fatal pages can be seen the signatures of men, then obscure, but soon to acquire a terrible fame in the bloody progress of the Revolution.

A successive stream of gayly attired and laughing women

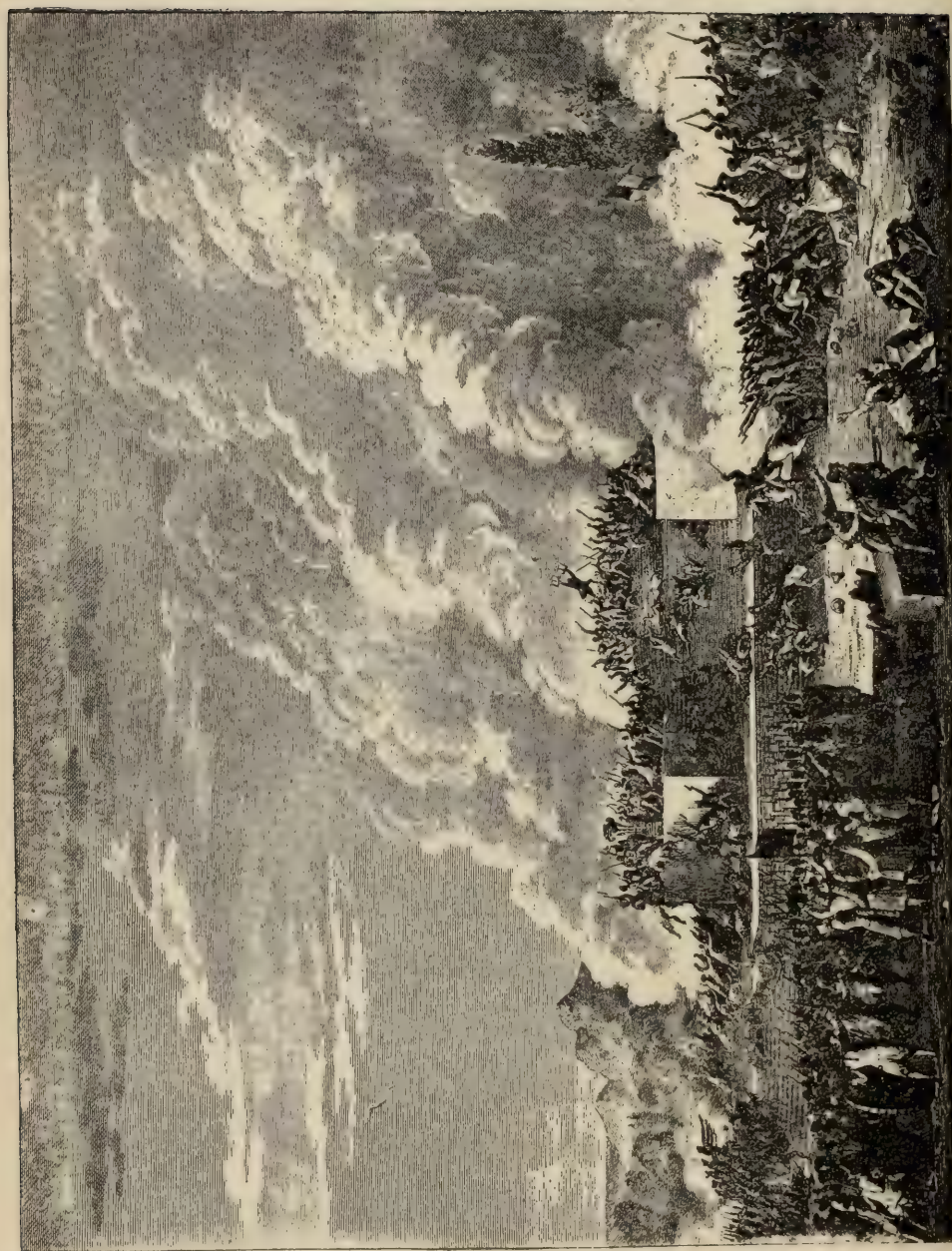
ascended the steps, and after affixing their signatures to the Petition, they gave place to the men and even to the children who followed. Suddenly a cry was raised. An excited throng peered into the dimness of the interior of the altar, and there observed two men from the Corps of the Invalides who seemed absorbed in boring holes in the steps. The suspicious multitude believed that they were about to blow up the Altar of the Country, and a multitude of persons with it. Livid with fury they seized these men and dragged them forth. An effort was made to convey them to the Hôtel de Ville. The people, yelling with rage, pursued the victims and captured them. The two Invalides shrieked aloud with terror and declared that their motives were only vile. They denied that they were guilty of any purpose to injure the altar or the people, but they were disbelieved. The infuriated mob surged around the trembling wretches and seized them. They were instantly torn to pieces; their severed heads were raised aloft on pikes; and the bleeding trophies were carried by a shouting mass of men, women, and children toward the Elysée. A company of National Guards stationed by the altar was at the same time assaulted with mud and stones, and irritated by the foulest abuse. The guards remained calm, and exhibited a high degree of discipline.

It was unfortunately believed, when these tidings reached them, by both Bailly and Lafayette that a formidable riot had commenced. The Mayor of Paris, always austere and stern, immediately as required by law hung out the red flag from the Hôtel de Ville as a token of insurrection. General Lafayette beat the *rappelle* and summoned the full force of the National Guards. Fifteen thousand men soon responded. The troops at this time were, more largely than before or after, composed of conservative persons, mostly belonging to the comfortable middle classes, and a number were possessed of property and even wealth. Fifteen thousand bayonets in close array soon filled the whole space of the Place de la Grève and rested in part on the Quays. The soldiers received the report of the crimes and *alleged* insurrection in the Champ de Mars with cries of "Vive le Roi! Vive l'ordre." The troops were immediately formed into marching columns. Bailly rode at their head and Lafayette by his side. The red flag announcing a revolt was carried in front. Astonished throngs of people soon filled the roofs

and windows on the line of the advancing soldiers. The constant and sinister roll of four hundred drummers in front, sounding forth the terrible *pas de charge*, preceded the long, stern columns of law and of the Constitutional Monarchy.

After a rapid march the soldiers filed into the Champ de Mars. Fifty thousand men, women, and children, garbed in holiday attire, were laughing and singing upon the Glacis. Their temporary excitement had totally disappeared, when the ruffians who were carrying their victims' heads along the Elysée Gardens had departed. The inflammatory orators of the day, possessed by fear of the possible movements of Lafayette and his army, had slunk away. Robespierre, Danton, Camille Desmoulins, Brissot, and other men, who were afterwards so famous in the Reign of Terror, had all prudently hidden themselves safely out of the reach of harm and danger, and left the victims of their demagoguery to suffer the consequences of a riot. Thus their dupes had no real leaders. Yet when they saw the flash of the bayonets and heard the increasing roll of the drums; when, standing upon the platform of the Altar of the Country, and blackening its pyramidal sides, they observed the Red Flag unfurled and the severe Bailly approaching, with Lafayette riding, his sword drawn, at the head of the National army, then—at first they were astounded, and instantly amazement giving way to natural indignation and rage, they began to cry out with fury, and prepared for resistance. The people did have, like every free community, the right of petition. They were now peacefully exercising that right, and behold! a vast armed force was marching against them to interrupt and close their harmless exercises. The immense masses were totally innocent of any part in the recent tragedy, and in their anger they began to hurl stones and mud at the National Guards.

Bailly unfurled the Red Flag. When they beheld it the people cried aloud, "Down with the Red Flag! Shame to Bailly! Death to Lafayette!" Stones rattled against the muskets of the soldiers, and one violently struck the white horse of Lafayette. The General, calm and stern, sat in silence upon his steed. The soldiers advanced on three sides and stood in line, in front of the pyramidal glacis and before the Altar of the Country. That spot was thronged with a hooting and aggressive multitude, while many below continued their assaults upon the troops with



MASSACRE OF THE CHAMP DE MARS, JULY, 1791.

stones and mud. Bailly stepped forward and amid hurtling missiles he read the riot act of the Assembly. The Mayor commanded the people to disperse; but they only answered with groans and anathemas.

Crowded together and inflamed by the reckless voices of the brewer Santerre and by the snaky Hébert, the indignant multitudes stood their ground and continued their vociferations. At length, his patience worn out, Bailly turned to Lafayette and gave him the terrible command to fire. The General raised his sword. Fifteen thousand muskets were pointed at the people, and when he cried "Fire!" an awful flash and roar of musketry assailed that living mass. A storm of bullets followed and at once the glaxis, the altars, the ground below, were covered with dead and dying men, with gayly dressed women, lovely little children, and even babies, all in mortal agony or dead. The steps, the altar, flowed with blood, and the hideous stream even polluted the glaxis and soil beneath. Immediately the most horrible screams arose from the wounded and dying, and through the mist of the gunpowder could be seen a shrieking multitude, some staggering, others imprecating, yet some immovable in defiance; but the great mass dispersing and scattering on every side, with their hearts full of fury yet palsied by panic. It was a gruesome sight. Another volley was fired upon this palpitating throng by the excited soldiers, and yet another; while the cannoniers of the Guards unlimbered their guns and would have discharged those fearful weapons point-blank into the scattering crowds had not Lafayette, white-faced and sad, instantly rode in front of their muzzles and prevented the enormous massacre which must have ensued. The petition was seized by some of the anarchists as they fled, and its marks of blood yet attest the sanguinary character of the scene. Leaving upon that field of destruction the dead and dying, who numbered at least five hundred, and some declare even a thousand, the National Guards returned: their faces were sad, their gaze sombre, yet their march steady and serried, to the Hôtel de Ville.

The tidings of this awful massacre had preceded their homeward march. They were greeted all along their route by the impatient shouts of vengeance from an angry people, by fists shaken from innumerable windows, and by the imprecations of a multitude of sans culottes and revolu-

tionists. To all the insults which they received, the Guards made no response.

But Paris trembled. The anarchists shook with fear and rage, as they discovered that there was yet a power which, when obedient, could hold back discord and throttle insurrection.

The National Assembly called to its bar Bailly and Lafayette ; heard with sorrow the details of the massacre, but justified the authorities, and thanked both the General and the Mayor. Yet it cannot be denied that this terrible event shook to its very foundations the popularity of Lafayette. Many shuddered as his name was mentioned, and his influence was soon permanently overwhelmed and destroyed. It could not escape from the injustice and horror of that useless massacre. It *was* really a massacre and not a battle, and it had no good results. What the insurrection might have become had there been a revolt cannot be prophesied. As a matter of strict historical truth, a multitude of men and women, in the quiet exercise of their undoubted rights, because interfered with and incited to fury by a sense of bitter wrong, had been ruthlessly shot down and had been slain. This event has descended in history and will ever be justly known as "The Massacre of the Champ de Mars." It was neither forgotten nor forgiven by the people of Paris. It was the last great effort of the middle and conservative classes to maintain order and vindicate the regular laws. But its rashness was so evident that its effects were brief, and for only a moment were they potent.

The many dead bodies were soon gathered and cast into the Seine, while the wounded disappeared in the homes or hospitals of the city. From that dreadful hour, Bailly was the object of the ferocious hatred of the people of Paris. Look forward two years only. See in 1793, in November, and in the metropolis, Bailly dragged half-naked behind a cart. See him whipped in the face with a red flag dripping with mud ; behold him tortured, fainting, shivering with the cold, and his agonies jeered at by the rejoicing mob ; hear the fearful shout as his head falls under the knife of the guillotine, and we can discern how terrible was the vengeance taken upon him by the populace of the capital.

Meanwhile within the Tuileries the King heard the firing. Though he understood its cause, his humane disposition and

hatred of bloodshed caused him to tremble with emotion and pity. A devout Christian, a patient and pious-hearted prince, and willing to endure much rather than to battle, while he believed with his mind the event was justified because as yet he did not possess the true details, he was overwhelmed with sorrow on account of the wounded and the slain. But the autocratic Queen heard the news of the massacre without a word, and with indifference. Such is the hardening influence of a political antagonism or hatred upon even a naturally gentle and tender female heart.

The royal family were yet in captivity. The long and irksome hours within the palace made the little Dauphin thin and pale. One day he said to the Queen: "Mamma, what makes your hair so white?" "Hush, my dear child," replied Marie Antoinette, "we have greater sorrows than this." She had caused some of that hair, prematurely snowed by mental agony, to be wrought into a ring, and had sent it to the Princess Lamballe with the brief inscription, "*Bleached by sorrow.*"

Many anecdotes might be related of the amiable Dauphin. The Abbé Devoix was acting at this time as tutor to the Prince. One day, as they were pursuing their studies in the presence of the Queen, the Abbé said to the Prince: "If I remember rightly, our last lesson had for its subject the three degrees of comparison. But," he added, in a teasing way, "you doubtless have forgotten all about them." "No, indeed," said the little Charles Louis, "and listen to the proof. The positive is when I say, 'My Abbé is a good Abbé.' The comparative is when I say, 'My Abbé is better than another Abbé,' and the superlative," he added, looking tenderly at his mother, "is when I say '*My mamma is the best and most beloved of all mammas.*'" The Queen clasped the affectionate child to her heart and was melted to tears.

Some days afterwards, when the royal family were again free, the Dauphin and his tutor went to the galleries of the Louvre. The artists were busy then, as now, copying the works of the great masters. The extreme beauty of the child, whose face was as sweet as one of the cherubs of Murillo's "Immaculate Conception," fascinated the students, and they gathered around him. He exhibited an extraordinary precocity of mind. Passing a *chef d'œuvre*, painted by a distinguished Italian artist, "Can you tell me what that depicts!" asked his tutor. "I should think," replied the

child, "that it represents Pyramus and Thisbe, but I see *no* lioness, though I see the blood-stained veil." "Gentlemen," said Nève, the celebrated artist, to the admiring artists standing grouped around, "Monsieur's observation is very just. More than one critic has made the very same remark."

One day, while Bertrand de Molléville was conversing with Marie Antoinette, the Dauphin, "beautiful as an angel," was singing and jumping about the room in the happy glee of childhood. A wooden sword was in one of his hands and a shield in the other. Just at this moment the palace supper was announced. The Dauphin merrily skipped away. "How, my child," said the Queen reproachfully, calling him back, "are you not going to bow to M. de Molléville?" "Mamma," he replied charmingly, "M. de Molléville is one of our friends. Good-night, M. de Molléville," and at once disappeared. "He is a lovely child," the Queen pathetically said, when the Dauphin had gone. "It is well for him that he is so young. He has not our griefs, and his gayety is some consolation to us."

One day the little Prince said to his tutor: "I would like to be like the Chevalier Bayard." "Why so?" asked Abbé Devoix. "Because," replied the Dauphin, "he was without fear and without reproach."

These anecdotes may seem somewhat puerile to the reader, but they are authentic, and in those days of anguish and captivity illustrate how precocious and amiable was this gentle child, and what a comfort he was to his afflicted parents. The most fearful storms of revolutionary hate were soon about to pitilessly descend upon his devoted young head, and such cruel usages as since him few children have endured.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE CAMP AT COBLENZ.

WE must now survey the fortunes of the emigrant nobility, and the feelings of the European powers and princes, who were to be such mighty factors in the destinies of the French Revolution. From the commencement of the popular movement Marie Antoinette had possessed two strong supporters ; at first in her eldest brother, the Emperor Joseph the Second, and on the death of that gifted Prince, in his successor, also her brother, the second Leopold. Joseph felt the most profound interest in his sister's welfare, while the Emperor Leopold was yet more pronounced in her favor.

A constant and secret correspondence was kept up between these successive monarchs and brothers, and the threatened Queen. They felt all the indignation of blood relatives ; recognized their immense military resources ; and were ready to aid Louis XVI. to extricate himself from his troubles ; but they also realized that in a great and fevered Revolutionary city, so governed by mobs and so insubordinate, a revolt might openly break out upon any declaration of war, and result in either the massacre of the royal family, or in their imprisonment and execution. That their fears were not unreasonable the events of 1792 and 1793 made fully manifest, when war was finally declared, though by France itself. Each of these emperors was held in check by such considerations, and for a season they were paralyzed. The actions of Joseph and, after his death, of Leopold, his successor, were guided by the utmost caution.

Early in the year 1791 Joseph the Second suddenly died. He was almost as broken-hearted as his sister, but from an entirely opposite cause. Marie Antoinette suffered because the French were determined to be free. Joseph the Second suffered because his German and Bohemian provinces scorned all his efforts for reform, and were entirely content to remain under the rule and customs of past ages. No

more singular sarcasm of destiny can be found in the annals of mankind. A more humane, true, and liberal sovereign never occupied an imperial throne than Joseph the Second. He hated the Jesuits and all injustice ; but he was a fearless and resolute, as well as a kind, prince. Had the providence of God placed Joseph the Second on the throne of Louis XVI., and that monarch on the throne of Joseph, no French Revolution, in its extreme violence and terror, would have been possible. The determined Joseph would have established, even by bloodshed if indispensable, a constitutional monarchy ; and the amiable Louis would have been the best and the kindest of absolute monarchs. Joseph before his death greatly deplored the danger, through the anarchy and discord in France, both to his sister and to his own outlying provinces of the Austrian Netherlands.

When Leopold the Second succeeded, he possessed the same honest love for his sister Marie Antoinette, and fear for his territory lying adjacent to the Revolutionary French. The Austrian Netherlands became the Belgium of modern times. In the eighteenth century it was called "the cockpit of Europe." There Marlborough had humiliated and almost ruined the splendid monarchy of Louis XIV., and made the victories of Ramilies, Oudenarde, and Malplaquet to resound throughout Europe. There Louis XV. had seen an English army retreat from Fontenoy before the genius of Marshal Saxe and the furious valor of the Irish brigade ; and there the first great triumphs of the Revolution were to be won, and the fatal Waterloo of Napoleon to be fought.

In the summer of 1791 the Emperor Leopold largely strengthened his forces in those provinces, and placed in command the most celebrated generals of his Empire. The Netherlands became a menace to the liberty of France and its army a threat of coming invasion.

The Queen, amid all her trials, at Versailles and during the storming of the Bastille, the defection of her nobility, the terrors of the removal to Paris, and her capture at Varennes, had maintained a close and full, but secret, correspondence with her imperial relatives and the various princes of Europe. Her epistolary efforts describing the outrages and abuse endured by the royal family were not in vain, and the summer of 1791 saw a correspondence begun between the sovereigns of Russia, Prussia, Austria, and the Queen

of Naples,—who was the sister of Marie Antoinette,—which promised a tremendous gathering of armies and a march to Paris in order to rescue the imperiled royalty of France.

Caroline of Naples was a fierce but gifted woman, and entered into the plans formed to protect her sister with the greatest energy. It was her inspiring voice which roused the sovereigns to assume a threatening attitude against constitutional France. But while the monarchs debated, they hesitated, being haunted by the abiding fear that an invasion of France might be the signal for the slaughter of the King and Queen. Nevertheless, preparations looking to war were constantly but secretly pressed forward in all the Austrian states. New regiments were enlisted, military stores and arms were accumulated at Mons, Ghent, Brussels, and Antwerp; and those stupendous citadels, which had resisted the genius of Marlborough and of Prince Eugene, were placed in complete order. The whole Flemish border was prepared for future conflict.

Every effort was made by the beautiful and high-spirited Regent Christina to encourage Marie Antoinette. She received at Brussels with distinction and pity the Count de Provence, who had escaped from Paris the same night that Louis XVI. set forth; and she warmly welcomed and harbored the loyal but ruined De Bouille.

The emigrants had mostly concentrated at Coblenz, in the government of the Elector of Metz. The Elector of Metz was a Prince-Bishop of the old Holy Roman Empire, which yet existed. A descendant of the great champions of the Reformation under Luther, he was himself a degenerated scion of a noble race, being a kind but a timid and feeble sovereign. But he was a severe and haughty aristocrat in his feelings and purposes. He received the French nobles with warm sympathy, and revered them not as selfish deserters from their troubled monarch, but as heroic and chivalric gentlemen who only sought a point of advantage, where they could organize into an army of rescue, and march with the aid of foreigners upon France.

The Elector of Metz was, like all the German princes of that time, totally independent in his own territory. No power in Germany dared to interfere with his actions within the limits of the Electorate of Metz, and hence at Coblenz the emigrants were not only safe, but, for purposes of assault on Constitutional France, they were powerful. It is to be

remembered that the Germany of 1791 was a widely different country from the Germany of 1889 or even 1848. It is only by comprehending its loose political internal relations, its multitude of petty sovereigns, and feudal lords, over whom the emperor possessed only a shadow of nominal power, that the philosophic historian of the French Revolution can understand that while one part of Germany, or a fraction of the fatherland, might be engaged in a fierce foreign war, yet the rest of its territory might continue in profound peace.

Germany is to-day a real, compact, mighty empire. Bismarck's word until lately has been law. Germany in 1791 was a conglomeration of jealous and antagonistic states, where the rulers spoke French, imitated the French splendor of the old Versailles court, and reveled in French literature. Even Frederick the Great, while in war and politics a thorough German, was in letters and in feelings a Frenchman. His court had been filled, from 1740 until his death in 1786, with French scholars and wits. German names at San Souci and amid the elegancies of Potsdam were rare. It was Voltaire or Maupertuis, Diderot or Jourdan, who shone with fluctuating power or splendor at the court of a King whose armies had scattered the French soldiers at Rosbach, as they had hurled into defeat the Austrians at Leuthen and the Russians at Zorndorf. The German capitals were invaded by French wit, French licentiousness, French infidelity, and everything French but French liberalism and liberty. The enthusiastic Germans studied the poetry of Voltaire's "Henriade" and enjoyed the blasphemy of his "Philosophic Dictionary." Schiller and Goethe were yet to appear, and the Teuton in 1791 thoroughly despised that magnificent tongue, in which a few years later was to be embalmed the wonders of Faust, the sorrows of Werter, and the splendors of Wallenstein, Don Carlos, and Marie Stuart. But when the drums of war rolled, then a German life, literature, and spirit were slowly developed, which—after years of military disaster, both through the invasions of the Republic and the triumphs of Napoleon—were to produce the uprising of the Teuton, the glories of Leipsic, the songs of Arndt and Körner, and the vast and splendid German literature of the nineteenth century.

With a clear understanding, then, of the heterogeneous Germany of 1791, in which England yet ruled in Hanover,

and Austria near the Rhine, we can appreciate the position of the threatening array of French nobles, six thousand strong, organizing to unite, at the first approach of war, with Prussia and with Austria.

The emigrants formed themselves into regiments, and elected commanders. Joined by the King's brothers, the Count d'Artois and the Count de Provence, they drilled, they labored at military fortification, and, as privates, counts and chevaliers, endured all the stern discipline of such a service both with fidelity and patience. In the camp at Coblenz a noble of the bluest blood could be seen splitting wood, carrying water, cooking his own meals, and engaging in all the trying routine of military life.

The knowledge of this camp, these warlike preparations and menaces, and a fear of secret encouragement being given by the King and Queen, tended in the autumn of 1791 to greatly irritate the French people, and led in 1792 to the most decisive results. But there was yet something of patriotism and pride of country among the French exiles. A rabid royalist noble joined the Russian army of Prince Potemkin. The Prince took him to witness a military review. At its close Potemkin said: "These are the men who will sweep before them the barbers and shoemakers of Paris." The French nobleman immediately replied: "Prince, I do not think you could do it with the whole Russian army." Potemkin foamed with rage and threatened the speaker with Siberia, but the next day, in his generous and changeable mood, he embraced the offending officer, and declared that he was right not to demean his own countrymen.

With the states of Germany, the vast Russian empire, the powers of Italy and Spain against it, the constitutional monarchy began in 1791 its existence on the basis of law. As yet there was peace; but placed between the threats and gatherings of disloyal nobles and foreign armies, and the danger of democratic violence and anarchy, the vessel of State rode with difficulty on waves of trouble which presented either a Scylla of despotism on one side or a Charybdis of republicanism or anarchy on the other, and presently in total wreck and ruin went down into the abyss.

England was as yet friendly, but already in the British Parliament old and cherished friendships were rent asunder, and the orators who had stood shoulder to shoulder in

the House of Commons, in advocacy of the freedom of the American States, now with bitterness and resolution began to arrange themselves on opposite sides. While Fox maintained the cause of French liberty even amid its approaching excesses, Burke brought all the resources of his masterful, rich, and eloquent mind and tongue to the denunciation of what he soon termed a "Regicide State."

Gustavus II. of Sweden was the sovereign who took the first open step against the French Revolution. He urged a conference of monarchs, and with the King of Prussia and the Emperor of Germany, late in the autumn of 1791, met in session at Pilnitz. In this Convention those sovereigns formulated a document, in which they declared that Louis XVI. and his Queen were held in captivity in their capital by a revolted people, and in which they announced their readiness to march to the rescue of the French King and once more to establish him upon his throne.

This "Declaration of Pilnitz," as it was termed, was received in France by the factions with scorn and increasing rage, and by the Assembly with contempt. But it jeopardized the stability of the Constitutional Monarchy, caused increasing distrust of Louis XVI., and awakened a still more profound hatred for a Queen whom the people believed to be its inspirer.

When at this date the bloody massacres at Avignon in the South occurred, and disorder began to multiply throughout that section of France, the sovereigns of the adjacent States became yet more confirmed in their attitude of hostility and menace. The massacre at Avignon was a terrible event. A number of royalists, men and women, were dragged from their homes, hurried into prison, and there butchered. They endured every species of outrage and torture before death came to their relief. This massacre sent a thrill of horror throughout all Europe and into insular England. Many former friends of the Revolution now became its enemies, and the future loomed up yet more dark with the gloom of the coming and gigantic strife.

Meantime the French army itself had become greatly deteriorated. The Assembly had reorganized that force as it had endeavored to reorganize the State. The old designations by provinces, by commanders, and by cities were abandoned. The line regiments began slowly to be num-

bered, but they were still the ancient Bourbon army, and many regiments had not discarded the white uniform. Some corps adopted the new military designations and some still clung to the old ; discontent and ambition festered in the minds of the soldiers, and the heroes of the New France had not yet appeared.

All that mighty line of commanders who were to carry the tri-color banners of the Republic over the Rhine, the Alps, and the Pyrenees, were yet unknown. Except Dumourier, none were above the rank of a captain. Of those warriors who soon filled Europe with their fame,—Kleber and Dessaix, MacDonald and Ney, Hoche, Moreau, Bonaparte, and Massena, were all men of the future, and, at this moment, lingering in obscure positions. There was a belief among foreign sovereigns that the French army was so completely shattered and demoralized that it would not fight, but scatter when it was brought before the stern, disciplined, and united troops of imperial and royal despotism. But those kings and emperors learned presently that there were thousands of volunteers who *could* fight ; men who in the coming year were to entirely change the life, spirit, and character of the French soldiers.

The sovereigns after the declaration of Pilnitz moved cautiously. They were yet restrained by fears for the personal safety of the King and his family, and nearly six months were to pass before the tocsin of war was sounded.

We have thus given a rapid picture of the Europe of 1791, without disturbing the unity of our history, in order that the reader may clearly view the dangers threatening the Constitutional Monarchy from without the boundaries of France.

We shall, for the present, be largely confined to the work of describing the various parties in Paris, the events in that city, and the legal establishment and temporary existence of the Constitutional Throne.



CHAPTER XV.

THE INAUGURATION OF THE CONSTITUTIONAL MONARCHY.

IMMEDIATELY after the sanguinary massacre in the Champ de Mars, parties became separated by new lines.

All the moderate members of the Jacobin and Cordelier clubs withdrew from those bodies, and formed an entirely new organization to which, from their place of meeting in the late Feuillant Monastery, they gave the name of "The Feuillans." Thither came Lafayette, Barnave, Latour-Marbourg, and many others, and from that place they rallied their forces. The Feuillans appealed to the intellect and moderation of the wealthy or conservative elements of society, and exhorted them to expect and maintain the coming Constitution.

The old Cordeliers, as the radicals in that club were termed, accepted the leadership of Danton and Camille Desmoulins, both of whom were now looming up into an increasing and threatening prominence. The extreme Jacobins began again to belch forth, under Robespierre and Marat, their bloodthirsty and seditious harangues, and day after day appealed to the most violent passions of the mob. At first, terrified by the discipline which they had received in the Champ de Mars, they were more moderate in their language, but presently in their nightly gatherings, as the impression of that tragedy wore away, these agitators became more unrestrained and furious than ever.

In September, 1791, the Constitution was finished. Although exhibiting some faults, it was a document worthy of the legislators of a great people who were resolved to be free. The Assembly, with a species of imitation of the self-denying ordinance of the Puritan army during the English civil war, had decreed, on the treacherous motion of Robespierre, a law which was to have the most baneful effect on the immediate future of the new Code. They were about to dissolve. Instead of making it possible for a new Assembly to be leavened by a controlling majority of their own number, men governed by wisdom and experi-

ence, they passed the foolish decree that no member of the National Assembly should be eligible to the new body about to be elected.

By this act, all the great men of the National Assembly ceased to have any voice in the carrying out of the Constitution, at a time when their conservative prudence and direction were most needed. This decree opened a way to an abyss of discord, and ruined the constitutional power of the Monarchy even before that Constitution had commenced its operations. France now became greatly excited over the selection of new names and new men for the new Legislative Assembly. The National body at once lost its influence, and was viewed as an heir views a dying man. But before it dissolved it proceeded to complete its labors with an imposing dignity and grandeur worthy of a Roman Senate in the plenitude of its power.

During the whole of August the legislators were employed in the arduous work of revising the code of future royal rule and national rights. Finally, all being ready, on the 3d of September, 1791, a deputation of the National Assembly, in stately procession, left the halls of legislation to inform the King. It was one o'clock at night. Escorted by a detachment of National Guards, drums beating, tri-color banners unfurled and accompanied by a guard of honor composed of gens-d'armes, the deputation crossed the gardens of the Tuileries under the alternate light of its lamps and shadow of its trees, and amid the loud plaudits of the great multitude assembled, it entered the royal palace. The council chamber was a blaze of light. The King stood surrounded by his ministers and a great number of other officials. Thuriot, a deputy, stepped forward, and addressing Louis XVI., said: "Sire, the representatives of the Nation come to present to your Majesty the constitutional act which consecrates the indefeasable rights of the French people, which gives to the throne its true dignity, and regenerates the government of the Empire." The King received the Constitutional Act with emotion, and replied earnestly: "I receive the Constitution presented to me by the National Assembly. I will convey to it my resolution with as little delay as its examination will render possible. I have resolved on remaining in Paris. I will give orders to the Commandant of the National Parisian Guard for the duties belonging to it." As the King said this, his face

beamed with a happy expression of great satisfaction. Louis hoped once more that the dark clouds of revolt and discord were rolling away, and that light and day, the light and the day of peace and contentment, were possibly about to dawn on distracted France.

Thuriot reported to the Assembly the gracious reception of the Deputies by their Sovereign, and also his acceptance of the Constitution. The Assembly with gratified pride responded to this good news with loud cries of "Vive le Roi! Vive la Nation!"

The next day Lafayette removed the Guards who for three months had held the royal family in captivity. Entire freedom was restored to the King and Queen, and he was given the watchword of the outer troops stationed at the gates.

Louis spent several days in carefully and conscientiously examining the Constitution. On the 13th of September, 1791, he signified by messenger his approval of the document. "I have conceived," he wrote, "the project of assuring the happiness of the people upon a permanent basis, and of subjecting my own authority to settled rules. Unquestionably I see several points in the Constitution which might be perfected, but I *will obey it, and rule faithfully by it*. I will swear to the Constitution in the very place where it was drawn up, and I will present myself to-morrow at noon to the National Assembly."

This communication was received with extreme joy by the National body, and with loud plaudits. The King demanded a general amnesty for the past, including all those who had emigrated, and those also who had assisted him in his recent efforts to escape. In the transports of the moment, and in the hope of a stable government, and of assured peace, the enthusiastic Assembly adopted motions consenting to the monarch's demands, without debate and with vehement applause. When the vote was announced to the King, the Queen, affected, and for a moment reconciled, held up her son before those who brought the glad tidings, and pointing to her daughter she said: "Here are my children; we all agree to participate in the sentiments of the King."

The next day Louis walked to the Assembly between applauding ranks of people, who seemed to vie with each other in manifesting all the ancient love of the French for their kings. The monarch was plainly attired in purple velvet, and wore upon his breast but a single order of chivalry.

The Assembly received the King with profound respect, all rising and standing. In the midst of a hushed silence, in which a man could almost hear the beatings of his heart, the King took the oath to the Constitution. He *swore* to be faithful to its decrees and spirit, and employ all the power it delegated to him to carry out its behests.

"May this great and memorable epoch," he said with emotion, "be that of the re-establishment of peace and the happiness and prosperity of the people." At that moment these were sincere words, and were uttered from the depths of the monarch's heart. The Assembly received the oath and speech of the King with confidence and shouted, "Long live Louis XVI., the restorer of liberty!"

The President of the Assembly in replying to the King said: "Sire, the attachment of Frenchmen decrees to you the crown, and recognizes in this act the need of a stable hereditary power. How sublime, Sire, will be in the annals of history this regeneration which gives citizens to France, to Frenchmen a country, to the monarch a fresh title of greatness and glory and a new source of happiness."

The scene in the Assembly now became indescribable. Many shed tears of emotion. When Louis XVI. arose to depart, the whole National legislature sprang to its feet and accompanied him as an escort. The enthusiasm seemed even more intense than the temporary delirium of July 15, 1789. The immense masses without the hall cheered and cried in a species of loyal frenzy, "Vive le Roi!" These shouts were mingled with "Vive l'Assemblée Nationale." Bands of music filled the air with their rejoicing melodies, while salvos of cannon shook the city and trembling heavens with their deep reverberations. All in Paris were for the moment subdued except the irreconcilable Anarchists of the Cordelier and Jacobin clubs.

Exultant and conservative Paris believed that her fierce days of struggle, insurrection, and discord had passed away forever, and that concord, stability, and peace were now assured.

All France partook of this delirious illusion of transport and hope, and celebrated with magnificent fêtes the inauguration of the Constitution. Bordeaux in the south, and the opulent manufacturers of Lyons, under the shadow of the snowy Alps, sunny Marseilles, historic Orleans, ancient and Norman Rouen, Protestant Nantes and half-German

Strasbourg, Rheims, and Metz, and, in a word, all the people of the length and breadth of France expressed by fireworks,—cannons booming, music playing, balloons ascending, and innumerable orators venting their eloquence, their appreciation of that day of days when Louis had formally sworn to be a Constitutional King.

But the center of this rejoicing was in Paris itself. That proud capital was filled with dancing, laughter, fêtes, theatrical entertainments, and all the possible ways and methods by which the gay French could attest their joy. St. Antoine, the scene of so many revolts, was itself like a savage child lulled into a moment's rest.

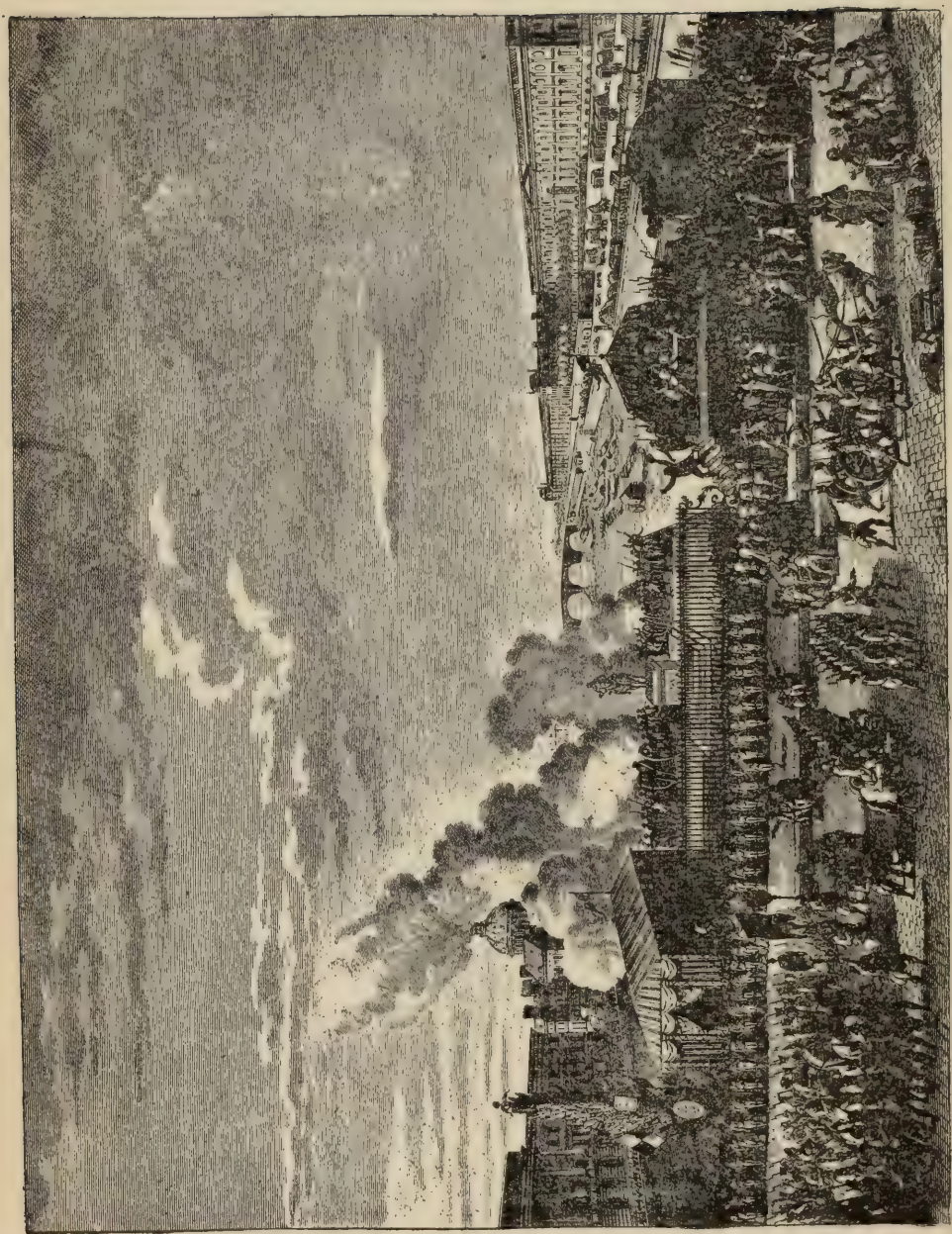
Robespierre and Danton, the fierce Marat, and the vile Hébert shrank into a momentary background. France was happy, and save in the south it was tranquil. Despite the storms which I have described as threatening the nation from without, for an hour it rejoiced. Alas! as this history has already shown, it was but for an hour; but while that hour lasted it was devoted and loyal.

On the 18th of September, 1791, the Constitution was publicly proclaimed in the Champ de Mars. Bailly the Mayor and the officials of the city and of the nation stood before the Altar of the Country, so recently bespattered with blood, and in the presence of a vast multitude took the necessary oath. Cannons roared, tri-colored banners waved, while one immense cry of "Vive le Roi!" and "Vive la Nation!" seemed to shake the very earth on which they stood.

The joyous French rushed into each other's arms. They wept, they danced, they sang, volatile, delirious, happy, the true sons of France. Balloons ascended and threw out fireworks. As Bailly, Lafayette, and the whole National Army took the oath, the enthusiastic thousands responded: "Yes, so do we."

At night Paris was gayly illuminated. All the windows on the Rue St. Honore, on the quays, and in the Tuileries were ablaze with waxen candles. The trees and statues of the gardens around the palace and in the Champs Elysées were embellished with lights. Even the disgruntled Duke of Orleans dared not oppose the universal enthusiasm for the King.

The Seine was covered with gondolas, and the bridges decorated with lines of resplendent fires. Garlands of



FÊTE GIVEN IN HONOR OF THE ACCEPTANCE OF THE CONSTITUTION, SEPTEMBER, 1791.

lamps looped from tree to tree in the gardens of the Tuileries and along the Boulevards formed a sparkling avenue their whole length. Crowds of enchanted citizens thronged the streets, admired the brilliant display, and kept up a constant cry of "Long live the King!" Orchestras of skilled musicians placed at intervals delighted to play the melodies of Weber, the friend of their Queen. It was a beatific hour. The French were like men intoxicated with wine, and like such men they shortly awakened to quarrel, fight, and anathematize as recklessly as in the past.

At eleven o'clock at night, the royal carriage containing the King and Queen rolled up the illuminated avenues. It was surrounded by rejoicing and loyal throngs, who flung their hats into the air and shouted in ecstasy, "Vive le Roi!" and "Vive la Reine!" The little Dauphin, radiant with his sweet beauty, was held in his mother's arms and was greeted with fervent and affectionate cries of "Vive le Dauphin!" Only two months before the royal group had passed over that very spot, amid hostile, stern, and silent multitudes. Now hosannas echoed along their way and flowers strewed their path.

The King appeared to rejoice, and the prejudices and determinations of Marie Antoinette to be dissolved in the sunshine of the popular love. The rapture of the multitude touched the Queen to the heart. As they returned to the palace she said: "They are no longer the same people." She went forth with smiling face upon the terraces, holding her son in her arms, and as she presented him to the happy masses assembled there, the manifestations of loyalty were more abundantly renewed than ever.

A week of joyous days and nights rolled by, and Paris appeared happy. A service was held in the hoary cathedral of Notre Dame, with Court, Assembly, and people all present. The grand hymn of Ambrose rolled and swelled in its majestic and affecting melody, through the dimness of the groined and arched roof above, and once more, for a moment, religion seemed to consecrate the inauguration of liberty under law.

Finally, on the 30th of September, 1791, the King with his ministers, amid cries of "Vive le Roi!" entered the Assembly. The speeches which were progressing immediately ceased. "Gentlemen," said Louis, "after completing

the Constitution you are resolved to-day to terminate your labor. It might have been desirable, perhaps, that you should have prolonged your session in order that you yourselves might prove your work. But no doubt you have wished by an act of dissolution, and a new Assembly, to mark the difference which exists between a constituent body and ordinary legislators. I will exercise all the powers you have confided to me in assuring to the Constitution the respect and obedience which is its due. When you, gentlemen, retire to your various homes, be the interpreter of my sentiments to your fellow-citizens. Tell them that their King will always be their first and most faithful friend, that he desires to be loved by his people, and that in them, and by them, he can alone be happy." After an appropriate response from the President of the National Assembly to this noble and affectionate language, the King retired amid renewed acclamations.

The great moment of dissolution had now arrived. The National Assembly, despite all its audacities and mistakes, had performed a stupendous work. When it first assembled on the 5th of May, 1789, it found an absolute King upon a feudal throne, surrounded by the prestige and power of a proud nobility, while France, in its corruptions and slavery, was chained by starvation and misery to the very earth. It had destroyed the absolute throne ; it had scattered to the winds the tyrannies, jurisdictions, class separations, and taxations of a cruel despotism which had oppressed the nation for three centuries ; out of the *serf* it had created a *citizen* ; it had made him equal before the law ; it had abolished feudal ranks and titles, and, finally, it had opened to virtue and talent the offices of the State, without distinction of riches or blood. Through errors of its own and in the midst of many conspiracies from abroad,—with storms, convulsions, and anarchical efforts at home,—it had pressed on. It had created a beneficent Constitution, and given a constitutional throne and King ; while it left a people to be governed by the decrees and laws of that noble, if imperfect, Code. And now with dignity and calmness it was about to lay down that scepter of authority it had wielded so long and with such potent results.

About five o'clock on the afternoon of that memorable September 30, 1791, Target, then its President, arose. The whole National Assembly also arose and stood in silence.

The spectators were hushed, realizing the importance and grandeur of the scene. "*The National Assembly*," said Target majestically and in a loud voice, "*declares that its mission is ended, and that at this moment it terminates its existence.*"

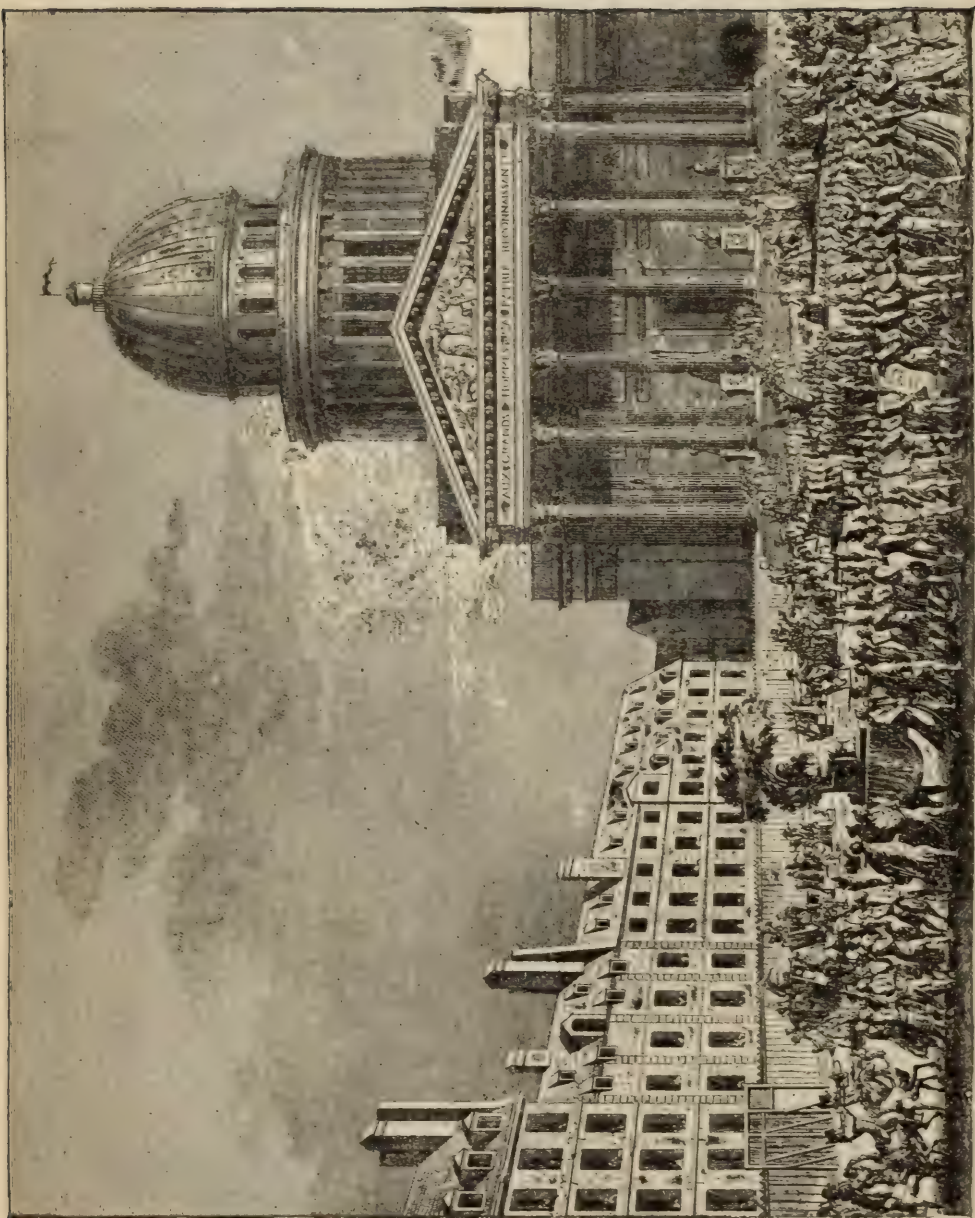
The people who crowded around showed how quickly they had forgotten their loyal delirium of the previous weeks, and that the temper of the former time of discord and hate was returning.

The royalist deputies, being no longer possessed of power, were insulted as they retired. They met with abusive language, but when Petion and Robespierre appeared they were received with vehement acclamations. Oaken chaplets were placed on the brows of the popular favorites, and the people with great enthusiasm dragged their carriages to their homes.

The venerable and conservative members of the dissolved Assembly witnessed these sinister scenes and separated with sad and foreboding fears as to their future. They realized when too late the great mistake that they had made in surrendering in this crisis, to a people so changeable and to uncertain men, the destinies of a Constitution they had just promulgated, and those of the monarch whom they had restored to power.

In God alone is wisdom. In Christianity is stability, but houses built on the sands of infidelity fall in the first storm of caprice or of passion. Infidelity was the foundation of the constitutional life promised to France. There was, it is true, a pious if unstable and weak Christian King to lead, but a people turned from Christ to placate and control. The inevitable consequences followed, anarchy and ruin.

A short time previous had occurred the superb fête to the great infidel Voltaire. The wit and genius of that extraordinary writer had been employed, not alone in history, drama, and poetry, by which he will ever be remembered as a master, but it had also been used in assailing the Bible and the Institutions of Christianity. Whether his affirmed frequent ejaculation against our Saviour, "Kill the beast," be true or a slander, his "Philosophical Dictionary" and diatribes are utterly antagonistic to *all* revealed religion. His influence had penetrated, with that of Rousseau, into French life and thought, and made half of



CELEBRATION OF THE RIGHTS OF MAN AT THE PANTHEON AND FUNERAL OF VOLTAIRE,
12TH OF JULY, 1791.

France infidelistic ; yet he claimed to believe in a something which he called God.

Voltaire had died in 1778. His bones were now removed and conveyed with great pomp and reverence to Paris, that they might be deposited in that Westminster Abbey of Atheism, the Pantheon. On the 12th of July, a brilliant and beautiful day, his remains, followed by an applauding multitude, were placed in a sarcophagus. The National Assembly surrounded the bier, and the authorities of Paris preceded or followed the body of the dead Voltaire. The scholars from the lyceums, and philosophers and professors, lent youth, age, learning, and secular genius to the magnificent ceremonies.

The long procession marched to the sound of muffled drums which beat melancholy time. Cannons reverberated. When the Pantheon was reached the body was carried into the temple amid the silence of half a million people. The sarcophagus was placed in its final rest. The busts of Voltaire, Rousseau, and Mirabeau, profusely and tastefully adorned with flowers, were deposited in niches of honor, while music filled the place, and deistic or atheistic eulogies and benedictions were pronounced. Finally the services ended, and he who was termed the champion of the rights of man was left to what he believed was an "eternal sleep." By such a funeral was the Constitutional throne preceded, and the same spirit was manifested when its reign was inaugurated.

Let the Christian and free-thinker alike ponder over this fact. It occurred on the eve of a new outburst of revolutionary frenzy and discontent, which in a few months was to kindle the flames of a ten years' war and to bring on that Reign of Terror, that Bröcken Feast of infidelity, which will ever amaze while it horrifies mankind.

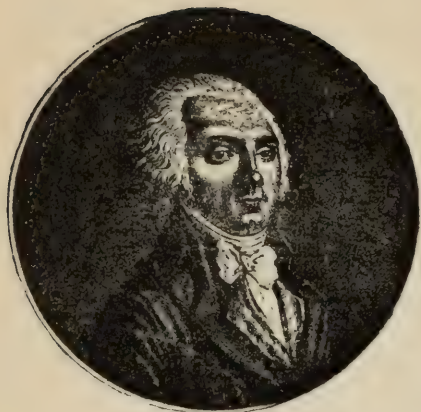
On the monument of Voltaire could then be read : "To the Manes of Voltaire—Poet, Historian, Philosopher. . . . He defended Calais, Sirven, de la Barre, and Moutbailly. He combated the atheists and the fanatics. He inspired toleration. He proclaimed the Rights of Man against servitude and feudality." The "fanatics" were all those who accepted the Holy Bible as inspired of God, who believed that the laws of Sinai were the code of the Almighty, and who accepted Jesus Christ as the Saviour of the world.

The sarcophagus of Rousseau, in the same august temple, bore a hand as if issuing from it, with a torch upheld and burning, and the inscription : "Here reposes the man of Nature and of Truth." And yet this very Rousseau, whose revolutionizing "*Contrat Social*" achieved so much to disorganize French society and bring upon France the Reign of Terror, and who refused to be a Christian, wrote one of the most powerful eulogies upon Jesus in any language, and declared, "Socrates died like a philosopher, but Jesus Christ like a God."

CHAPTER XVI.

THE LEGISLATIVE ASSEMBLY AND COMMENCEMENT OF WAR.

BEFORE the National Legislators had retired, the new Assembly had been elected. In its formation it was immediately observed that to the former elegant, refined, famous, conservative, and historic Constituent Assembly a body of undisciplined revolutionists had succeeded, who were of the most democratic character. The majority of the legislature just dissolved were men of experience and age. The majority of the new Assembly were young men. New names and new faces now appeared, and new hopes and mighty and radical determinations. In this body were present for the first time those deputies of the Gironde who were to make it famous forever. The majestic and beautiful Barbaroux ; the noble Vergniaud ; Buzot with his wisdom, and Brissot with his Republican sentiments ; the fiery Lanjuinais, and the severe Gaudet,—all these leaders occupied, from the very commencement of its sessions, a foremost position in the councils of the Legislative Assembly. The most prominent man, however, at this moment in the councils of the Gironde was Petion. This popular leader was excluded from the present body because he, like Robespierre, had been a member of the National Assembly. Petion soon became Mayor of Paris, and won great popularity. Under the disguise of a disinterested love for liberty, he was a selfish, ambitious demagogue. He was constantly flattered by the hope of being a second Mirabeau, and intoxicated by the fumes of the incense of adoration which he received each day from the rebellious people of Paris, he acted so vainly and so autocratically that even then he received the sobriquet of "*King Petion*," with which his enemies most satirically dubbed him. Vergniaud was a man of heroic ideals—a great orator, but personally selfish and absorbed. He was an American federalist, if such a term can be applied to a French legislator. His eloquence was fervent and continuous, and his language chaste and elegant. It flowed along like a mighty river, flashing indeed on its



PETION.



BRISSOT.



ROLAND.



GAUDET.



GENSONNE.

CELEBRATED GIRONDISTS.

surface with scintillations of light, but possessing a deep, strong current of wisdom below.

The Jacobins occupied high seats in full view of the Assembly, and from this circumstance they were nicknamed "the Mountain." The majority of their most vehement and prominent orators, Robespierre, Marat, Camille Desmoulins, and Danton, were not members of the Legislative Assembly.

It was from the Jacobin and Cordelier clubs that these radical leaders inspired the counsels and directed the votes of the Mountain. In those clubs, as centers of Revolutionary intrigue, was heard night after night their stormy eloquence.

Danton ruled the Cordeliers. He was an obscure barrister before the Revolution, but his influence had slowly increased as its frenzy advanced. His thunderous eloquence had often shaken the club of the Cordeliers, and aroused the wrath of the masses against feudalism and despotism. Danton was gigantic in stature and his voice rivaled Mirabeau's, while his audacity was that of a man willing to *venture* all to gain all. He did not love blood, but he would shed it freely when he believed a necessity had arisen. He was naturally of a generous disposition, and his power of self-control was very great. He could be cold and calm when occasion demanded, or on the other hand, if needed, stormy as a thunder-cloud discharging its lightnings and floods. Danton was a thorough materialist. He believed in neither God nor immortality. His mental view of the universe was embraced in two words, "Fate and Chance." Venal as well as patriotic, these two traits alternated in his existence. He had no pure love for true freedom. Immoral in life and reckless and cruel in crises of the nation, he could order a September massacre; could establish a Revolutionary tribunal; but could soon tire of bloodshed.

The Cordeliers had their club upon the south side of the River Seine, and more than a mile from the Menage, in which the Assembly then met. The Jacobins possessed the advantage of being almost in proximity. They were just north of the legislative hall. There Robespierre and Marat daily inspired the actions and speeches of their colleagues, who occupied the benches of the Mountain.

Robespierre was cold and calm. His person was thin,



ROBESPIERRE IN HIS TRIUMPH.

his eyes of a steel gray, his voice harsh and squeaking; but despite these disadvantages he was an eloquent and logical speaker. Beneath a pretence of incorruptible virtue, Robespierre concealed a selfish, daring, and vast ambition. Jealous, subtle, treacherous, and unforgiving, he yet won the respect of the radical element by his affectation of stern probity, his simple life, and his immense capacity for work. He was called the "incorruptible Robespierre." An idealist and a Deist, he justified bloodshed in order to sweep away treachery, to destroy greatness, and level all above himself down to his own position. He was callous to suffering, and ordered to death thousands without a regret or sigh. This dreadful and inhuman being began even now to gather the strings of power into his own hands.

Marat was the *sans culotte* of the Jacobins. Robespierre was elegant in dress and refined in manners. He always appeared attired with the most fastidious and scrupulous neatness. He wore a sky-blue coat, ruffled sleeves and bosom, a yellow vest, nankeen breeches, and top boots which were always carefully polished. On the other hand Marat was a sloven. He usually had a handkerchief bound around his head. Dirty and foul, unkempt and uncombed, with a shrunken form and a large, hideous head, he was the *nightmare* of liberty. His thirst for blood was that of a wolf ravening after its prey. He had once been a physician, an author, and a man of some literary ability; but now his brain was intoxicated by the delirium of the times, and he was in a constant state of revolutionary frenzy. His look was haggard and exhausted, he affected the squalor of the lowest mob, and soon became known among the rabble as the "divine Marat." In his paper, the *Ami du Peuple*, he constantly slandered the monarchy, the constitutionalists, the King, and the virtue of Marie Antoinette.

At the moment of the initial session of the Legislative Assembly, upon October 1, 1791, and before the Constitution had been fully put into action, the forces of the Revolution were either secretly or openly arrayed against it.

The Girondists were Republicans biding their time; the Jacobins were anarchists detesting all Kings. The majority of the Parisians, corrupt, ignorant, excited, destitute, ferocious, and fickle, were awakened in a moment from the loyalty and delirium of September, and were as unreliable as before that sentimental outburst.

On the side of the court, Louis tried to be sincere. He wished to carry out faithfully the terms of the Constitution, could he be treated as a free man and King. But he was a *man*, with all the sensibilities of manhood despite his peaceful and virtuous disposition. He had been for fifteen years an absolute monarch. He had been outraged, insulted, held a prisoner, and seen his wife the victim of the grossest abuse. Still greater outrages he was immediately to endure. The allied powers professed to be his friends and desired to be his liberators. It was not in even the King's human nature not to sigh, it may be unconsciously, for better times and freedom and more power.

The Queen, disbelieving in the possibility of moderation, had from the flight to Varennes looked abroad for help,—for her temporary confidence during September in the loyalty of the people was soon rudely dispelled. But in her correspondence with her brother Leopold, and the other princes of Europe, she was often thwarted by the emigrants at Coblenz. “The cowards,” she cried, as one day news of additional follies reached her, “they are the first to abandon us, and then to require us to think only of them and their selfish interest.”

The Legislative Assembly convened, as we have said, on the 1st of October, 1791. The trees were now russet with the fires of decay, and dead leaves strewed their path as the new lawmakers proceeded over the garden of the Tuileries to their hall. An immense crowd of people witnessed the imposing opening of the legislature. The most careless observer, as he surveyed the scene from the galleries above, must have been impressed with the striking change. The gray-heads were mostly gone. Young men hardly over thirty were in the majority. The elegance and courtly refinement of the National Assembly had given place to democratic tendencies, and to representatives who in their speech and dress showed that they were of the People. Sixty deputies were under twenty-six years of age.

Scarcely was the Assembly formed when that contest commenced, between men devoted to the constitutional monarchy and those laboring to create a Republic, which was to mark its whole existence. A puerile deliberation took place, as to how the deputation sent to Louis XVI., to announce to him the opening of the legislative body, should address their sovereign. After a stormy debate it was finally agreed

that it should be by the words, "Sire, the Assembly is formed, and has deputed as to inform your Majesty." The King's reception of the deputies offended some, and discouraged others. It was by a refusal to see them at that moment. When they returned to the Assembly and reported that the King could not see them before Friday, a tumult instantly broke forth, and a revengeful excitement was manifested.

"I demand," one deputy said spitefully, "that the terms 'Sire' and 'Majesty' be no longer employed in addressing Louis. He is but the first servant of a free people. Let us abolish all titles which remind us of our past slavery." Couthon added loudly: "There is no other majesty but that of the people and the laws." The piqued Assembly rashly voted the suppression of these ancient and regal titles, and also that the King should sit on a platform beside the President of the Assembly, and that he should be treated with the same honors as that dignitary, and no more. Two chairs were provided, exactly the same in size and style, for the Monarch and President, and to witness the equality between them the chairs were placed together and on the same level.

These decrees humiliated the King, spread consternation amongst the constitutional party, and agitated the people. A strong reaction of sentiment immediately sprung up in favor of Louis. The mercurial populace believed that the acts of the Assembly were unjustifiable. The King was filled with anger, and refused to attend, on these humiliating terms, the legislative body. Statesmen reading the disposition of the new Assembly, and observing how they violated both the letter and the spirit of the Constitution in their initial legislation, sadly declared "that all was lost and discord triumphant." The Assembly for a time hesitated to rescind these unpopular decrees, but orators of conservatism appealed to its sense of expediency. At length, despite the strong opposition of the Jacobins, the obnoxious laws were repealed. But the war had commenced between Royalist and Republican deputies with renewed bitterness. "See," said in derision the Royalist journals of Paris—"See how this contemptible Revolution gives itself the lie within two days; how conscious it is of its weakness."

On the 7th of October, 1791, the King repaired to the Assembly. He was pale and agitated. As he entered the

hall the whole body arose and some cried out "Long live his Majesty!" as though they desired to atone for the insult offered by decrees happily now repealed. The King took the oath and seated himself. His gilded chair, as had been decreed, was placed exactly upon the same level with that of the President of the Assembly. When all were seated the President arose to address the body, but perceiving that the King remained seated he again immediately took his seat. At this new and unexpected insult the King became more agitated than ever. Marie Antoinette was in a private box overlooking the Assembly. The disrespect with which she saw her husband treated filled her heart with dismay and grief. She was pierced to the soul and deeply affected. She almost wept.

On her return to the Tuileries the Queen was so stricken with a stupor of sorrow that she could not speak. When the humiliated monarch entered his wife's presence he was pale with agitation. He threw himself into his chair and placing a handkerchief before his eyes to hide his tears, "All is lost," he sobbed. "Oh, Madame, and you are a witness to this humiliation; you came into France to see—" here his sobs interrupted his speech. The Queen threw herself upon her knees before him and pressed him fondly in her arms. Madame Campan was present, who in her *Memoirs* has recorded this and many other affecting scenes. "Oh, go! go!" cried Marie Antoinette in anguished tones to her; "do not remain to witness the dejection and despair of your sovereign."

This cruel change thus manifested in the treatment of the King, occurred within thirty days after the adulation and affection which we have just described. The King now full of grief and despair turned yet more earnestly, in secret, toward obtaining succor from the foreign powers. Hope forsook him. These insults and decrees revealed to him that the Revolution could not be reconciled to a monarchy. But outwardly he became calm and endeavored to fulfill his constitutional obligations, while permitted to do so.

On the day of the opening of the Assembly, the palace of the Tuileries was brilliantly illuminated. It was before the King had presented himself to that body. The populace greeted him with loud expressions of joy. A prodigious crowd was present and filled the gardens. The King and Queen were requested to take an airing in the Champs

Elysée, escorted by the aides-de-camp and officers of the Paris National Guards. He did so. Many shouts of "Long live the King!" were heard; but when there was a pause, a man who never for a moment quitted the King's carriage would cry: "*No! don't believe them! Long live the Nation!*"

"These ill-omened words," says Madame Campan, "struck terror into the Queen; she thought it not right, however, to make any complaint, and pretended not to hear the isolated croak of the base fanatic and hireling."

The Queen and Madame Elizabeth, about the middle of October, 1791, visited several theatres. One evening they entered the Theatre Italienne. The pit was full of Jacobins. When Madame du Gazon, an actress of celebrity, in the course of the play sang, "Oh, how I love my mistress!" the Jacobins howled out with fury: "No! no! no! no! No mistress! No master!" The Royalists in the boxes and on the steps replied by shouts of "Long live the Queen! Long live the King!" The Jacobins, thus defied, became perfectly ungovernable. One of them arose and threatened to instantly flog Madame du Gazon if the loyal sentiment was again uttered. Then looking fixedly at the astounded Queen he cried out "that she also should be *flogged*." At this detestable insult the Royalists, mad with wrath, rushed down into the pit, which immediately became a complete pandemonium. The Royalists and Jacobins fought furiously. The Queen turned white and red between terror and shame at the outrage and threat received. The Royalists won the battle. Tufts of the black hair of the Jacobins, who had discarded powder, flew about the stage. Meantime a strong body of the National Guards had arrived, and under their protecting escort the Queen and her sister returned home. They were never seen in a theatre again, save at a single performance. Then the theatre was crowded with their friends, and their reception was kind and loyal.

It was amid such abuse and such sinister scenes that the new Constitution commenced its career. But from the beginning it was not obeyed and it soon became almost a dead letter. The Assembly and people followed their own impulses, and were a "law unto themselves," while the abused monarch and his insulted wife began to plot for a real power and a real freedom. The letters of Marie Antoinette to her imperial relatives and to the Princes of

the Holy Roman Empire became increasingly urgent. The movements of hostile troops toward the Netherlands continued, though veiled, and proved that Leopold of Austria was not in vain reading his sister's pleading epistles.

The Assembly had but little confidence in the King's sincerity. Realizing what human nature is, they believed that a monarch, situated and treated as he was, would, at the first favorable moment, rend his gilded chain. They affirmed that confidence in Louis was impossible.

The legislative body, with increased energy, now gave itself to radical changes. It should be remembered that emigration was still going forward. Many members of the late National Assembly, which had achieved so much for liberty, now began to despair of the monarchy and to forsake the country. Officers were constantly deserting their regiments and departing to Belgium or Germany. Landed proprietors, terrified at the spectacle of approaching anarchy, were abandoning their homes and property, and fleeing with those they loved across the Rhine, or into England. Discontent was openly manifested by La Vendée and Brittany, caused by the savage decrees against their beloved priests. Stormy scenes were occurring in the hot-blooded South, in which section the royalist sentiment was strong. Lyons and Toulon were restless and sullen, and Bordeaux was seething with hatred against the Assembly and the Jacobins.

The first attack made by the Assembly was upon the emigrants. Decrees were passed calling upon the Princes and emigrants to immediately return to France, and declaring that if they did not obey by January 1, 1792, that their property should be confiscated, and they themselves be placed under sentence of death, if *after that date* they were found upon the territory of the Constitutional Monarchy.

These decrees were a direct abrogation of that amnesty which was one of the last acts of legislation performed by the Constituent Assembly during the previous August. The King was compelled to write to his brothers and to the exiled nobility at Coblenz, commanding them to return. But they considered him a prisoner and refused to obey. In December, 1791, the Count de Provence wrote to Louis XVI., that his letter was received. "The Count de Vergennes," so ran the Count's epistle, "has delivered to me,

in the name of your Majesty, a letter, the address of which, notwithstanding my baptismal names which it contains, is so unlike mine, that I had some thought of returning it unopened." Louis had addressed his brother by the constitutional title of "French Prince." "The order which it contains," continues the Count, "to return and resume my place by your Majesty, is not the free expression of your will; and my honor, my duty, and even my affection, alike forbid me to obey."

A similar letter from the Count d'Artois reached the King. The messengers with the decrees of the Assembly visited the camp of Coblenz. They were received with refusal, contempt, and insults, and even some of them were threatened with death. On learning of this result of their efforts, the Legislative Assembly presented the decrees to the King for his signature. That signature, according to the Constitution, was indispensable in order to make them legal. Louis signed the decrees relating to his brothers; but refused to sanction such severe penalties against the emigrant nobility. A stormy scene ensued, and the separation between the executive power and legislative authority became yet more pronounced.

The Assembly also decreed several radical laws against the non-juring clergy. These recusants were forbidden to preach or administer the rites of the Roman Church; they were deprived of their salaries, and threatened with imprisonment if they persisted in their disobedience. These unjust decrees aroused the West and the South, where the non-juring clergy were greatly esteemed and beloved because of their "fidelity," as it was termed, to the throne and church. The constitutional priests in La Vendée were deserted. The people in vast throngs flocked to the woods, the plains, the river-sides, and the hills, to hear their beloved and faithful pastors. It was the spirit of the Covenanters over again, but exhibited in a Catholic land. The malcontents were devoted priests and servants of the Roman Church. The utmost indignation was felt by the enraged Vendéans and Bretons toward the new Assembly, but as yet no outbreak occurred in either Brittany or La Vendée.

And now the course of events rapidly tended towards war. In October, 1791, Lafayette had resigned his position as commander of the National Guards, and accompanied by many expressions of esteem from the Assembly, had

retired to his rural and beautiful château of La Grange. There he found the seclusion and rest that he so much needed. The guards were greatly modified. A law was passed placing their command in the hands of twelve officers, each of whom held his position for a month. Its ranks yet contained a large number of conservative and wealthy citizens, but gradually many violent Jacobins crept into the regiments. They were radicals and violent Republicans, and soon largely changed its political complexion, and undermined its loyalty. The most faithful battalions were the regiments of Fille St. Thomas. These conservative troops remained faithful to the constitutional monarchy even when insubordination and defection controlled all the other parts of this great force.

Bailly had ceased to be Mayor of Paris, and had retired followed by the sullen and vengeful murmurs of those who remembered with implacable anger his part in the tragedy of the Champ de Mars. Petion the Girondist had been nominated to that influential position by the Assembly, and had been elected. Thus all the leading actors in the eventful scenes of 1789, 1790, and 1791, save a few exceptions, such as Robespierre and Marat, were removed from the active work of the Revolution; and this history now begins to deal with new forces and new men. More and more the conservative men who inaugurated the Revolution retired into the background, only to reappear as victims of the guillotine, while the violent elements came more and more to the front. The State itself was now rapidly drifting toward war and bloodshed.

The Girondists, infatuated by their illusions, were sometimes influenced toward the Constitution and sometimes against it, though to the King personally they were kind and conciliatory. They maintained his right to the civil list and to his new guard.

The Constituent Assembly had dismissed from the Tuileries the old National Guards which had so long been its military force, and on the King's signing the Constitution had organized as household troops a Constitutional Guard. This corps was composed of 1500 tried and loyal soldiers, and were commanded by the Marquis de Brissac. A regiment of Swiss infantry had also been added. The soldiers were attired in red uniforms. They wore on their heads great bearskin shakos and presented an appearance very

different from that of the displaced National regiments. For a period the Girondists in the Assembly favored their retention at their full strength, but the Jacobins loudly called for their dismissal. It was only after the events of the spring of 1792 that the Girondists changed their views and advocated the withdrawal of a portion of this force.

And now the clouds betokening the coming storm of war loomed up darker as the new year 1792 dawned on agitated France. The Assembly, through the legal machinery of the King and his ministers as executives of the State, sent demands to the Emperor and foreign monarchs asking for an explanation of the threatening movements of their forces.

Meantime they resolved to immediately place the nation in a condition of defense. Count de Narbonne was sent on a mission of inspection along the northern and eastern frontiers. He visited all the great garrison towns, Sedan and Stenay, Longwy, Verdun and Metz, Strasbourg and Belfort. He acted with vigor and military genius. He increased the garrisons, perfected defensive military works, added cannons and munitions of war, and accumulated provisions.

The Assembly decreed the formation of three armies of defense, which were to be stationed along the northern boundary. General Lafayette was appointed to the command of the first of these armies. He accepted the position offered, and in the spring of 1792 he reluctantly quitted his home, and after visiting Paris, where he was received with respect, and some enthusiasm, he proceeded to his corps. The Count de Rochambeau, the hero of Yorktown, was appointed commander of the second army, and the aged Luckner was placed over the third. Rochambeau had 48,000 troops stationed between Dunkirk on the North Sea and Phillipville. Lafayette with 52,000 occupied the country from Phillipville to Latourbourg, while Luckner with 40,000 warriors was encamped from Latourbourg to Basle. Thus the entire Northern and Eastern frontiers were covered by a line of troops numbering in the aggregate 140,000 men. The able General Montesquieu with a fourth army watched the passes of the Alps.

All these armies were in a bad condition. They were disorganized and undisciplined, and many of their officers were ill-disposed toward the Assembly. Several of the fortresses also, despite the efforts of Narbonne, were without cannons, and their arsenals empty.

At length all parties rallied for war. "Let us tell Europe," said the fiery orator Isnard, in the Assembly, "that if cabinets engage Kings for war upon the people, we will engage the people in a war against them."

Every party in France seemed by a strange perversity of hope to look toward *war* for deliverance or success. The Queen beheld in it an inevitable necessity if the Emperor and European Princes were to march to her rescue, and that of the King and royal family. The King, despite his horror of bloodshed, recognized the inevitable, and saw no way out of the harassing troubles caused by the Revolution, except in the success of the forces across the Rhine and on the northern borders. It was Prussia and Austria moving to his deliverance in whom he now really but secretly hoped. The Girondists believed war a certain path to the Republic, and the Jacobins beheld in it the kindlings of a triumphant anarchy. One prominent man alone resisted its declaration, and that man was Robespierre. Thus all urged on the moment when that fatal step should be taken, fatal to the monarchy, and through the frenzies which it excited fatal to the freedom of the nation also.

Where purposes are formed by imagined interests pretexts are never found wanting. In January, 1792, a demand was sent to the Emperor Leopold to dismiss the emigrants from his dominions and to drive them out of the Netherlands.

Just at this moment, in the prime of his life, and to the inexpressible sorrow of Marie Antoinette, the Emperor Leopold died. His successor was the Queen's nephew, Francis II. But Francis warmly partook of the sentiments of his deceased father, and refused to comply with the French demands.

The Assembly next addressed the Elector of Metz, ordering him to dismiss the army of Coblenz. The Elector likewise refused. Had he possessed the will, yet with his feeble forces the increasing emigrant army could have laughed at any effort he might make against them. But the Elector was their resolute friend. Failing in all these efforts and in the many negotiations carried on by General Dumourier, the Assembly finally resolved upon war.

Amid the factious contests of the Legislative Assembly the Girondists had rapidly advanced in influence. The sage of the party was Roland. His wife, beautiful, young,

learned, and patriotic, was the Aspasia and Cornelia combined of the Revolution. Lovely with the light of genius, imbued with the literature of antiquity ; a student of Plutarch and Tacitus ; saturated with ideas derived from the best days of the Athenian and Roman republics,—Madame Roland brought into the frivolities and frenzies of Paris the soul of a hero, the mind of a Socrates, and the fascinations of a woman. Her home became the *sâlon* of moderate Republicanism. Roland, an austere and honest old man, was at heart a Constitutionalist, but was somewhat influenced by the Republican ideas of his wife. Madame Roland had forsaken religion. She had given herself up to a philosophic Deism, which veiled God in mist, and looked alone to the nobility of human nature for the regeneration of society and the State. Her republic was impossible and Platonic. This remarkable woman, when, in November, 1793, she mounted the scaffold of the guillotine, learned then how delusive was her confidence in fallen humanity ; and how terrible the crimes and anarchy following a nation whose hand is wrested from the guiding Providence and wisdom of *God in Christ*.

In her delightful parlors, the Revolutionists of Paris nightly assembled. All parties were charmed by her beauty, and affected by her wisdom and eloquence. Young and gifted, married to a venerable thinker, the mother of an only daughter, whom she fondly loved (the *Eudora* of her letters), the Revolution seemed to Madame Roland's intoxicated mind a fragrant and glorious path ; leading through present shadow and strife, storm and conflict, out into a near and entrancing future of federal liberty, happiness and peace.

Amid the evening radiances of her *sâlon* and seated at her refined and bountiful tables could be seen for a season men of the most opposite views. There gathered Vergniaud and Robespierre, Danton and Brissot, and indeed all the principal orators and leaders of the Assembly and the clubs. Madame Roland was a Girondist. She aspired with them to the establishment of a Federal Republic, and looked upon the United States of America as the model for her efforts and the efforts of the Gironde.

After changing his ministers many times since the opening of the Assembly, at last Louis XVI. in a kind of despair turned to the Girondists. It was now March, 1792. The

King believed that the Girondists were at least gentlemen and friends of order as against threatened anarchy. Though they were inclined to a republic, yet there might be hope for the Monarchy if they could be placated. In this, however, Louis was only partially correct.

In the ranks of the Gironde was Dumourier, now fifty years old; a great general, a wise statesman, and a successful commander in the East of a military department of France.

The Girondists were really *conspirators* for a republic. Lifted to power they soon proved unfaithful to the Constitutional Monarchy. But as yet, under the forms of a florid eloquence and a refined manner, by respectful allusions to the Queen, and a deferential treatment of Louis which soothed his sensibilities and deceived his fears, the Girondists guilefully advanced toward the realization of their purpose. As the cloud of war darkened, a temporary union of parties took place, and even Marat was peaceful under a Girondist ministry. The Girondists by accusing Delessart, one of his agents, had terrified Louis with the possible rancor they might exhibit if they were made enemies. They now won his confidence by their attitude of moderation and friendship. A Girondist ministry was formed. Roland was made Minister of the Interior; Servans was given the portfolio of War; and Dumourier appointed Minister for Foreign Affairs.

The new ministers assumed office on the 24th of March, 1792.

The most vehement of all the Girondist orators who favored war was Brissot. He accepted strife as the bloody path leading to a republic. He hated the Queen, distrusted Louis, and scrupled at no deceit and no subtle effort to accomplish his purposes. Isnard, Vergniaud, and Dumourier gave him the entire assistance of their magnificent abilities. As early as the 29th of December, 1791, Brissot had made a fierce assault upon the foreign powers. "If any foreign state exists inclined for war," he said, "we must get the *start* of them. If they are making a *pretence*, we must unmask them, and proclaim to the world their impotence. War is now a *vital* necessity. The honor of France is imperiled, and she will be forever disgraced, if she cowers before a few thousand emigrant rebels. *War will be a public blessing*. By it you will crush the insolence of the rebels. Until you take that decisive step, diplomacy

will never cease to deceive you by its falsehood. It is not with tyrants and governments that we must treat, but with their *subjects*."

On the 17th of January, 1792, Brissot was yet more pronounced. He bitterly denounced the Emperor of Germany; he asserted that the despotisms of Europe would never tolerate a limited monarchy on their frontiers; and that the Constitution of France was "an eternal anathema against absolute thrones."

By every possible method the Girondists inflamed and aroused France to war. As intoxicated by their illusions as Alexander was by wine, when he burned down Persepolis, these infatuated dreamers fanned the flames of a fire which was destined to rapidly enswathe in its destructive folds every people upon the continent, and to create that frenzy and terror in which, either upon the battlefield or by the guillotine, both they themselves and millions of others were to perish.

War was now assured. Dumourier managed the foreign affairs with a firm hand and constantly in the interests of strife. "Detested," says Von Laun, "by the Feuillans, allied to the Gironde, loved by the Jacobins, Dumourier promised to be the main-stay of the new ministry, and he began by taking Louis's affections by storm, through the firmness of his character, his boldness, his deliberate way of acting, his infinite resources, and by persuading the King that he sought popularity merely to save the throne." All the foreign efforts of the General were only calculated to make war inevitable, and he succeeded.

On the 4th of April, 1792, the King, accompanied by all his ministers, appeared in the Legislative Assembly. The deputies were solemn and silent. The King was sorrowful, but wore a firm look, and at least an imitation of patriotism. Dumourier as his mouthpiece gave a succinct and lucid statement of the cause, progress, and result of his negotiations with the German and Austrian monarchs. "Louis XVI.," says Thiers, "then spoke with rapidity and with a faltering voice."

"Gentlemen," he said, "you have just heard the result of the negotiations in which I have been engaged with the Court of Vienna. The conclusions of the report have been unanimously approved by my Council. I have myself adopted them. Having previously, as it was my duty,

employed all possible means to maintain peace, I now come, agreeably to the terms of the Constitution, to propose to the National Assembly war against the King of Hungary and Bohemia." This was the gauntlet of the Revolution, which the reluctant hand of its victim cast down at the feet of the nephew of a wife whom the king so much loved.

The proposition of the monarch was received with storms of applause. Cries of "Vive le Roi!" rose from the deputies, and re-echoed through the crowded courts and streets. The Assembly replied to the King that it would deliberate, and the monarch sadly returned to the Tuileries. A heated discussion immediately followed, which continued with vehemence until late at night. The orators of the Gironde and Mountain united in favor of war, and overwhelmed the moderate men of the Assembly. Finally by a large majority the solemn step was taken, which was to result in convulsing Europe for twenty-three years: *war was declared* against the Emperor Francis, not as ruler of Germany, but as King of Hungary and Bohemia.

Thus, amid public joy as manifest as that of France in 1870, the Constitutional Monarchy in May prepared for battle against its foes.

It is a remarkable peculiarity of this deluding event, that the most antagonistic parties considered it the cutting of an inextricable and unmanageable gordian knot. From widely different motives and with different objects in view, that conflict originated which led the French armies, either under Republican or Imperial control, from Cadiz to Moscow, and which in its long results and complications was destined to give a crown to a Corsican hero, and to bring Europe and Asia in hostile triumph to the gates of Paris itself.

So blind is man, and so terrible are the judgments and chastening of God.

CHAPTER XVII.

DUMOURIER AND THE GIRONDIST MINISTRY.

BEFORE we commence the delineation of those tremendous military events, which were to present such mighty battle scenes and heroic efforts to a gazing world, in the strife for liberty of the French Nation, it will be well, in order to preserve the unity of our history, that we group together in successive chapters the transactions from April until September, 1792 ; at which time the Constitutional Monarchy gave place, amid conflict and massacre, to the terrible French Republic, one and indivisible.

When Roland, the new Minister of State, presented himself in that capacity before Louis XVI., he came attired like a "Philadelphia Quaker," in plain snuff-colored garments, and with his shoes tied by strings. For two centuries and up to that moment, and even despite the convulsions which I have related, no state servant had ventured to appear before any monarch who ruled France, except in the full dress and buckled shoes which royal etiquette so persistently demanded. This democratic innovation of Roland was immediately noticed. "By his tacit insolence," says Lamartine, "Roland thought that he would flatter the nation and humble the monarch." He failed in the first, and he should have blushed at the last purpose. It was not in good taste for him to stand before his Sovereign in a brown coat, round hat, and shoes covered with dust. Men are not less free because they are decent. An American of 1890 does not lose his dignity, because, at an evening party in New York, he appears in full dress. The previous ministers of Louis XVI. had been courtly gentlemen, and had always appeared before the monarch in complete ministerial dress. Roland undoubtedly aped Franklin. That Sage, when at Versailles in 1778, was garbed in very plain clothing ; but Franklin was an American, and he conformed, as our ministers do to-day, to the assumed simplicity of republican institutions. Roland was a moderate and good man, but, O vanity ! thy name is French ! The King was mor-

tified and his courtiers indignant. "All is lost," said Dumourier satirically, when he heard of the circumstance. "Since there is no more etiquette, there is no more monarchy." These words, uttered so carelessly, had a profound undercurrent of truth. "The divinity that doth hedge a king" is etiquette; and without going to the extreme of Deoces the Mede, still it is respect and costume that give influence and glamour to kingly power. The jocoseness of Dumourier, however, placated the anger of Louis and the court, and removed all the effects of Roland's Spartan simplicity.

Meantime the defense of the Allied Powers, clothed in pungent and plain language, had been presented to the Assembly. It was received before the legislative body had issued its declaration of war. In this document the German Emperor justified his course and that of the other Teutonic princes. In that strong document, the Austrian Court asserted that, "when France gave to Europe the spectacle of a lawful King, forced by atrocious violence to fly, protesting solemnly against the acquiescence a tyrannical legislature had forced from him; and a little after when they stopped and detained him as a prisoner,—yes, it then *did* concern the relatives and allies of the King to invite the other powers of Europe to join with them in a declaration to France that they would view the cause of His Most Christian Majesty as their own, and demand that the King and his family be set free to go where they pleased; and now they require for these royal personages inviolability and due respect. They affirm that they will unite to avenge in the most signal manner every further attempt that may be committed, or may be suffered to be committed, against the freedom, honor, and safety of the King, the Queen, and royal family; and finally, that they will not acknowledge any laws as constitutionally or legally established in France, which do not have the acquiescence of its monarch, while enjoying *perfect liberty*." This bold indictment of the Revolution, and the threat that "they would in concert employ all the means within their reach to put a stop to the scandalous usurpation of power by the Assembly and people," with the causes we have before mentioned, stung to the soul the proud patriot French, and led to the unfurling of the flag of war. Another event had led to complications. For many centuries, the city and territory of Avignon had belonged to

the popes of Rome. The gift in the twelfth century of a pious prince of Provence, Avignon had been occupied by the pontiffs in the schism of the fourteenth century, and in the time of Petrarch had been the center of the papal power, and of the literary culture of southern France. For five hundred years it had displayed the flag of St. Peter, and had been governed by officials sent from Rome. When France was divided into departments, it became an anachronism by its existence, in the plans of a reconstructed nation, and in 1792, in the early spring, by a decree of the Legislative Assembly, despite the protest of the Pope and Catholic Europe, it had been annexed to France. The flag of St. Peter was hauled down, and, amid vociferous cries, the tri-color reared in its place. This aggressive act led to a still more rapid gathering of the Imperial forces, while even the Protestant King of Prussia denounced the annexation. It was in this moment of the inauguration of war, and these defiant aggressions by the Assembly, with marching and hostile armies on the borders of his kingdom, that Louis XVI. commenced, seemingly aided by the Girondist ministry, to strive anew to guide the vessel of State through the stormy breakers she was now about to encounter.

The King, no longer treated with discourtesy, met the Girondist ministers with a seeming confidence which for a season disarmed and touched them. "The King," confessed Roland, when he returned to his wife, "is not known. He is a weak prince, but one of the best of men; he does not lack good intentions, but he needs good advice. He does not like the aristocracy, and has strong feelings for the people. His mind, without being superior, is expansive and reflecting, and in an humble position his abilities would have provided for him. He has a general knowledge, knows the details of business, and is persuasive, affectionate, and confiding. He likes work, is a great reader, and never idle for a moment. He is a tender parent, a model husband, chaste, and naturally upright and sincere. Circumstances have influenced his mind. The Revolution has convinced him of its necessity, and we must convince him of its possibility. In our hands the King may better serve it than any other citizen."

Madame Roland listened to her husband with a smile of incredulity. An ardent Democrat, she contested for a future republic. She decried the monarch, and refuted the state-

ments of her husband. "Louis XVI.," she said, "half dethroned by the People, cannot love the nation that fetters him. He may feign to caress his chain, but his constant secret effort will be to break it. The Constitution is the forfeiture of the King, and patriot ministers are his superintendents. Fallen greatness cannot love the cause of its fall; no man likes his humiliation. Trust in human nature, Roland, that never deceives." Such language stupefied the Minister in the very commencement of his work. Brissot, Condorcet, Vergniaud, Gensonne, and especially Buzot, the confidant and intimate friend of Roland, at their evening meetings strengthened the mistrusts of the Minister, which had been fomented by the words of his wife. Roland armed himself with sternness, but as soon as he saw the King, the frankness and kindness of Louis charmed his heart. Thus he became a waverer. At home, and in his *salon* amid the Girondists, he felt their subtle eloquence and influence. In the King's cabinet he was softened and subdued. He wavered as to the decrees against the emigrants, the non-juring priests, and even as to the war itself. But Dumourier was a different kind of man. The secret of that general's conduct was revealed in a remark he made to Montmorin: "If I were King of France I would disconcert all parties by placing myself at the head of the Revolution."

Dumourier was affected by his personal intercourse with Louis. The King's patience, kindness, his benevolent sentiments and upright mind, touched and fascinated the General. Dumourier spoke in a perfectly frank and unreserved manner to Louis of the threats and dangers of the hour. "Think, Sire," he said earnestly, "of the terrible enmity which surrounds your throne. It can only be consolidated by the confidence of the Nation in your sincere attachment to the Revolution." The King replied, much moved, "I like your frankness and I know that you are attached to me." Dumourier informed the King that he had prepared four dispatches for the Ambassadors of France, in such language of resolution as was not often heard by foreign courts. These were to be presented to the Allied Powers. "If the King *sanctioned* them," the General said, "then he would send them; if not, he was ready to resign his position and give place to a counselor in whom Louis could more fully confide." "Go," said the King, "and do what your heart

desires, according to the best interests of the nation, which are also mine."

The Queen sent for Dumourier to come into her most secret boudoir. The General obeyed, and found Marie Antoinette pacing the floor to and fro, her face flushed with emotion, and her eyes aflame with anger. He stood near the fire-place in an attitude of respect and commiseration ; and full of sympathy for a Queen so august, so beautiful, and so miserable. "Monsieur," she said, "at this moment you are all powerful. It is through popular favor, which soon destroys its idols. Your existence," she continued, "depends on your conduct. You must be aware that neither the King nor myself can bear these novelties, nor the Constitution ; I tell you this frankly, so take your side." "Madame," replied Dumourier in respectful tones, "I am confounded by these dangerous revelations which you make to me. I am placed between the King and my country, and I belong to my country. Permit me to appeal to your Majesty ! Your safety, that of your children,—nay, of the King, and the throne, are all bound up in the Constitution. You are surrounded by enemies who delude and sacrifice you. The Constitution alone can secure your safety and happiness. "It cannot last long," said Marie Antoinette menacingly : "Beware of yourself." Dumourier flushed, and in his excitement he intimated, forgetting himself, that perhaps he might be poisoned by his enemies. "Ah," cried the Queen, in horror, "this calumny was alone wanting ! You think I am capable of having you assassinated." She shed tears, and Dumourier was greatly moved. "Far be it from me, Madame," he earnestly replied, "to offer you so cruel an insult. Your soul is great and noble ; and the heroism you have displayed under so many circumstances of extreme peril and trial, has forever attached me to you." Marie Antoinette was conciliated by these words. and laid her hand on the arm of Dumourier in token of her restored confidence. Dumourier spoke earnestly to the Queen as to the condition of the State, and described with fidelity the situation of the city and the strength of the factions disturbing the monarchy. He said that he lived in the center of parties, and therefore was well placed to judge facts. He declared that the Revolution was not simply a popular movement, but an almost *unanimous insurrection of a great nation, against the intolerable tyrannies of the past.*

He said that mighty factions fed the flame, and that in all of them there were scoundrels ; and, "Madame," he affirmed, "whatever tends to separate the King and nation will ruin both. I seek," he declared, "to unite these two, and it is for you, Madame, to aid me in so necessary a work. But if," he continued mournfully—"if I am an obstacle in the way of your designs, tell me, and I will retire from my ministry, and lament in obscurity the fate of my country, and your own." The Queen was captivated by these words. She had faith, and with reason, in his honor and frankness. She believed that she saw the firmness of an upright man, and the sword of a general ready to be devoted to the royal service, and she promised to support his efforts. For a brief period Marie Antoinette was faithful to her pledge, but the *facts* of her position, and the frightful outrages and insolence of the people, soon awakened her to a conclusion that the only salvation for her husband, and for her children, was in the success of the enemies of Constitutional France.

Madame Campan is authority for the following scene. The Queen one day went to her palace window, attracted by a great shout from the people who were gathered in the Gardens of the Tuileries. The vile populace had assembled around a hideous wretch, who was nearly nude. When the ruffian saw the Queen, his attitude and actions were of such a character as this pen refuses to describe. The people gleefully yelled, and the Queen, on fire with outraged modesty, ran weeping away. This awful scene speaks volumes of the causes of the desperate, if despairing efforts of Marie Antoinette, to hasten the advance of the allied armies and obtain surcease from such dreadful insults and bondage. On another occasion the abused lady poured her sorrows into the pitying ears of Dumourier. "In this frightful garden," the Queen said, "I observe and experience every outrage. Not long since, a sentinel, perceiving me at the window, approached to where I stood, shook his fist in my face, and cried, 'I wish, Austrian woman, that I had your head here, upon my bayonet.' I see on one side," continued the unhappy Marie Antoinette, "a man mounted on a chair and vociferating the most odious insults against us, while by his gestures he threatens the inhabitants of the palace ; on the other side, I behold ruffians dragging to the basins of the Gardens some poor friend, or officer, whom they overwhelm with blows and abuse ; and in the

midst of all these terrible outrages, I see other people calmly playing ball, or walking about in the alleys. My God! what a residence! what a life! what a people!" Dumourier lamented with the Queen this terrible condition of affairs and could only exhort her to patience, and to hope. "But," says Lamartine, "the endurance of the victim is exhausted sooner than the cruelty of the executioner. How could it be expected that a courageous and proud Princess, who had been constantly surrounded by the adulations of the Court, should love a Revolution that was the instrument of her humiliation and torture, or see in this *hardened and inhuman* nation a people worthy of liberty."

At this date the red bonnet began to appear on the heads of the sanguinary populace, and in the streets of Paris. It was in imitation of the old Phrygian cap of freedom, and its crimson hue was prophetic of the blood so soon to be shed. Dumourier, impelled by patriotic motives, determined to try and reconcile the King and extreme factions, and, being personally popular, he appeared in the Assembly. That body had donned the red bonnet. Dumourier, influenced by the cries of the radicals, placed the red cap for a moment upon his head, and then spoke so eloquently, that even the fierce Jacobins greeted him with applause. David, Collet d'Herbois, and Robespierre all were affected. "I do not despair," said Robespierre, "of a Minister of the King being a patriot." When that cruel demagogue left the tribune, he embraced Dumourier. This hollow truce, however, lasted but for a day.

Petion, though hungry for popularity, had a moment of indignation when he saw the folly of the legislators in endeavoring to conciliate the people by wearing the red cap in their public sessions. He recalled them to their dignity and duties by a rebuking and scathing address. He pointed out as the standard of the Constitution not a red bonnet but the tri-colored cockade, and shamed those fickle men to that extent that every crimson cap instantly disappeared from the heads of the ashamed deputies.

The extreme wing of the Jacobins was the Mountain. Its members now began with increasing malevolence to criticise the actions of the Ministers and the conduct of the war. They inaugurated a conflict with the King by demanding the release of those Swiss soldiers of Metz, who, as a punishment for their revolt, had been sent to the galleys at

Brest. This infamous request was resisted, strange to say, by the Girondists. A death-grip ensued for a moment, and the Mountain conquered. The forty Swiss soldiers were freed, and the patriot society of Brest welcomed them with embraces. Their shackles became relics, and Paris and Brest ardently contended for the chains. "Such a goose," writes Carlyle in his dyspeptic way, "is man, and cackles over plush, velvet, Grand Monarchies and freed gaily-slaves, over everything and nothing, and will cackle with his whole soul merely if others cackle." When the mutinous Swiss reached Paris, they were mounted on triumphal chariots, and were received as heroes, rather than as revolted troops. With clang of cymbals and roll of drums, they were paraded, attended by vociferous crowds, through the streets of the city, and were presently sent away rejoicing.

The Legislative Assembly, eternally urged on by the clubs of Paris and the constant pressure of the Jacobins and Cordeliers, passed two decrees which still further aggrieved Louis XVI., and, despite his best intentions, at length entirely separated him from the radicals in that body. Dumourier found himself powerless to prevent the passage of these fatal acts, but not to rebuke the Assembly. The decrees were originated by Servans, the Minister of War. The first decree was leveled at the King's most devoted servants, the non-juring priests. The Assembly enacted that any non-juring priest who was denounced by twenty citizens, should be instantly banished from the kingdom. They also decreed that a camp of twenty thousand men should be formed under the walls of Paris, to protect the patriotic population. They disbanded the King's guard of eighteen hundred loyal troops, and at this threatening crisis left him totally unprotected in his palace. The decrees were passed in the middle of June, 1792, and sent to Louis for his approval. For him to indorse the first was to inflict a cruel outrage upon his religion; while the second was aimed at the very foundation of the royal power, and placed the monarch, bound and helpless, in the hands of the factions of Paris. It was purposely designed, by this decree, to create additional barriers between the King and the rescuing armies, which now under the Duke of Brunswick were on the march toward France.

Eighty thousand Prussians and Austrians, with the emigrant French forces of Coblenz had reached the borders.

As the allies approached shameful disorders had marked the army of Luckner. Cavalry, artillery, and infantry, almost before they saw the flash of the foreign bayonets, had fled in cowardly panic. In some cases they murdered their officers during their terrified flight; crying, as they did so, "Treason! Treason!" Confusion ran riot. The camps of Rochambeau and Lafayette also were greatly agitated, while the terrors of the people were awakened by the cowardice of the national armies.

At this moment, despite the white heat of fear and frenzy which surrounded him, the King took the conscientious step that resulted in destroying his throne. True to his religious convictions, and determined to risk all, rather than violate them, on the 16th of June, 1792, Louis XVI. vetoed both decrees of the Legislative Assembly as being unwise and iniquitous. In vain Dumourier plead and protested, warning the monarch of the certain consequences to follow; in vain Roland argued. The obstinate conscience and convictions of Louis were thoroughly aroused, his moral nature touched, and he was as resolute and firm as though made of adamant. Patient and long-suffering, conciliatory and gentle, he had been tortured and spurned on to a point where he would endure no more, as long as he possessed any power to resist. There was in his veto a weapon of resistance, and he at once employed it.

The King's veto was received by the Assembly with tumult, and by the people with the most vehement anger. The Revolutionists were no longer satisfied to govern under the Legislative Assembly merely, and they distrusted the National Guards, whom they believed to be a body as yet royalist, and whom they bitterly remembered for their agency in the massacre of the previous summer. Both Jacobins and Girondists called with furious persistence for the establishment of the camp of twenty thousand federates. The Paris Federates, in order to aid those bands whose formation into a camp the King had opposed by his veto, now openly instigated by the Jacobin Club, and even indorsed by the treacherous Petion, began to organize bodies of pikemen, in defiance of the monarch. These troops were gathered from the scum of the population. Desperate and degraded men, raving after violence, and thirsty for blood, their cries and footsteps began to be heard and seen in the streets of Paris. Inflamed by the tidings of disaster on the frontiers, and

wearing the red bonnet, these fearful bands soon terrified and quelled even the Legislative Assembly itself.

Society was rapidly falling into disorganization, and the Constitution, despised and hated, was trampled under the feet of these sanguinary *Sans Culottes*. Squalid, ferocious, half inebriated, they rapidly became a mighty power in Paris, and were quickly multiplied in the provinces. When they obtained cannons, they became, under the coming Commune, a sanguinary weapon of death and massacre. With hideous faces and furious yells, they surged through the streets and rejoiced in the name of "Ragged Breeches."

Servans, the Minister of War, had purposed a celebration of the Federates on the 14th of July, and the establishment of a camp in the suburbs of Paris, in order to place a force in the hands of the Gironde. His design had been to protect the Girondists against the possible treachery of the Jacobins, with whom they at this moment began to affiliate, and also against the possible attack of the National Guards.

The unhappy Louis saw the abyss of strife and anarchy yawning on every side; he experienced little but treachery and villainy from his counsellors. "What!" said the Queen, "an army of twenty thousand brigands govern Paris!" Still the King was not left entirely alone in his struggle. The National Guards were hostile to the Federate camp, petitioned against it, and upheld the monarch's veto. It was at this juncture that Roland wrote to the King an insolent letter full of rebuke and reproach. The King, greatly angered, took the decisive step of immediately dismissing Roland, Servans, and Claviere from his ministry; but Dumourier still remained. The General was greatly oppressed by these sudden and sinister events. He had exhausted every effort to induce Louis to sign the decrees, and he had failed.

Dumourier had separated some time before from his colleagues. His sympathies had gone out more and more toward the King and Marie Antoinette, as he beheld how rapidly anarchy and discord advanced. Profiting by his ascendancy over the Jacobins in the Assembly, he had demanded six million francs as secret service money. The enemies of Dumourier now accused him of employing a part of that vast sum upon his own pleasures. They demanded an explanation, which he haughtily refused to give; but such was the conviction among even his most bitter antagonists of the indispensability of his sword and

talents, to resist the coming invasion of France by the allied powers, that the inquiry was suffered to drop. In vain Madame Roland said vehemently: "The hour has come to destroy Dumourier." He triumphed.

And now the King's veto had roused France to an almost insane fury. Paris was on fire with rage and indignation. In defiance of the monarch's restraining hand, Barbaroux, the Girondist, summoned a determined body of Federates three thousand strong from Marseilles. It was June, when they commenced their march toward Paris. They sang the great Marseilles Hymn, now heard for the first time, that wonderful breathing of a patriotic people determined to be free. As this swarthy band advanced, their ranks constantly increased. Their warlike chorus thrilled all hearts and even set cold natures aflame:

"Aux armes, citoyens : formez vous battalions.
Marchons, marchons, abreuve nos sillons."

"Arm, citizens, form ye battalions.

"March on, march on, all hearts resolved, on liberty or death."

As they passed through the cities on their route to Paris, that tremendous *Te Deum* of the Revolution shook French society. Its melody was at once rousing, mournful, warlike, and pathetic. Those burnt sons of the south, red capped, sinewy, with their fiery black eyes and bronzed countenances alive with enthusiasm, were coals of fire from the altars of freedom. They kindled, they enthralled, they subdued by their mighty hymn all who heard them. As with voices loud and deep they chanted its verses, and as their drums rolled in accompaniment, the very genius of the Revolution seemed present:

"Come, children of your country, come,
The day of freedom dawns on high,
And Tyranny has wide unfurled
Her blood-stained banner to the sky.

Shall foreign tyrants, mischief breeding,
With hireling hosts a ruffian band,
Affright and desolate the land,
While peace and liberty lie bleeding.
To arms ! to arms ! ye brave !
The avenging sword unsheathe !

March on, march on, all hearts resolved, on liberty or death.

Oh, liberty, can man resign thee,
 Once having felt thy glorious flame?
 Can dungeon bars or bolts confine thee,
 Or blows thy noble spirit tame?
 Or blows thy noble spirit tame?

Too long the world hath wept, bewailing
 That falsehood's dagger tyrants wield;
 But Freedom is our sword and shield,
 And all their arts are unavailing.
 To arms! to arms! ye brave!" etc.

Such was the Marseilles Hymn.

The marching bands of Marsellais entered the cities and villages on their route under triumphal arches. The music of their drums in the chorus of their hymn was sublime and terrible. Thus they rapidly moved on, each day nearer to the capital, which was now rocking with convulsions of patriotic passion, warlike frenzy, and anticipative fears.

The exigencies of the war at this most critical moment demanded the firm hand, the fertile brain, and guiding genius of Dumourier. The Assembly were united in their respect for his military talent. They deposed Luckner and appointed Dumourier to the command of that army, at the same time superseding Rochambeau by the iron-hearted Kellerman. Dumourier resigned his place in the ministry and accepted this responsible and patriotic position. He was greatly grieved that all his efforts had been unavailing to prevent the monarch from maintaining his ruinous veto, in the very teeth of the increasing fury of the people. Before his departure for his army he entered the King's cabinet to render his account to his sovereign and to take his leave. Dumourier in his memoirs recounts his last interview with Louis XVI. It was pathetic.

"And so you depart to join the army of Luckner?" said Louis. "Yes, Sire," replied Dumourier, "I am delighted to leave this distracted city, and I have but one deep regret; your Majesty is in danger. "Yes," replied the King, sighing, "I certainly am." "Ah, Sire," urged the departing General, "you cannot any longer suppose that I spoke from interested motives. Let me implore your Majesty to reconsider your veto. Do not, I entreat you, persist in that fatal resolution." "Speak no more of it," said Louis firmly; "I have taken my part." "Ah, Sire," remonstrated Dumourier,

sadly, "did you not use the same expression when in this very room and before the Queen, you pledged your word to me?" "I was wrong then," said Louis calmly, "and I regret that I did so." "Ah, Sire," said Dumourier earnestly, "it was not then, but it is now, that you are wrong. I shall see you no more. Your religious scruples are abused by your advisers. They are leading you to civil war. You are without an army, and you will be destroyed. History will accuse you of having caused the calamities of France." "God is my witness," replied the King fervently, "that I wish the happiness of the nation." He affectionately took the hand of Dumourier. The General, overcome with emotion, burst into tears. "I do not doubt, Sire," he said with a broken voice, "that you love the people, but you are answerable to God, not alone for the purity of your intentions, but the enlightened direction of your actions. You think you are protecting religion and you are destroying it. The priests will be massacred. You will lose your crown, and perhaps your wife and your children."

There was a moment's silence. The King pressed the hand of Dumourier. Dumourier added, "Sire, I would all France knew you as I do. You wish its happiness. You have been sacrificing yourself to the nation since 1789. Continue to do so and I pray our troubles may soon cease, the Constitution be established, and the remainder of your reign happy." "Alas," replied Louis, "I am under no delusion. I expect my death and I forgive my enemies. I thank you for the sensibility you have shown. You have served me well, and you have my esteem. You shall have proof of it if I ever see better days." They parted with tears and saw each other no more.

In this period of fearful trial, the waves of the red Revolution rising higher and more billowy, and rolling in, freighted with anarchy and destruction, Louis drew yet closer for refuge to God. He placed himself still more devotedly under the shadow and help of the Everlasting Arms. He possessed, in his deep piety and faith in God, a constant daily help. The Queen was a woman of the world; care and sorrow had bleached her hair, but had not yet brought her to the foot of the cross. Yet the awful delirium of a disbelieving nation, with their liberty threatened and now turning furious, and with sword in hand to conquer or die, at this time began to direct her burdened soul toward

Him who says, "Come unto me, all ye who labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

The portentous clouds of war had already begun to discharge their lightnings on the frontier. The roar of the allied cannons thrilled and roused to revolutionary patriotism and frenzy the French people. In April, 1792, the Legislative Assembly had decreed the formation of camps of volunteers in all parts of France. Tables were placed in various parts of the city of Paris, and in every Commune of the Monarchy. Officials appointed for the purpose superintended the books of enrollment. Above their heads was placed this inscription: "To arms, citizens; the country is in danger." "*Armes, citoyens; La Patrie est en danger.*" The pikemen of Paris and the National Guards responded to this tremendous appeal in large numbers, and began to march toward the seat of war. Thousands remained, but other thousands enlisted, encouraged by the acclamations of multitudes. These volunteers unfurled the tri-color banner, and, the red bonnets on their heads, they set out for battle. The Sans Culotte brigade wore long unkempt hair and their faces scowled with ferocious looks. They marched forth in ragged majesty, singing the Parisian Hymn, just composed, of "*Ça Ira.*" They were hurried to the north to reinforce the troops of Dumourier and Kellermann, and soon, uniformed and disciplined, took a valiant part in the conflict and glories of Valmy and Jemappes.

North and south, east and west, France exhibited the sublime spectacle of a nation rushing to battle for liberty, country, and home, while the monarchy of Louis XVI. was trembling more and more to its fall. In that monarchy the patriots—the heroes of aroused France—now saw only a center of hostile machinations and of foreign intrigue.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE MOB IN THE TUILERIES.

“THE story of the French Revolution,” says Smythe, “is afflictive in the extreme ; the changes are rapid, and every change is for the worse. The vistas of darkness increase as we advance, and they lead we know not where.” The events which are to follow can only be clearly understood by the reader, by carefully entering into the very feelings and temper of the people at this eventful period. On one side were the King and Queen, the Court, and that portion of the nobility who had, amid so much cowardly desertion, remained faithful. The Court had with reason lost all confidence, not in the Constitution itself, but in its practical power either to restrain the Legislative Assembly or control the clubs of Paris. That which never would have been permitted by a settled government even for a moment, was now daily endured by the family of this long-suffering King—insolence, abuse, shocking outrages, and incessant alarm. We have described the inhumanity and levity of the worst lower urban population that has existed in Europe, since the fall of the Roman Empire. The mob of Paris was atheistic, cruel, licentious, and profane, and without even the submission to order which at least characterized the subjects of Nero or Domitian. There were, it is true, exceptions among such masses in Paris itself, and this description applies alone to the rabble hordes of that city, and the cities of the South. But the Revolution had its heart in the capital. There it centered all its fearful energies.

The King, with perfect human nature, turned from these threatening mobs to the invading army. When Vergniaud in the Assembly declared that “the Prussians advance in the name of Louis XVI., for the defense of Louis XVI., to succor Louis XVI.,” he spoke the *exact truth* ; though the Allies mingled with their determination to rescue the royal Bourbons the less chivalrous motive of stamping out a fire whose flames were already threatening themselves and Europe.

Opposed to the treacherous Court, and it *really was* treacherous was, first, the Legislative Assembly. This body—itsself insincere, and traitors to the Constitution—fully credited that Louis XVI. was the same as itself. While it is declared that its majority were Constitutionalists, those who were moderate men were so browbeaten, and daunted by the fury of the factions, the galleries and the city, as to be under the control of both the Jacobins and Girondists. Each of these parties were desperately striving to overthrow the Monarchy and on its ruins establish *its own* ideal of a republic. They connived, they intrigued, they openly contested for a change, exhibiting the most shameless violation of existing laws and of the Constitution. The ideal of the Girondists was a federative republic, like that of the United States of America, in which the old provinces, such as Normandy, Brittany, Gascony and, in fact, entire France, should be, they declared, federative bodies. The ideal of the Jacobins was that terrible republic, which they afterwards so thoroughly realized, *one and indivisible*; which was to have Paris as its capital. They strove for such a centralization of power, that a revolution there would always be a revolution in France. The Girondists were the political *Congregationalists* of France, and the Jacobins its political *Catholics*. The Girondists would have had many capitals, the Jacobins would have only one, and that one *Paris alone*,—with Bordeaux and its commerce, Lyons and its silk manufacture, Nantes and its fisheries, Marseilles, Toulon, and Strasbourg, and indeed all the other historic and mediæval cities of the monarchy, abjectly subject to metropolitan rule. These two potent and able parties, not yet revealing their diverse ideals or plans, which as we shall see soon brought them into fierce conflict, were at this juncture united in a temporary league against royalty, and were sternly resolved upon the overthrow of the constitutional throne. In the revolts through the summer of 1792 which ensued, it was a minor part which was played by the Jacobin leaders. The Girondists came to the front and everywhere directed the onslaughts upon the throne. It was the Girondist Barbaroux, it was Vergniaud, it was Madame Roland, who inspired the march of the Marsellais upon Paris. Petion, a Girondist, in his position of Mayor of Paris facilitated outrage and revolt, believing that these would aid in the quicker establishment of his ideal Republic.

lic. Added to these forces we find the Cordelier Danton inaugurating the massacre of September. It was only in the autumn of 1792 that the Jacobins, invested with terrible political strength and purpose, came decisively to the front.

To these influential causes of the events to be immediately described, we must add that France *was* in danger.

What actually was accomplished despite the desperate and tremendous efforts of the mighty genius of Napoleon in 1814, and by the vast armies of Prussia in our own day, in 1792 was *threatened* by an army of one hundred thousand disciplined Austrians and Prussians, and by the traitors of Coblenz marching in their ranks. Between this great force and Paris, there existed only undisciplined, suspicious armies, who feared traitors in their minor officers, and who fled at the first sight of a foreign bayonet or sword.

These, then, were the factors of June, 1792. On the one side a King and Queen, hoping, waiting, and praying to be rescued by the allied forces, and living in the midst of outrages unspeakable, and suspicions incorrigible. On the other side, an Assembly and clubs united to destroy that monarch's throne, because they believed it to be a nest of traitors, and also because they discredited monarchy altogether. A population seething with patriotic fear and fury, and with the determination to erect, as they asserted, an honest Republic in the place of a plotting and unreliable royalty. There was an embruted Parisian mob, Atheistic and lusting for change and blood. There was a conservative Paris and France, cowed, trembling, and dismayed, with a National Guard controlled by law, and by that very law, under the command of the treacherous Petion as Mayor of Paris.

But it must not be forgotten that in the West, the stern, and as yet the silent Catholic, Bourbon, and devoted people of La Vendée stood ready throughout all the coasts of France to rush to arms for their King, for their religion, and for the old feudal royalty. It was these men who, in the revolt of 1793, unfurled the white banner, and, with the cross and priest at their head, marched to battle against the tri-color and an atheistic Republic.

The excitement of the hour soon led to a new movement of the people ; and Petion, who was in league with the disorderly elements, made no sincere effort to restrain them.

It was his fell purpose to first humiliate, then overthrow, the Constitutional Monarchy. At first he endeavored to veil his sinister designs, though he completely sympathized with the desires of his fellow Girondists for a republic, and slyly loaned to the most bitter Sans Culottes the shield and influence of his official position. But soon laying aside every cloak of pretense, he openly and with a treachery of the most contemptible character cordially co-operated with the insurrectionary committees. He both defied the King's ministry and discouraged Louis XVI. by his haughty indifference and determined audacity.

The King, it will be remembered, had refused his sanction to the decrees against the non-juring priests and for the formation of a camp of the Federates. This veto was given on the 15th of June. On the very next day, a formal address was presented to the Directorial Council of the Paris Commune, then in session at the Hôtel de Ville. A body of citizens demanded permission to plant trees of Liberty in various places, and *going armed*, the privilege also of presenting a petition to the Assembly, and to the King. The conservative Directory of that time passed to the order of the day, and made no reply. The people, however, were resolute, and were not to be rebuffed.

On the 19th of June, the directors of the department passed a resolution forbidding all public assemblages of the people, and enjoining upon the Commandant-General of the National Guards and upon the Mayor of Paris to employ all the means necessary in dispersing tumultuous mobs.

But the movements in the faubourgs still continued. When some of the Sans Culottes hesitated, Santerre, a prominent brewer of the Faubourg St. Antoine, replied confidently: "What do you fear? the National Guards will not have orders to fire; Petion is with us." Meantime the Mayor urged the Directory to permit the assemblages of the petitioners and the procession they demanded. Fearful of strife, the Directory persisted in their refusal.

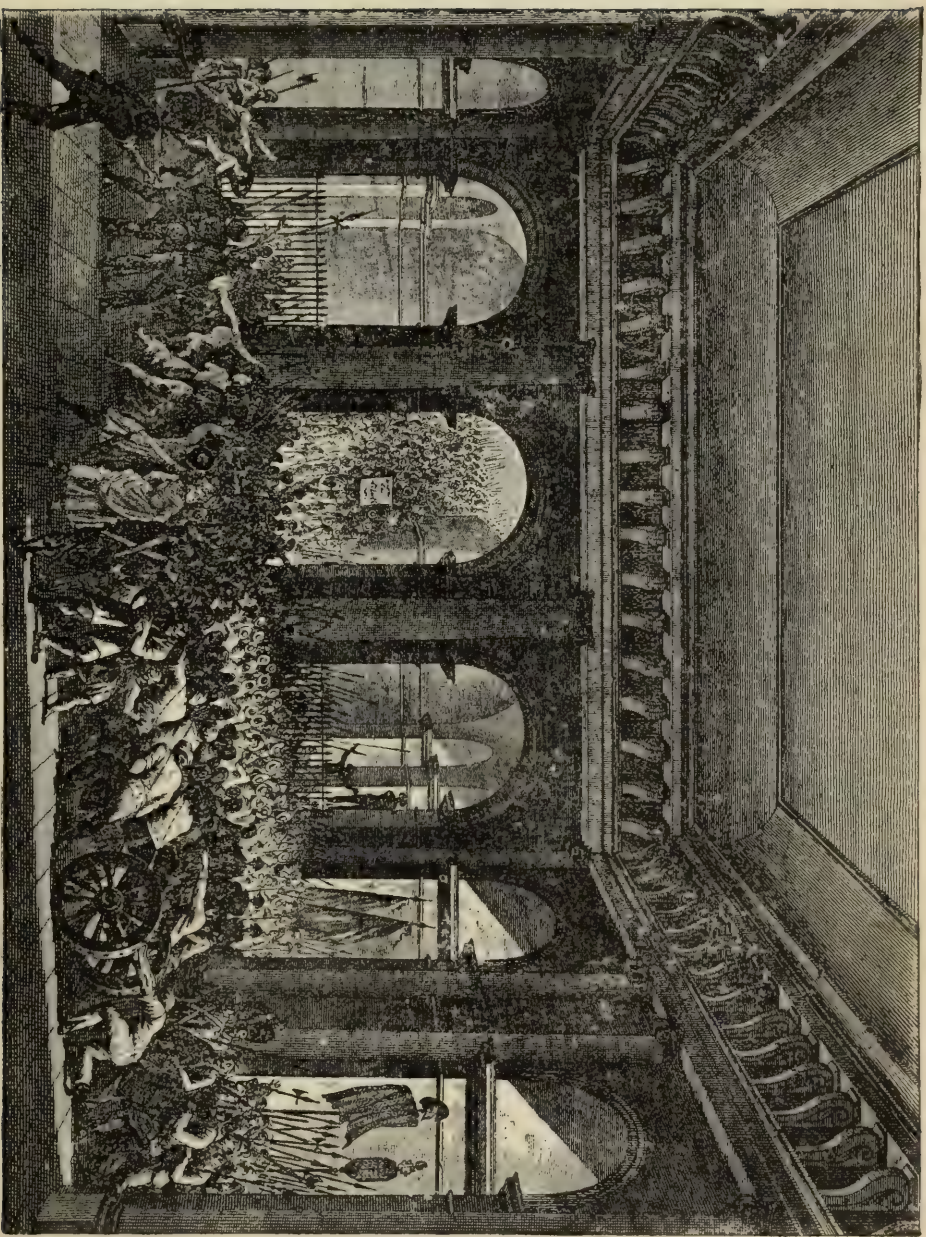
On the morning of the 20th of June, 1792, at five o'clock, they sent a special order to Petion, to guard the palace from all approach by placing around it additional troops. Petion ordered the commander on duty of the National Guards to keep up all the posts, and double the sentinels at the Tuileries; *but he did nothing more*. At nine o'clock, the Commune of Paris itself assembled. It annulled the decisions

of the Directory, and ordered the National Guards to open their ranks, and permit the petitioners who were now assembling to pass through unmolested. These petitioners were really a vast and dangerous mob. Petion did not oppose this resolution. Had he been loyal and had he done so, it would have been now too late. The mobs of Paris, gathered in formidable numbers, directed their course to the Legislative Assembly. A small delegation at first entered, and demanded permission to present the petition to the "servants of the people"—to the nation's representatives. They were refused. They consulted with their colleagues, and returning, demanded of the Assembly that the doors of the national body be opened, and the people permitted to file before their representatives. The noise and ferocity of the multitude outside cowed the Assembly, and finally the doors were opened. And now occurred one of those humiliating scenes, in reading of which every Frenchman must blush. Enormous tables, upon which lay the Declaration of Rights, headed the sinister and threatening procession which began immediately to file in. While the representatives watched with indignation and sorrow the frightful multitude, its ragged bands trooped through their halls. Around the tables, which were carried by strong men, danced women, singing the "*Ça Ira*." The tables passed on. Then came the porters of the markets, and working-men of all classes. They waved in the air bludgeons, old muskets, swords and hatchets. Santerre and the infamous Huguenin were at their head. The battalions of the National Guards, restrained by the order of the Commune, and blushing at their impotency, followed in orderly ranks. Afterwards entered a crowd, which might recall the Bröcken Revel of the Witches," as described by Goethe in his "*Faust*." Frightful men and harridan women, dirty and vile, waving flags inscribed with "The Constitution or Death," pressed by the blushing and confounded deputies. Others bore the motto, "Down with the Veto." Ragged breeches fluttered on pikes, while those who followed yelled hoarsely, "Long live the Sans Culottes!" Lastly, raised upon a pike and borne aloft by the horrible *canaille*, appeared the heart of a calf freshly slain and bleeding. It bore the inscription, "The heart of an Aristocrat." The Assembly, when it beheld this hideous ensign, burst forth into cries of grief and indignation.

The applause of the galleries, the shouts of the people, the cries of the Sans Culottes, the notes of the "Ça Ira" from the hoarse throats of ten thousand ruffians, the indignant, anxious Assembly, and the confused uproar without—all these sights and sounds constituted a terrible and an extraordinary spectacle. For three hours the disorderly bands marched by. At length Santerre came forward, and, with incredible impudence, presented to the amazed representatives the "thanks of the people"; while he gave to the President a flag as a token of "the respect and fidelity of the Nation." These astounding scenes showed to the startled Assembly how near the forces of Anarchy were approaching to the very last sanctuary of order and law. The deputies were reminded of those hordes of the Cimbri and Teutons, who passed before the disciplined army of Marius, on their hoped-for march to Rome. But, alas! there was no Marius with his legions, to scatter these brutified masses before the power of a regulated liberty.

The triumphant mob now approached the Tuileries. The National Guards, taking the place of the dissolved troops, had lined the way from the terrace of the Feuillans to the river, and guarded the gates of the palace. The mob pursued their way into the Carrousel, and advanced to the entrance of its courts. Santerre ordered cannons to be brought, but at this threat the gates were opened. The King was without guards. The Swiss and Constitutional troops had just been withdrawn, and were not yet replaced. The mob, shouting and yelling, now rushed into the Tuileries. They filled the Carrousel and adjacent streets, and thronged up the steps. All was confusion and uproar.

Madame Elizabeth, the King's sister, was separated from the royal family, and driven by the crowd up against the panel of a window. Some pikemen mistook her for Marie Antoinette, and cried fiercely, "Ah! here is the Austrian,—we will have the Austrian's head!" They lowered their pikes. The equerry of the Princess sprang forward. "What are you about to do?" he cried, "she is not the Queen!" "Why undeceive them?" the angelic Elizabeth said, a serene smile upon her unruffled and placid face; "their mistake may save the Queen." Turning aside the pikes from her breast, she calmly ejaculated: "Take care, you might hurt some one, and I am sure you would be sorry." The pikemen were abashed, and silently passed on.



THE MOB IN THE TUILERIES, JUNE 20, 1792.

Meantime, the King had commandé the door of the room in which he stood to be thrown open. A body of courageous nobles and gentlemen hastily ranged themselves around their imperilled sovereign. The frenzied multitude rushed in. As M. de Bougainville saw the threatening torrent, he cried : " Put the King into the recess of a window, and place benches before him ! " Active and loyal hands obeyed, and hastily raised a barricade of benches around the monarch. Six National Guards, of the battalion Filles St. Thomas, rushed up by way of an inner staircase, and ranged themselves in front of the benches. The agitation, noise, and confusion were terrible. A butcher by the name of Legendre, the leader of the mob, endeavored to read a petition to Louis, demanding in violent language the recall of the Girondist Ministry, the sanction of the decrees for the banishment of the priests and the formation of the camp at Paris. " This is no time to propose or grant anything," replied the King, in a calm voice. " I will do all that is prescribed by the Constitution."

The crowd raged furiously. A young man of twenty-two, and of a mild and pleasant aspect, vociferated that " all the royal family must be killed." Pikes were thrust toward the monarch, and stopped by the bayonets of his protecting guards. The heat was extreme ; the chamber was a sweat-box ; the King's brow became wet with perspiration. The faithful soldiers cried out : " Sire, fear nothing ! " Louis took the hand of M. Vanot, the commander of the six National Guards, placed it upon his heart, and said : " Feel my heart, and you will perceive whether I am afraid, or not."

The soldiers parried with their muskets and swords repeated pike-thrusts at the King. Presently some one handed Louis a glass of wine. " Drink it," the mob shouted, " to the Nation." The monarch complied, and when, at their desire, he placed a red cap upon his head, he somewhat placated the anger of the ferocious hordes. As they beheld the cap of Liberty upon the brow of Louis XVI., the fickle bands burst out into acclamations, " Long live the King ! " " The Nation forever ! "

During this shameful scene of degradation and anarchy, the Queen was separated from her husband, and her most earnest efforts to reach him were in vain. She was surrounded by some nobles, who stationed her behind the great

table in the Council Hall, and prepared to defend her if necessary with their lives. The little Prince, with Madame Royal, was placed by her side, and her ladies of honor, the Princess Lamballe, and Mesdames de Tarente, de Tourzel, and other women surrounded the threatened Queen. As the mob rushed in, they gazed upon Marie Antoinette with ferocity, and assailed her with their hideous outcries. The Dauphin was seated on the table in front of his mother, and the majestic demeanor of the Queen, high, calm, and firm, so worthy of the daughter of Marie Theresa, cowed for a moment the changeable multitude.

A tri-colored ribbon had been hastily extended in front of Marie Antoinette, and the people respected this symbol of their liberty. The ruffian mob crowded by, in all the rags, dirt, vice, wickedness, and profane delirium of intoxicated Paris. As they surged on they carried aloft various horrible and even vile standards. One ensign represented a gibbet, upon which a doll was suspended, and underneath the inscription could be seen, "To the lantern with Marie Antoinette." Another revealed a board with the heart of an ox nailed to it, and the legend attached, "The heart of Louis XVI." A third showed the horns of an ox, with vile sentences written beneath. The cry arose as the mob saw the Dauphin; "Put the red cap upon little Veto!" "Put the red cap upon the Dauphin!" The Queen ordered M. Hué to gratify the multitude, and to place the hated emblem on her son's brow. The beautiful and trembling child stood, with the red cap overtopping his ears and almost suffocating him, while a tri-color ribbon was fastened to his button-hole. Some of the men applauded the Queen, but the hordes of women incessantly abused her. The vilest epithets were hurled upon the devoted head of this suffering woman, in the very presence of her children. The foulest denunciations assaulted their innocent ears. A beautiful girl was especially vituperative. The Queen kindly inquired, "if she had ever seen her before?" and the virago answered, "No, she had not." "Have I ever done you any personal wrong?" said Marie Antoinette. "No," replied the young woman, "but it is you who have caused the misery of the nation." "Alas!" answered the Queen pityingly, "you are deceived. As wife of the King of the French, and mother of the Dauphin, I am a Frenchwoman. I shall never again see Austria; I can only be happy or unhappy in France,

and I was happy, when you loved me." The girl was melted to tears by this patience and gentleness. She begged the Queen's pardon, and sobbed, "I did not know you, but I see now that you are good." At this moment, Santerre entered the council chamber. The Dauphin was sweating under the heavy red woolen cap. With a glare of indignation, Santerre said "The child is stifling." He instantly removed the red cap from the Dauphin's head and cast it aside. Leaning his hands on the table, Santerre shook it vehemently, and said, to Marie Antoinette: "Madame, do not fear; you have injudicious friends, but I know some who would serve you."

And this was the very man who, a few months afterward, caused the drums to beat, in order to drown the last words of her husband when he was about to be placed under the knife of the guillotine.

Santerre, with the assistance of some grenadiers and other forces who had just entered and ranged themselves before the Queen, now began to drive the mob before him, and out of the council chamber. He pressed them but slowly out of the rooms and halls of that portion of the palace, and finally was able to close some of the gates. It was nearly eight o'clock at night.

For five long hours, the King had patiently endured the crucifixion of his position. At first he was uncertain of the fate of his wife, his sister, and his family, and was in great anxiety. But when tidings were brought to him of their safety, his confidence was strengthened, and his manner continued serene and unshaken through all these dreadful scenes.

The deputies from the Assembly, whom that body had so tardily sent, at length reached the Tuileries and appeared before the Queen. She showed them the doors broken down, and rehearsed the disgraceful way in which the sanctuary of the executive power had been violated by the mob, and the Constitution derided, under the very eyes of the Assembly itself. Merlin, one of the deputies, was so affected that he shed tears. "You weep, M. Merlin," she said, "at seeing the King and his family so cruelly treated by a people whom he always wished to make happy." "True, Madame," replied Merlin, "I weep for the misfortunes of a beautiful and feeling woman, the mother of a family; but do not mistake me. Not one of my tears fall

for either King or Queen. I hate Kings and Queens. It is the only feeling with which they inspire me. It is my religion." The Queen turned away with pity and terror from the manifestations of such fanaticism by one so gentle and sensitive of heart.

Petion, the Mayor of Paris, the conservator of her peace and laws, had all this dismal time remained absent. But he could no longer pretend to be ignorant of the gathering of a mob of forty thousand men and women; besides, he feared that the disorders and tumults of the day might pass beyond the bounds prescribed by him and his fellow-conspirators. He now forced his way through the departing crowd, who cried, "Long live Petion!" He pretended to hurry into the presence of the King. When he appeared Petion said hypocritically to Louis XVI.: "Sire, I have only just learned the situation of your Majesty." "Do you mean to tell me," answered the incredulous monarch indignantly, "that you did not until now know of these outrages? that you were ignorant all these hours that I have suffered so, with my family?" "Sire," replied Petion, "I did not know." "That is very strange," answered the King, and without further speech he turned away.

The unabashed Mayor mounted upon a table, and harangued a portion of the mob which still lingered in its departure. In his address, with sardonic tones, he commended the rabble for their *moderation*. "Citizens," he said, "male and female, you have used with moderation and dignity your right of petition. Finish this day, as you have begun it. Hitherto, your conduct has been in conformity to law, and now, in the name of the law, I call upon you to depart with me." The loitering crowd applauded this brazen speech, and followed those who had been dispersed by Santerre from the other part of the palace.

The vast multitude, shouting "*Ça Ira*," slowly moved along the quays, over the bridges, and into the avenues leading to their homes, elated by their triumph, and by the humiliation of the King. The student of this history will be constantly reminded, through its course, of the solemn truth of Paul's assertion, that "Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap." A year had hardly passed from the day of these events, ere Petion, now in such authority and so popular with the mob of Paris, was himself a hunted fugitive, fleeing from the anarchy which he had provoked,

and starving and perishing from hunger and misery in the woods of the South. Nowhere in human history has that verse of Isaiah been more literally fulfilled than in the most terrible portions of the French Revolution: "Behold all ye that kindle a fire, that gird yourselves about with firebrands ; walk ye in the flames of your fire, and among the firebrands ye have kindled. This shall ye have of mine hand, and ye shall lay down in sorrow." Those French disbelievers, those followers of a revolutionary car rolling on without a God or a Bible, would have jeered to scorn these words. But God is true, and the annals of mankind reveal that "He cannot be mocked with impunity."

"Blessed is that nation, whose God is the Lord."

CHAPTER XIX.

THE LAST STRUGGLES OF THE EXPIRING MONARCHY.

ON the next day when these cruel scenes were related to Madame Roland, inspired by her republican hate against Marie Antoinette, the infatuated woman exclaimed, as she was told of the Queen's humiliation : " Oh that I could have seen her weep ! " The Girondists and Jacobins were now united against the throne, and Madame Roland directed the counsels of the former. It was she who urged Barbaroux to summon from the South his own Marsellais, those Revolutionary bands which were now, accompanied by deliriums of excitement, so rapidly approaching the devoted capital. When Madame Roland, just a year after this inhuman speech, stood by the prison window of the Pelagie vainly weeping and pleading to see her child, and writing pathetic letters to Robespierre, which that monster never answered, in that moment of despair she might have opened a Bible, which she never read, and pondered on the text, " With what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again."

By the events of the 20th of June the Monarchy had been humiliated before France. Its best friends, the Constitutionalists in the Assembly, supported it from a sense of fidelity, but with a hopelessness which soon became utter despair. The Queen, like the sister in the fairy tale, looked out from the tower of her ardent expectation along the northern roads, and prayed to see the dust that should announce the successful march of the rescuing Austrian and Prussian armies. The people recognized the logic of her situation and accredited her with being their most deadly enemy. Her name rang with derision in the Carmagnoles and Ça Iras of the Revolution, and she was nicknamed " Madam Veto." She was the constant theme of denunciation in the clubs of the Cordeliers and Jacobins. But even in Paris itself there were many exceptions to this state of feeling.

The National Guards were filled with shame and indignation at the condition of helplessness into which they had

been reduced by the treachery of Petion. The Legislative Assembly itself cried out against the duplicity of the Mayor, and the manner in which he had condoned the attempt of the people upon the safety and liberty of the constitutional sovereign. All the long day of the 21st of June, the courts and gardens of the Tuileries were filled with an excited and deprecating multitude, who endeavored to atone for the outrages of the yesterday by their loyal applause whenever the monarch appeared in view. Everything that was left of constitutional feeling in Paris manifested itself on that day by loud expressions of sympathy for the outraged King and his suffering family. A large number of the better class of citizens proceeded to the public offices, and signed a petition demanding the punishment of the perpetrators of this crime ; while the Girondists and Jacobins for the moment cowered in silence before the wrath of even a modicum of the Parisian populace. Sad faces were observed in the Assembly. M. Bigot proposed a law against armed petitioners, and suffering such dangerous bodies of men to file through the legislative halls. A motion was made to punish the transgressors. "Punish forty thousand men !" cried a member, "impossible !" The matter was finally dropped.

Petion, on the evening of the 21st of June, with bold and unblushing assurance presented himself before Louis. He came to give an account of the condition of the city. The Queen darted at him a look of bitter hate. "Well, sir," said the King coldly, "is tranquillity established in the capital ?" "Sire," replied Petion audaciously, "the people have made their representations to your Majesty, and they are tranquil." "But you must own, sir," said Louis XVI. indignantly, "that yesterday's proceedings were most shameful. The Municipality has not done all that it could or ought to have done." "Sire," answered Petion impudently, "the Municipality has done its duty." "In what situation," asked the King, "is the city ?" "Sire," was Petion's reply, "it is calm." "That is not true," said Louis hotly. "Sire !" answered Petion. "Be silent," thundered the aroused monarch, interrupting him. "Sire," warmly responded Petion, "the magistrate of the people is not to be silent when he has done his duty, and has told the truth." "Retire, sir !" cried the King sternly. "Sire," answered Petion, as he disrespectfully turned to depart, "the Munici-

pality knows its duties, and does not want to be reminded of them, in order to fulfill them." With this insolent speech the undaunted Mayor retired from the presence of his insulted sovereign.

The Queen was alarmed at this dialogue, so stern on one side, and so defiant on the other, and said anxiously to Roederer: "Do you not think the King has been somewhat hasty? Will not this event injure him in public estimation?" "Madame," replied Roederer, smiling, "No one will be astonished that the King should demand silence of a man who speaks without listening."

The proclamation of the King to the nation followed. Its touching descriptions of the outrages inflicted upon him and his family awakened a momentary public sympathy, but the Girondists girded themselves for a more decisive battle, and soon new events changed the disposition of the city and the people.

Lafayette, now at the head of his army, had heard with grief and consternation of the terrible transactions of the 20th of June. A Constitutional General, he lamented the unreasoning hatred of the Queen toward himself and the lack of friendship and confidence on the part of Louis XVI. His army partook of their General's indignation, and strongly denounced the mob of Paris. The soldiers burned to avenge the monarch's wrongs, and demanded to be led against the guilty metropolis. Petitions flowed in upon Lafayette from all the adjacent country. They were filled with expressions of loyalty to the King, and indignation against his enemies.

Lafayette immediately determined to visit the city and to go alone. He resolved to rally the King's friends and the supporters of the Constitution, to overturn the clubs, and to restore the monarch to his just authority. But he made a fatal mistake in leaving his army behind him. It was a quixotic enterprise. Even had he possessed the genius and firmness of Bonaparte, at that moment of disorganization and invasion his success would have been doubtful. But the General was confident of his influence, and through it of his success. Leaving his camp and army under able leadership, Lafayette suddenly appeared in the disturbed metropolis. He entered the Assembly, pale but resolved, and was greeted with partial applause. He made a brief but earnest address, in which he recounted

the feelings of the army. "The violence manifested on the 20th of June," he urged, "has excited the alarm and indignation of all good citizens, and of the army. All my officers, subalterns, and soldiers are enraged at the event. Addresses from all classes of citizens have poured in upon me, denouncing the outrage. We must now guarantee the Constitution, and establish the stability of the throne. I entreat the Assembly to prosecute without delay the authors of these crimes, and to render to the nation and to the army an assurance that the Constitution shall suffer no injury."

The Girondists heard the remarks of Lafayette with apprehension and anger. This factious party dreaded that army, whose shadow seemed to protect their General even in Paris. But when they learned that Lafayette had come by himself, they soon resumed their courage. The Assembly as a whole had quite warmly applauded the General's speech. "When I saw General Lafayette enter the Assembly," said Gaudet ironically, "I said to myself, the Austrians are defeated, the frontier is safe, and we are victorious. The illusion does not last. The General is away from his army and in Paris; but the dangers and the foes are there unchanged." The Girondists applauded, but Ramond replied to Gaudet, reminding the Assembly that General Lafayette was the eldest born of French liberty; that he was the man who had sacrificed to the Revolution his nobility, his fortune, and his life." "Are you delivering his funeral oration?" cried the deputy Saladin satirically.

The visit of Lafayette was a complete failure. His proffered assistance was rejected by the King and the Court, and they drew away from him in cold suspicion. The fatal influence of the misguided Queen turned aside the only sword and arm that promised her in this threatening hour any possibility of salvation, for Dumourier, though not ignorant, gave no sign.

Lafayette soon discovered that an attempt which fails before it is really commenced makes its author ridiculous; and ridicule is the tomb of the influence or power of any Frenchman, no matter how great. The General made an appointment for a gathering of the National Guards, but only a hundred responded. Discouraged by this *fiasco*, sadly and forebodingly Lafayette returned to his camp, and many years were to pass before he again entered the capital. After the 10th of August Lafayette endeavored to

carry his army with him, in a march upon Paris to rescue the King. But the infusion of volunteers who then came pouring into their ranks had modified the loyalty of the troops toward the Constitutional Monarchy, and ultimately Lafayette was compelled to flee into the Netherlands. There he was captured by the Austrians and dragged from dungeon to dungeon, until he was finally immured in the gloomy fortress of Olmutz, in Moravia. He escaped the guillotine of the Terror by this captivity. After five years of imprisonment and suffering, he was released in 1797 through the then victorious sword of Bonaparte. He returned to his beautiful home at La Grange, but took no active part in French politics until the return of Napoleon from Elba, in 1815.

Danton, at this moment, was in league with the Queen through the curious and often venal shiftings, experiences, and necessities of the hour. Danton loved gold, not as a miser, but as a spendthrift. He reveled in immoral pleasures. The money of the King's civil list was freely, though secretly, employed to seduce him. Danton infamously took the money, cajoled the monarch and his wife with a treachery that has few parallels, but nevertheless steadily continued his sombre purposes to rouse a revolt, and, as he claimed, to overturn the throne in order that he might save the liberties of France.

Led astray by a false confidence in this unprincipled man, who amused himself with her pathetic words, Marie Antoinette said with infatuation to her friends, "We fear nothing. Danton is with us," and again, blindly: "The best thing that can happen to us is an imprisonment in a tower for three months." These remarks seem inconsistent with the Queen's constant longing for the presence of the allied army, but she thought that if imprisoned in a tower she might be safe from violence, and gain time. She fully believed that before three months the Prussians and Austrians would be victoriously in Paris. But when the illusion passed—and it lasted but for a few days of July—she was again the aroused woman, ready to battle against fate, and in the Tuileries to resist her foes to the last.

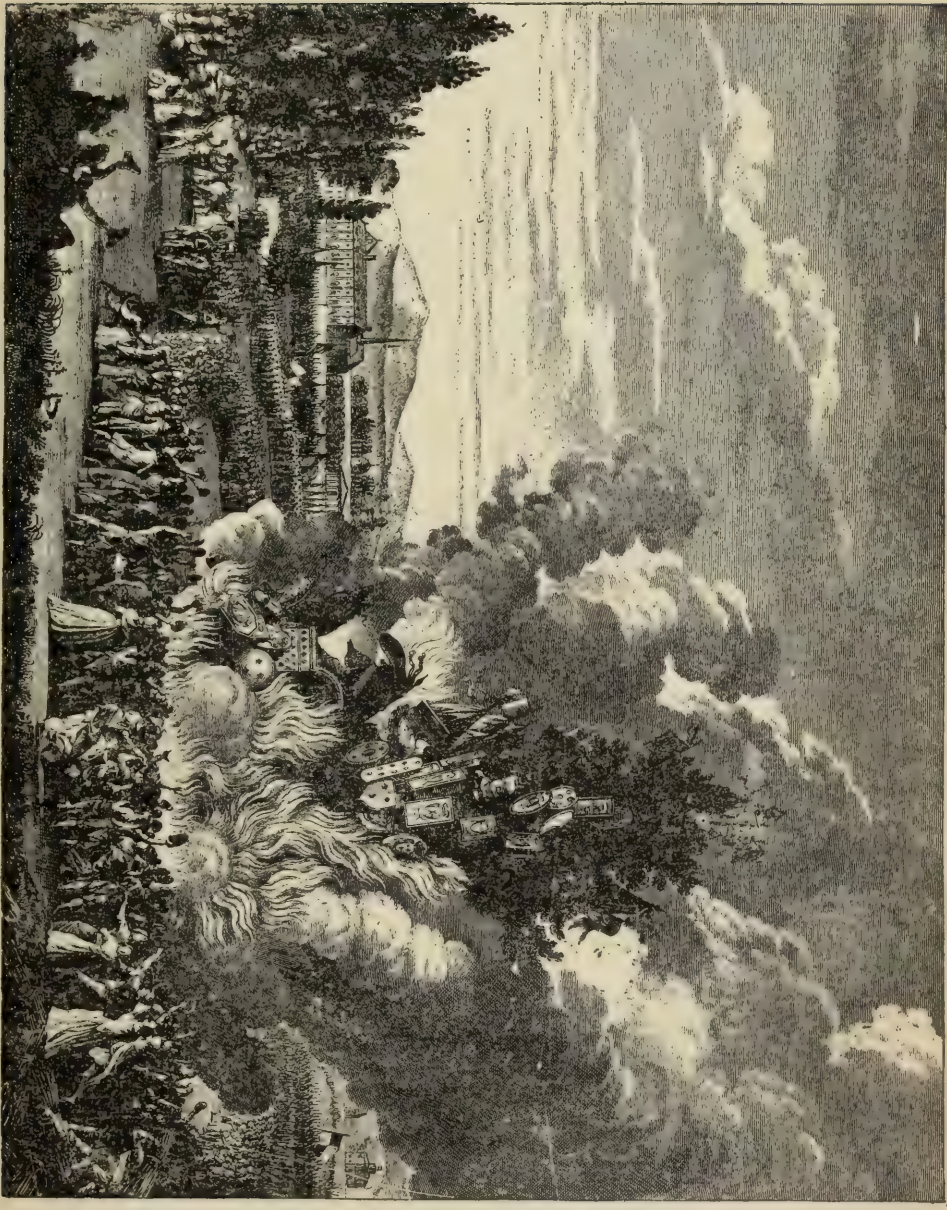
It was not alone Danton, but other popular leaders whom the Court, at this juncture, endeavored to purchase. The principal of these was Gaudet, a prominent Girondist. His ascendancy was especially dreaded. But he spurned gold,

and as a man of the strictest probity refused every venal offer made by trembling royalty. He agreed, however, to an interview with Louis XVI. and the Queen. Gaudet was a cool and reserved man. Marie Antoinette, beautiful and intellectual, brought to bear all her fascinations, seductions, and eloquence, to move this sturdy Republican. Gaudet received those efforts as an iceberg in Arctic lands receives the sun. Louis XVI. was confiding and affable. Marie Antoinette as she recounted her trials wept, and Gaudet, a man of good heart, was momentarily melted. As the Girondist deputy was about to withdraw, not changed in his republican purposes, but affected as a man, the Queen asked him if he would not wish to see the little Dauphin. Taking a candle, she led him to the bed on which the child lay sleeping in all his loveliness and boyish grace. "How tranquil he slumbers," Gaudet said in a melancholy voice. The Queen leaned over the Dauphin's couch. "Poor child," she sighed, "he is the only one in this palace who thus sleeps." Gaudet was deeply moved. He took the hand of the slumbering Prince, and kissed it affectionately. He turned to the Queen and said with a hoarse and broken voice: "Educate him for liberty, Madame; it is the condition of his life," and he hurriedly withdrew. A few days passed, and Gaudet, immersed in the frenzy of the Revolution, forgot all, except his purpose to save his country by the destruction of the very throne to which that tender boy was heir.

The bands of the Marsellais began now to appear in the suburbs of Paris. They were worn, haggard, dust-covered and travel-stained by their long journey of five hundred miles; but with hearts as stern and souls as fiery as when they left their homes in the South. They entered the city amid crowds, some of whom were filled with fear, but many cheering and rejoicing. They sang, as they marched, their wondrous hymn. The whole of Paris seemed to at once catch the infection of that melody, and to join in its chorus. The Marsellais encamped in the suburbs, and prepared to engage in the celebration of the 14th of July, 1792.

Petion had been temporarily suspended from his office of Mayor, and had defended himself before the people by a sophistical letter. The third celebration of the fall of the Bastille drew near, amid these exciting and sinister events. The vast amphitheatres and space were no longer filled by

EMBLEMATIC IMAGE BURNED IN THE CHAMP DE MARS, JULY 14, 1792



richly uniformed guards and an enthusiastic multitude. The change was evident and sad; everything spoke of insurrection and war. Upon this occasion the eighty-three departments of France were represented on the Champ de Mars by eighty-three tents, and poles of liberty. A large tree had been planted called the "Tree of Feudalism." Its branches were hung with crowns and tiaras, cardinal's hats, St. Peter's keys, ermine mantles, doctor's caps, bags of law proceedings, escutcheons and coats of arms. Louis XVI. was invited to set fire to this absurd *mélange* of the relics of the past. The King appeared on the scene at one o'clock. He was calm and dignified, but the Queen, awakened from her illusions when too late, was filled with grief. A multitude of drunken men and women rushed into the camp crying, "Petion or death! Petion forever!" and seemed to threaten the monarch. The King descended among the National Guards, who now appeared, and advanced in the center of their squares to the Altar of the Country. He ascended its steps in full view of the multitude, and again swore on the Constitution the hollow oath to preserve it. This farce ended, amid loud shouts he was escorted back to the Queen. Marie Antoinette had feared his assassination, and for a moment, on account of the movements of the crowd near her husband, she had imagined they were slaying him. The Queen uttered loud shrieks of terror and would have fainted. When she understood the cause of disturbance, she became more calm, and her usual heroism gradually returned. Poor, suffering Queen, life to her was now daily only a living crucifixion! Paris with increasing ferocity had resumed its revolutionary violence. The friends of order were constantly forsaking the city, and war and the storm-clouds of anarchy threatened it from every side.

The Guards of the King, after the disgraces and dangers of the 20th of June, had been restored and were encamped around the palace. The faithful Swiss again appeared at the outer and inner posts of the Tuileries, and their stern and martial air, as in their red uniforms they paced the appointed rounds, gave a false appearance of power to the tottering throne, so soon to be annihilated.

The Girondists and Jacobins had recovered all their audacity when they saw that the outrages of the past month were unpunished; and Petion, inflamed with anger at the rebuff

of the King, added to his former political antagonism the darkening elements of personal hate.

The ferocious Marsellais repeatedly appeared in the streets and were greeted by the Republican faubourgs with incessant acclamation. They frequently insulted the loyal National Guards and often engaged in a mêlée with them. Volunteers moved through the avenues toward the frontier, and catching the words and melody of the Marseilles Hymn from these swarthy bands, they chanted it as they marched to the camps of the North. The frontiers soon became aflame with its ringing and patriotic melody, while the throne of the King trembled and was in a few days to crumble into the dust.

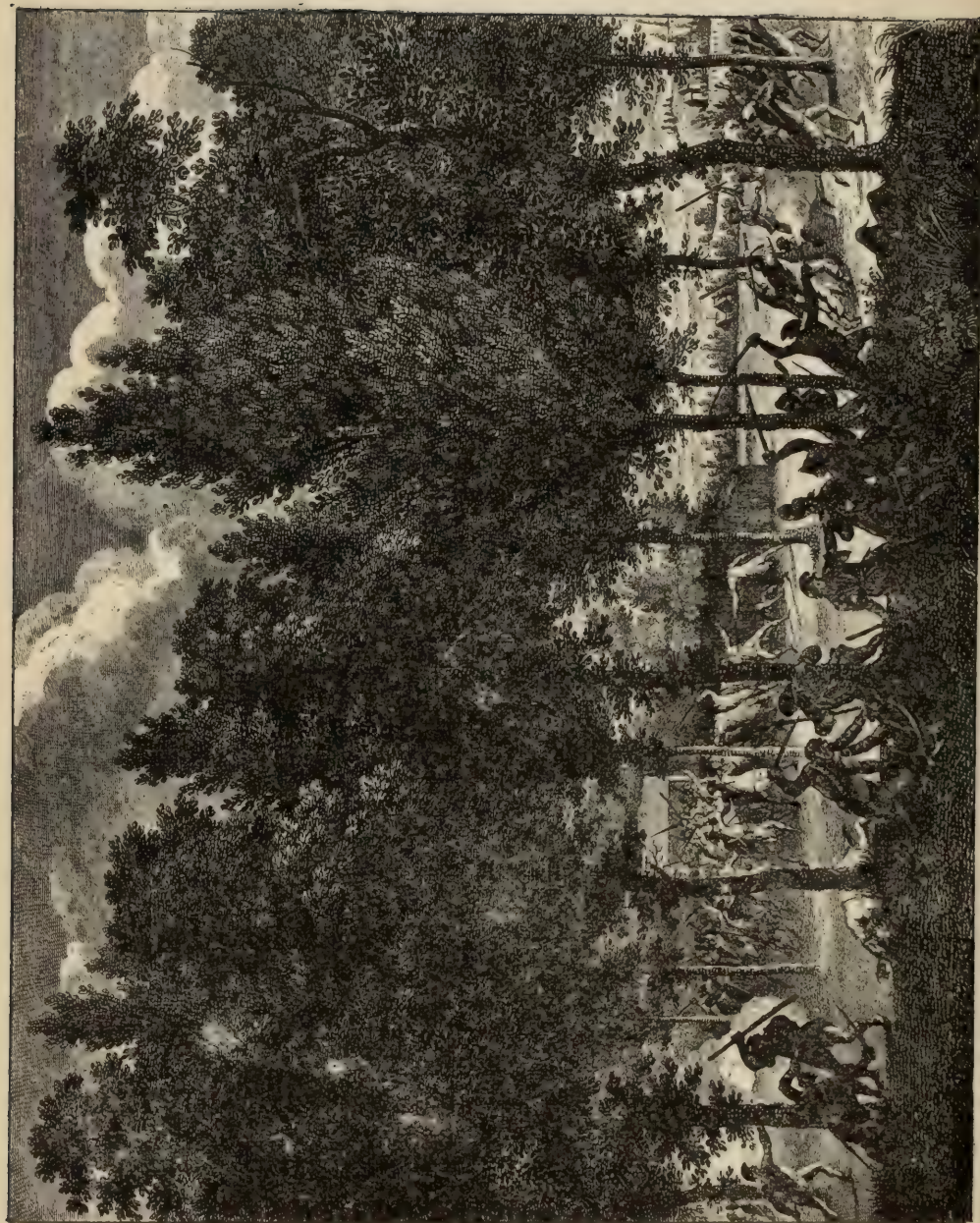
At this time, Mandat, a devoted officer and upright man, through yet existing constitutional influences, was created General of the National Guards of Paris.

The situation of the royal family now became, in the reaction toward anarchy or Republicanism, increasingly terrible. Even in the very Chapel of the Tuileries they were grossly insulted. On the last Sabbath of the Monarchy, as the royal family proceeded through the gallery to the place of usual religious services, while part of the National Guards near by cried, "Long live the King!" others shouted, "No! no King! down with the Veto!"

In the chapel the choir chanted revolutionary melodies and did not spare suffering royalty even in its hour of worship.

One night in July an attempt was made on the life of the Queen. It was one o'clock in the morning. She was alone with Madame Campan when they both heard the sound of footsteps in the corridor. The groom of the chamber was immediately called, and a fierce struggle took place between him and the assassin, who was finally captured. "What a situation!" said Marie Antoinette sorrowfully: "outrage by day and assassination by night!" The groom of the chamber opened the door and said to the Queen, "I have the villain and I know him well." "Let him go," answered the Queen. "Open the door. He came to assassinate me, and to-morrow will be carried in triumph through the streets of Paris by the Jacobins."

One day, tidings came to the palace that the Faubourg St. Antoine was immediately about to attack the Tuileries. The intelligence was conveyed to Madame Campan about four o'clock in the morning. It was at the end of July.



CONFLICT BETWEEN THE NATIONAL GUARDS AND THE MARSELLAISE, AUGUST, 1792.

The King and Madame Elizabeth were immediately awakened. The Queen, overcome by her sufferings, was asleep. She had rested, a most unusual thing for her in those dreadful times, for nine hours. Madame Campan, believing she could sleep safely an hour longer, and pitying her wearied condition, did not awaken her. "As all the palace is awake," said Louis tenderly, "it is delightful to see her obtain a little repose. Her sufferings double mine." When Marie Antoinette awakened, however, she reproached Madame Campan for permitting her under such threatening circumstances to sleep. "My strength is not exhausted," she said, "affliction sustains me. Elizabeth was with the King, and I was all the time sleeping. I, who wish to perish by his side. I am his wife, and he must run no danger that I do not share." No woman ever uttered nobler words of the truest wifely love and fidelity than then fell from those sublimely heroic lips.

Louis was at length thoroughly humiliated, worn out, and discouraged. So many and so trying experiences had affected his nervous strength. So many disasters and baffled hopes shook his soul. He seemed to wish to die, and felt the sting of disaster and outrage in his heart. Even his religion, through the oppression of his mind, failed for a moment to uphold him. He sank into such a state of lassitude, absorbed by a species of lethargy, that for ten days he did not exchange a single word with his wife or family, whom he so tenderly loved. The Queen was terrified, and finally, taking her children, she threw herself at the King's feet. "Let us preserve all our fortitude," she said, "in order to sustain this long struggle with fortune. If we must perish, let us do so with courage. Let us not wait here to be strangled, but if we must perish, let us do so with resistance and vengeance." How that proud imperial heart beat itself against its prison bars, and unquailingly prepared amid all its helplessness to make resistance if resistance was possible. The King was restored to himself by her appeals. He pressed his wife tenderly to his heart, and resumed a piety and calmness from that hour, which never afterwards forsook him.

Meantime, in the middle of July, Paris was stirred by the great and eloquent speech made by Vergniaud in the Legislative Assembly. It was a masterpiece of logic and eloquence. The gifted orator arraigned the King and

Court with terrible severity. He pictured vividly the patriot army retreating before the foreign soldiers and slaves of despotism who were about to enter France.

"Is this the time," he thundered, "for dismissing popular ministers and rejecting necessary measures? We have danger within, and danger without. To secure us from the first, a decree has been proposed against the priests; to secure us from the dangers without, a camp of reserves has been decreed. The King has rejected these necessary measures by his veto. "But hear me further," said this modern Hyperides to his breathless audience. "It is in the name of the King that the French Princes have endeavored to raise up Europe in arms against us! It is to avenge the dignity of the King, that the treaty of Pilnitz is concluded; it is to restore the splendor of the absolute throne, that the King of Bohemia and Hungary wages war against us, and that Prussia is on our frontier. Now what do I read in the Constitution?" cried Vergniaud. "The article I read is this: 'If the King shall put himself at the head of any army, or direct the forces of it against the nation, or shall not oppose himself by a formal act against every enterprise of the kind that is executed in his name, *he shall be considered to have abdicated the throne.*'" As Vergniaud uttered these words, the walls shook with the answering applause of the deputies. After still further arguments, Vergniaud said: "You must declare that the country is in danger, and you will then see renewed the prodigies which have covered the nations of antiquity with glory. Why are the French to be supposed less elevated than they? Will they not have objects equally sacred to defend? *It is for their parents, their children, and their wives; it is for their country, and for liberty, that they now march forth to battle.*" His closing words were received by the deputies, by the hushed galleries, and by the tribunes, with a silence in which, while the eyes of all were on fire, their hearts were hushed by indescribable emotions of sublime, patriotic determination. His closing words were most eloquent. "You at least," he said in solemn tones, while he gazed fervently upon the entranced Assembly—"you have it always in your power to show your hatred of despotism. *You may imitate those Spartans who died at Thermopylæ or that Roman Senate which perished at its post. But think not you will be unavenged. The day that sees the earth dyed with your*

blood will see tyranny with all its arrogance, its defenses, its palaces, and its satellites swept away, and dispersed forever, by the omnipotence of the nation; yea, amid your dying agonies, you will have the consolation that your death will precipitate the downfall of the oppressors of the people, and that by your devotion *liberty will be saved!*" The effect of this noble address upon Paris and France was to enkindle still more the fires of warlike and republican frenzy among the people. Under the enchantment and inspiration of the wondrous tongue of Vergniaud the people imbibed the spirit of olden Athens when, excited by the eloquence of Demosthenes, its citizens cried out, "Let us march against Philip, let us conquer or die."

In June, 1792, Louis XVI. had sent a secret letter to the allied sovereigns by the hands of an agent named Mallet du Pan. The epistle was received by the Emperor of Germany on the 16th of July, a few days after the great oration by Vergniaud in Paris. In this letter, yet preserved, a full record is presented—from the *royal standpoint*—of the condition of the revolted people. Denouncing the Girondists and Jacobins, the document asserts: "Both these parties work by the same means, but the Girondists work less openly, carry on their crimes less impetuously, and have the advantage over the others of cunning, and of some ability. But the vilest agents, rioters by profession, brigands, regicides, fanatics, and villains of every kind, form the army common to both, and these factions do not leave that host unemployed a single day." It was by such means that French royalty in secret described to the willing ears of the Allies the character of those bands whom the patriots of France termed heroes, men who were to hurl down the throne, to tear up the Constitution, and by their armies to drive back the warriors of the north into confusion and rout. The days now moved on with an increasing and dynamical intensity of discontent. The people were more and more excited against the monarch, and the fatal 10th of August drew close at hand.

CHAPTER XX.

DARKER AND DARKER.

AMONG the many enigmas of the French Revolution none were more mysterious than its strange, sudden, rapid, and contrasting changes,—one day the people were applauding, and the next governed by the most malignant rage. For example, while the Girondists and the Jacobins were preparing with the most intense earnestness to overthrow Louis XVI., yet the very last royal levee, on the Sunday preceding the 10th of August, was one of the most splendid, brilliant, and largely attended of all those held in the Tuileries. It was a levee such as might have honored a king in the plenitude of his power—both as to numbers and loyalty. It occurred on the afternoon of the Sabbath. More than a thousand courtiers and friends of the monarch were present. Their countenances, however, were sad, and the apprehensions of coming disaster clouded every brow. It was the last departing flicker of royal pomp and magnificence, before it went out wholly in the darkness of Republican anarchy.

That week Danton obtained a permission for the Marseillais to occupy barracks in his own section, while the fierce Santerre, the cruel Marat, the crafty Robespierre, and all the leaders of the coming revolt, gathered in the Jacobin and Cordelier clubs or in the *sâlon* of Madame Roland, and in these places prepared for the overthrow of the fated King of the French. The conspiracy concocted by them developed into the rousing of the Faubourgs, and their march on the Tuileries. They were to be assisted by the Marseillais.

The frenzy of Paris and the nation in this most critical hour had been greatly increased by a vain, threatening, and ferocious proclamation issued by the Duke of Brunswick, the Commander of the Allied Armies. As soon as his troops crossed its frontiers, that declaration was promulgated to France.

In this fatal document the Duke called on all the French

to submit to their King without delay, to return to their feudal servitude, and to disband their factional clubs and assemblies. He commanded, in haughty language, a proud, high-spirited nation to surrender all the victories of the Revolution, to abandon further defense of their invaded country, and to submit to foreign armies and to a new despotism. With ferocious but infatuated folly Brunswick threatened that if the French people did not comply with his demands, he would march upon Paris, he would burn it to the ground, and that he would decimate all its rebellious leaders and its guilty citizens by *military execution*. "The heart of France was inflamed to fury by this vain proclamation. The reply of the people to the brutal threats of the Duke of Brunswick was the 10th of August, the massacres of September, and the head of a King. The war had already commenced, and the flaming bomb and breaching cannons, were shattering the walls of two fortresses of France.

When the Legislative Assembly declared hostilities against the German Emperor as King of Bohemia and Hungary, the peculiar condition of the Holy Roman Empire was such that it only affected the hereditary states of that monarch. As Emperor of Germany he was still at peace with the French Republic. As lord of Austria he was at war. But Frederick William II. now entered into an alliance with Austria. Thoroughly secure on his own throne and at the head of the disciplined army of Frederick the Great, he dreaded the republican propaganda of France. The King of Prussia did not fear a constitutional monarchy, but he abhorred a revolutionary republic, toward which France now so rapidly tended. The King of Prussia was in his private life a debauchee. His mistresses and his lavish extravagances were the scandal of Germany. His vices were of the most degrading and low description. Neither was he a great statesman nor a sagacious warrior. Selfish and sensual, he looked alone to his own interests. What would endanger Prussia he met, what did not threaten her power nor influence he surveyed with serene indifference. It is true that he possessed a humane interest in the misfortunes of the unfortunate King of France, but in his selfish mind political considerations largely predominated.

On the other hand the Austrian armies palpitated under the touch of a blood-relation of the unfortunate Marie Antoinette, who was their own monarch. The Queen of

France was the daughter of their great and sagacious Empress, Marie Theresa, who had so won and so retained their affections. Though dead she yet lived in the memories and hearts of the Austrians. The Emperor Joseph, also so well remembered for his beneficence, and Leopold, so devoted to his sister, were both objects of the mournful affection of a people and an army always, until 1848, faithful to their rulers.

Austria was in earnest, but Prussia was only governed by its own interests and much impeded by its designs upon Poland. The Austrian Emperor magnanimously made a Prussian General and German Prince, the Duke of Brunswick, Generalissimo of the Allied Armies. The Duke of Brunswick was an old warrior of the school of Frederick the Great. In his early manhood he had served creditably in the Seven Years War, and won some laurels in those campaigns, but a martinet, and advanced in years, he did not possess the dash and vigor required in such a campaign as now opened before him in Revolutionary France.

The Allies were taken somewhat by surprise when, on the 1st of April, 1792, France declared war. As yet, while their forces had been concentrating, other contests had drained and taxed the resources of Austria. She had been engaged for several years in a bloody contest with the Turks, and had only just made peace. Fifty thousand troops, on account of the political designs of Frederick William upon Poland, were all that could be spared to rescue the afflicted Louis, as Prussia was concentrating a large army on her eastern borders. Austria, crippled by her Turkish conflict, could with difficulty send sixty-five thousand men to occupy a frontier which stretched from the mountains of Switzerland to the English Channel. The emigrant corps at Coblenz available for duty had shrunk from what was asserted to be fifteen to seven thousand volunteers. But by August 15, 1792, despite these drawbacks a hundred thousand allied soldiers were in the field. The French generals were encouraged by the tendencies of the Allied Army to dilatory movements, and resolved, like Louis Napoleon in 1870 at Saarbruck, to inaugurate the war.

General Dillon with four thousand men advanced from Lille into the Netherlands. But the fierce, hot, and angry Austrians, thoroughly disciplined and full of the fury of hate, rapidly concentrated and vehemently encountered his

forces. Before they could discharge a musket or a cannon the French were seized by a sudden panic and took to flight. They murdered their commander in French fashion, cried "treason!" to atone for their own cowardice, and in the utmost confusion fled back to Lille.

A corps from Valenciennes, under that General Biron who was known and celebrated in the American War as the Duke de Lauzun, advanced beyond the Austrian frontier. As soon as the sound of the Austrian cannons was heard, two regiments of Biron's cavalry fled, crying, "We are betrayed!" The next day, attacked by Beaulieu (the same Austrian commander who afterwards tasted the first stroke of that man of destiny, Napoleon, at Montenotte), the army of Biron retreated across the boundary and was with great difficulty rallied by Rochambeau beyond the stream of Ruelle. Lafayette, who as yet commanded his army, on learning of these disasters was daunted and did not venture to advance.

"The extreme facility," says Alison, "with which this invasion of Flanders was repelled, and the disgraceful rout of the French army, produced an extraordinary effect on Europe. The Prussians conceived the utmost contempt of their new opponents, and it is curious to recur to the sentiments expressed by them at the commencement of the war. The military men of Prussia deemed the troops of France nothing but an undisciplined rabble. "Do not buy many horses," said the minister Bischoffswerder; "the comedy will not last long. The army of lawyers will soon be annihilated in Belgium, and we shall be on our road home in autumn."

These various and constant disasters terribly disconcerted the Jacobins of Paris, and they launched forth their thunders against the authors of the defeat. Rochambeau was retired, and in his place Dumourier appointed general-in-chief. Meanwhile the disgraceful events of the 20th of June infuriated the sovereigns and hastened their efforts. Larger forces poured into Coblenz and advanced toward the borders of France, while the Duke of Brunswick gathered his warriors for the march. On the 25th of July the King of Prussia appeared in the allied camp. On the 30th of that month the whole combined army of Austrians and Prussians broke up their camp and crossed the frontiers.

This invasion accounts for the rapid change in the senti-

ments of the French people during the month of August, 1792. An enemy whom they believed to be invited by the Queen of France was now devastating their northern territory, and had entered that beloved country whose boundaries had not been crossed by a hostile force for a hundred years. Even the feeble and licentious reign of Louis XV. had witnessed no such disgrace. The nation was stung to an almost insane fury, and it fell away from the King in this perilous hour as leaves fall from a dead tree. Lafayette held a doubtful command after the failure of his plans for the rescue of the Constitutional Monarchy, and after his flight, already described, General Dumourier came to the front.

In the northeast, France was well protected from invasion by a triple barrier of fortresses. In front were Thionville, Bitsche, Sarre-Louis, Longwy and Montmedy. In the rear Metz, Verdun, Sedan, and Mezières. The woody heights of the forest of Argonne occupied a space of fifteen leagues between Verdun and Sedan. It was on this line that the Allies resolved to invade France.

But two fortresses lay in their way, Longwy and Verdun. It was toward these that the victorious Allies were marching on the 9th of August, 1792. Discouraged, yet infuriated by the cowardice or treachery exhibited in the French army, the patriots were lashed to desperation. If there had been no war and no defeat, the 10th of August might never have been realized. France, goaded to despairing fury,—at bay,—threatened with the terror of the return of the old despotism—remembering the *lettres-de-cachet*, the poverty, the gloom, the sorrow, the sufferings, the silences and the slavery of the past—roused to intense patriotic determination—believing fully that the King and Queen longed, prayed, wished, hoped, and plotted for the advancement and triumph of the enslaving foreign army—this tremendous France now rose in mighty wrath. Paris itself trembled and was divided. “There,” yelled Marat in the *Jacobins*, “sits the *Messalina* in the *Tuileries* who has brought us our bondage, there the Austrian who, like Jason of old, casts upon our soil the poisoned teeth of her hate, and fills the frontiers with armed and furious foes. Citizens, let us march, let us die if we need to, but let us annihilate those traitors in their nest.”

Storm, war, blood, insurrection, massacre, and death!

The advocates of a fearful antique tyranny and the soldiers of a tyranny of the present were about to fight against a liberty unbaptized by Jehovah and a state bereft of God !

The failure of the Assembly to impeach General Lafayette early in August, 1792, added fuel to the already raging fires. The Constitutionals had rallied for a time, and after days of feverish debate, despite the utmost effort of the Jacobins and portions of the Gironde, had exonerated him. The city rang with accusations against those Deputies who had dared to vote in favor of Lafayette, and they were so overwhelmed by threats, by abuse, and by loud demands for their heads, that the stoutest hearts among them quailed, and many forsook the Assembly to appear there no more.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE NIGHT OF THE TENTH OF AUGUST.

IT was Danton who organized in Paris itself the fatal insurrection of August the 10th, which overthrew Louis XVI., but it was the proclamation of the Duke of Brunswick, and the full belief of the patriotic people that the Court was the center of the most malignant intrigues against their liberties and to restore the ancient despotism, which gave intensity and success to the struggle. Danton was aided by Petion, Westermann, and Santerre. While Marat and Robespierre were bold and defiant in the councils of the Jacobins, they were physically cowards in a conflict which became a battle. They now skulked and hid. Their names scarcely appear in the clash of arms on the 10th of August.

The focus of the preparations for assault on the Tuileries was in the Faubourgs St. Antoine and St. Marceau, lying north and south of the Seine and connected by the Pont Neuf. These Faubourgs were the hot-beds of Revolution. Their inhabitants were largely working-men of a resolute and patriotic spirit, and more intelligent and educated than might be expected at that period. But there was a lower depth in the Faubourgs of the very bloody riff-raff and scum of civilization. During a convulsion in the city this class of plunderers and assassins was always so intermingled with the respectable mechanics, tradesmen, and even the democratic manufacturers that the names of those Faubourgs became a terror to Royalist Paris. It was an honest, a resolute, and a sincere march, which the Faubourgs prepared to make, in connection with many other sections, upon the Tuileries. The Faubourg St. Antoine received its orders from Danton as early as the afternoon of the 9th of August. It was situated, as we have seen, on the north side of the Seine and beyond the Hôtel de Ville, and it is difficult to realize that it was a great manufacturing center.

The night of the 9th of August, 1792, settled darkly upon Paris. The city was in a convulsed condition. The air

was laden with dreadful rumors of the coming strife, and the hearts of men were trembling with anxiety and fear, or were warmed by patriotic impulses and purposes.

The conservative portion of the legislative body—the moderate and constitutional members—were overawed by loud threats against their lives. They forsook the Assembly, and on the morning of the 10th of August, out of seven hundred or more members only some *three hundred and fifty* occupied their seats. The sinister Girondist and Jacobin factions had purged the legislative body of their enemies as thoroughly, by their *violent menaces*, as Colonel Pride in the previous century had purged the Puritan Parliament of those opposed to Cromwell and his Independents by his soldiers. The Legislative Assembly on the 10th of August was almost entirely composed of Republicans. Incessant efforts had been made by the revolutionary factions, clubs, and members of the Assembly to rouse and stimulate the sections of Paris to engage in the approaching conflict. They were successful in their attempts in the democratic quarters, though the aristocratic Faubourg St. Germain sent its battalions to fight for the King.

And now the dreadful hour had come.

At eleven o'clock at night on the 9th of August the insurrectionary committees of six sections of Paris suddenly appeared at the Hôtel de Ville. They seized a large room directly opposite to the chambers of the regular Commune of Paris, declared themselves in permanent session, and proceeded to act as the sole municipal government of the city. Plainly dressed, resolute men, they were prepared to encounter any antagonism against their plans to the very last extremity. Other sections were astir, and their Commissioners sent word that they would soon follow. As these men toward midnight traversed the dark streets of the Faubourgs, they were met in the Rue Denis and Rue Martin by the ferocious acclamation of the pikemen and sectionaries. With cannons and muskets the Revolutionary forces were already forming, under the beautiful light of a starry August night, from which all the clouds of early evening had rolled away. The additional conspirators soon reached the Hall of the Insurrectionary Committees and united thirteen other sections to their fierce and determined number. By seven o'clock in the morning twenty-four sections of the revolutionary Faubourgs were represented, and all this so secretly and

slyly that the Tuileries and many in the Assembly were alike ignorant of the fateful event. Those who first seized the hall had been immediately organized into the "*Commune of Paris*," in total defiance of the *regular Commune*, which from that moment beheld all its power shivered and which soon after dispersed in utter dismay and terror.

The cruel Huguenin was voted President, and Tallien, afterwards so famous in connection with the fall of Robespierre, became Secretary of the new body. An immediate communication was opened with Danton, who veiled his guiding hand in a mist of distance and absence, and the work of preparation for an attack upon the royal abode instantly and energetically commenced. The Insurrectionary Commune ordered twenty-five armed men from each section to be enrolled as a guard, and to hasten to the Hôtel de Ville for their protection. The order was obeyed with inconceivable rapidity, and soon six hundred shaggy Sans Culottes, thoroughly armed, and wearing the red caps of Liberty, were ranged in front of the People's Palace. In that very hour began that new and terrible Paris Municipality which was immediately to defy the Legislative Assembly, as afterwards it did the Convention; which was to capture Paris, imprison the royal family, inaugurate massacre, and finally to establish the guillotine.

In the Tuileries fear and hope alternated. An attack had been so often threatened yet had failed to be made, that at first the monarch hoped that he might escape from a conflict which he so greatly abhorred. Mandat, the faithful General of the National Guards, was himself to be fatally deceived. Loyal to the King and Constitution, incapable of betraying his post, faithful to duty, and antagonistic to the factions, Mandat had exercised all his energy and authority to protect at every hazard the royal palace and family. He held entirely aloof from the conspirators, and indeed was ignorant of their plans. He entered the Tuileries at midnight, saw the King, explained his defensive preparations, and hastened from post to post of the National Guards, whom he had assembled, and who now occupied in considerable strength the quays, bridges, and gardens, a portion of the Carrousel and Rue St. Honore, and stretched along the terraces of the Feuillans and to the Pont Neuf. Mandat was somewhat discouraged when he sadly observed how sullen and lowering were the countenances of many of the

battalions of this array. As he passed by their ranks, they greeted him with cries of "Vive la Nation!" but with hardly a shout for a King whom they had ostensibly come to defend. The battalions of Filles St. Thomas, being recruited from the aristocratic Faubourg St. Germain, were, however, warm and loyal. They cried, "Vive le Roi!" "Vive la Constitution!" with enthusiasm, and greeted their faithful General with "Vive Mandat!" and many affectionate demonstrations of confidence.

In order that the position of the Tuileries may be clearly understood, and how open it then was to access and attack, a brief description of its surroundings is now imperative. The château, as it was then called, of the Tuileries was situated on the north side of the River Seine and faced east and west. Its whole front extended along magnificent gardens. These gardens were adorned with trees and flowers, with marble basins and fountains which constantly cast their silvery spray into the air, with avenues, statues, and beautiful parterres of exquisite foliage. Broad expanses of green grass and thickets of laurel and vine added to the attraction of the place. The gardens were always open to the people both day and night.

On the south of the Tuileries and bordering the Seine was a wing called the old Louvre, which stretched almost to the end of the Carrousel. This wing contained galleries of art in which were some of the most precious statues of antiquity and paintings of modern times. The walls of these galleries were crowded with chef-d'œuvres from the pencils of Raphael, Rembrandt, Claude Lorraine, Poussin, Reubens, Vandyck, and a host of other eminent artists. Here also existed the most splendid library the world has seen since that of Alexandria was destroyed. And now all these books, these illuminated missals, these priceless manuscripts, these innumerable and rare etchings and engravings were exposed to an immediate and possible destruction. Happily in the assault of the 10th of August the Louvre escaped, as it escaped the incendiarism of the frightful Commune of 1871.

Just west of the Garden of the Tuileries was that of the Elysée, and south of these two, which it bordered, was the Place de la Révolution, in the center of which was to rise the guillotine of the Republic.

The palace was approached by seven bridges and many

quays, by the Rue St. Honore, the Terraces of the Feuillans, and the Place de la Révolution. The portion of the Tuileries facing east, or its back part, opened into three courts protected by high iron railings and gates, and the space beyond, then open, was termed "the Carrousel." It was *from this side* that the principal assault was to be made on the devoted palace.

Across the Garden of the Tuileries at an angle was the hall of the Legislative Assembly. It was only a short walk from the palace. Beyond this building the Monastery of the Feuillans arose, where the Constitutional Club had met. Immediately beyond the Feuillans was the Jacobin Club, and but a short distance to the east the gardens and Palace Royal inhabited by the Duke of Orleans. This Prince, ever since his disgraceful treatment at the Tuileries, had been secretly or openly active in all the councils of the Jacobins and Cordeliers.

It is midnight, August 10, 1792. The stroke of twelve has relegated to the past forever the last day of the Monarchy of Louis XVI. The King, pious, and deeply distressed, has retired with his confessor to pray, and obtain religious strength. The Queen and the Princess Elizabeth cannot sleep. Each moment they visit the palace windows, and look out. Above shine the cold, bright, far-off stars; and the distant roar and tumult of the gathering sections reach faintly their ears. Below, by the light of the many lamps, they can dimly observe the lines of the National Guards. They are bivouacked in the Gardens, on the Terraces, and along the streets and quays. Before the Carrousel, on the wide marble steps of the palace and in its halls are the devoted ranks of the Swiss Guards, eight hundred strong. They stand *en negligée*, leaning upon their muskets, conversing one with the other and swearing eternal fidelity to the King. With great bear-skin caps, surmounted by tri-colored plumes, upon their heads, and in red uniforms relieved by the buff of the rest of their attire, they present a martial and imposing front to any enemy.

A thousand gentlemen, some old, others young, had hurried to the palace sword in hand, and with affecting devotion had offered their lives to their imperiled monarch. They were cordially welcomed by the four commanders of the loyal Swiss, Durler, Bachmann, D'Erlac, and D'Affrey, but with sullen looks by some of the National Guards.

Petion, the Mayor of Paris (who was again restored to his position), that Mephistophiles of this insurrection, had been at the Tuileries about midnight, and had assured the King that the menaced insurrection would *not* take place. He was received with such threats and cries by the troops and gentlemen within, that he was glad to escape with his life. Ferocious and indignant, Petion retired, and by a fiction of the new Commune he was arrested and held in mock imprisonment during the whole of the 10th of August.

“Scarcely,” says George Duval, one of the soldiers within the palace and an eye-witness,—“scarcely had the King repeated the assurance of Petion to his Guards, before the sound of the tocsins and roll of the drums began to announce the gathering of the people.”

While the King was with his confessor and the Queen at the windows, two hundred aged gentlemen entered the Tuileries. They were the venerable butterfly beaux of the Ancient Régime; but brave and loyal to the core of their hearts. Almost unable to bear the weight of their swords, their hair in disorder, their satin coats wrinkled, and their silk stockings awry; with faces pale and haggard, they were yet filled with the heroic spirit of Fontenoy. They swaggered up to a battalion of National Guards in one of the halls, which was already disaffected. “Now,” they cried, “now, Messieurs, is the time to display courage.” Extremely enraged, the battalion replied, through its officers, “We shall not fail in that, but it is not fighting with you nor by your side that we will give proof of it.” The whole body of soldiers immediately abandoned their position and marched to join the army of the people which was now rapidly forming.

Some of the advanced bands of pikemen from the Faubourgs approached the Swiss in the Carrousel and were not hindered by the National Guards stationed beyond. The great gates of the court in front of this square were closed, and Swiss sentinels paced to and fro. Vindictive groups of Marsellais pressed up to the railing. “Wretches,” yelled one, “this is the last time you will mount guard. In a few hours you will be exterminated.”

Within the Tuileries there was a constant passing to and fro, and from room to room, of its defenders. The various officials of the palace, the King’s ministers, the generals and officers of the Swiss Guard, the captains of the loyal

National forces, were moving incessantly from hall to hall, or from post to post. The council chambers and some apartments of the palace had been made temporary royal armories, and were filled with piled weapons and armed nobles.

At this critical hour, by the craft of Danton, outside of the Swiss Guards there was not a single regiment of regular troops either in Paris or in its vicinity. The excuse, that the exigencies of the war demanded their presence, had been given to all who either inquired or complained on account of their absence.

During this night of awful expectation and suspense, the Queen and Madame Elizabeth had not confined themselves to mere outlooks from the palace windows, but entered the various rooms and halls filled with their defenders. The stern Swiss warriors and the nobles received them with acclamation, in which the loyal National troops cordially joined. The Queen was a heroine. She encouraged the soldiers, who kissed her hand and dress; she spoke in lofty and confident tones to the nobility; and exhorted all to be faithful to the King. Louis, at this moment, after a long vigil of prayer, was asleep. His warrior ancestor Henry IV., in such a critical and dangerous hour, would have been mounted and armed and leading his forces, guided by his white plume, to battle against revolt and to possible victory.

It was a pathetic and heart-stirring spectacle to behold this great-hearted Queen, wife, and mother,—her children endangered, her throne about to be assaulted, her husband at this moment a weak, bewildered nonentity—as she moved to and fro in this terrible hour. Walking from rank to rank of the soldiers, she concealed her womanly tears and fears, her motherly agitation and distress; and with her beautiful face flushed, her eyes bright, she strove to infuse hope into the bosom of gloom and despair, and to increase the loyalty of loyal hearts. The devoted troops felt that she was a Queen for whom it was a glorious thing to die. Their cries of “Vive le Roi! Vive La Reine!” were loud, frequent, and fervent, and they shouted that they would all perish, if need be, in her cause.

Had there been in the Palace of the Tuileries, upon that fatal night, a King of a different temperament from Louis XVI.; had a high-hearted, warlike monarch like Frederick

the Great been in command of those faithful regiments, the result might have been widely different from what it was. If, in uniform, and with determined words, such a monarch had encouraged and led, instead of confusing, discouraging, and deserting his troops, the Faubourgs might have been received as Bonaparte afterwards received far more dangerous assailants, and have been driven back in defeat and rout. The moment demanded a hero, and alas! Louis XVI. was not a hero, he was only a saint. He could suffer, but he would not fight.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE STORMING OF THE TUILERIES.

DURING the latter part of the night of the 10th of August, while the tocsins of the factions were filling the air with their loud and ominous call to conflict, and the far-off roll of drums and the tumults of a great capital in the throes of insurrection might be heard, the agitated Queen stole up to the chamber of her babes, and there, no mortal eyes to witness her tears but those of the devoted Princess Elizabeth, her fortitude seemed to give way and she wept. She pressed the golden curls of her son to her lips as the angelic child lay slumbering on his couch. She prayed humbly to God, whom now amid clouds and storms she was finding, and shuddered as a mother for the dreadful morrow. She kissed her little daughter Theresa and shook with emotion as in imagination she beheld her beloved ones smitten by balls or murdered by the pikemen of Paris. Presently she mastered her grief and was once more the heroic Queen.

The beautiful dawn of a clear but hot August day now illumined the heavens. The sky was flecked by a few crimson and purple clouds edged with gold, through which the sun moved on his radiant path as though his glorious countenance had never gazed upon the sins and cruelty of earth. Madame Elizabeth beheld in admiration the scene. They had gone to the window by invitation of the Queen. "Look, sister," said Marie Antoinette, "how magnificent is the sunrise! Alas! when shall we see it rise again?" This was the last time those afflicted women saw in freedom the sun. From that day it was only as captives that they were to observe its radiant face.

Meantime a terrible tragedy had occurred which greatly lessened the hopes of the Royalists, and terrified and confused the National Guards. The conspirators at the Hôtel de Ville were well aware that while the faithful Mandat commanded the troops of defense, their utmost efforts would be met by stern resistance. That heroic General

had no knowledge that the old Commune of Paris had been at midnight superseded by an insurrectionary body. That *old Commune* had commissioned him to take all the measures possible to defend the Tuileries, and he had faithfully obeyed. Taking advantage of this ignorance, and well aware that Mandat would obey on supposition that it was a regular command from the displaced municipality, the conspirators issued to him an order in the name of *that* body to immediately report at the Hôtel de Ville as to his preparations for defense. Mandat, entirely unsuspecting, instantly obeyed.

It was four o'clock in the morning when he reached the Hôtel de Ville. He was hurried through ranks of frowning pikemen into the presence of the Insurrectionary Committee. The General turned pale, and was confounded, when he saw before him a scowling body of men who were to him total strangers. "By whose order," said the President Huguenin, "did you double the guard at the Tuileries?" "By the order of Petion," replied the dazed Mandat. "Produce those orders," cried Huguenin in a threatening voice. The General, disconcerted and trembling in the midst of ferocious and unknown men, replied that he had left the orders at the Tuileries. "When were they given to you?" asked Huguenin. "Three days ago," replied Mandat. "But why did you order the cannons to advance?" persisted the scowling President. Mandat replied "that when battalions marched they were always accompanied by cannons." At this moment a letter was laid on the table in front of Huguenin. It was a document which proved immediately fatal to Mandat. It was an order which he had given a short time before, in the loyal discharge of his duty, to the battalions of the Hôtel de Ville, which he supposed yet there, to take the advancing mobs in the flank and rear, and to attack and disperse them. On this order being read before the usurping Commune, the President ordered the instant committal of the doomed General to the prison of the Abbaye. As the ferocious Huguenin did so, he slyly made a horizontal gesture to the bloody band around him. It was a signal of death. The unfortunate Mandat was roughly seized and hurried down the steps of the Hôtel de Ville. His son had accompanied him and there awaited his father. With tears, cries, and prayers, the devoted youth made the most desperate efforts to defend and save his

parent. It was in vain. Mandat was shot down, and his dying body was dragged along the Quays and hurled into the River Seine. So floated away in blood and death the remains of the National General of the defensive army at the Tuileries.

While the Faubourgs were preparing to march, the tidings of this dreadful and brutal tragedy reached the Tuileries. All was instantly confusion. The Queen, filled with consternation, shed tears of despair. The disaffected National Guards, who yet loved their General, were so bewildered that—themselves ignorant of the change of government at the Hôtel de Ville—they actually but naturally believed that he had been assassinated by orders of the *old* Commune, which they knew to be faithful to the King. Their murmurs became loud and deep; and even when the truth was revealed to them, they were only the more confused and disordered.

At five o'clock in the morning Louis XVI. again appeared. His hair was in *deshabille*, his face flushed, his eyes showed the traces of tears, and his look was dazed and helpless. The Assembly knew well the character of the unhappy monarch, and above all things dreaded a conflict, if it could be avoided. They feared that the King and his family in the excitement of battle would be slain. Many being both ignorant and innocent of the action of the new Commune, they determined to send a delegation from their body to exhort the monarch to seek protection for himself and his adherents in the Legislative Hall.

And now it was full day. The tocsins had sounded from the steeples, and the drums beat through the sections since midnight, awakening frenzy and hope among the patriotic, and carrying indescribable terror and dismay into the Faubourg St. Germain and other opulent and loyal sections of the city. The hoarse, terrible uproar of the insurrection came on the air of the hot, dusty August morning, shaking hearts and reverberating through the streets. The usurping Commune had nominated Santerre as the new General of the National Guards, but until he arrived a subordinate named Lachesnye assumed control. Lachesnye was a man of decency, but a fervid Republican. He was received by the National Guards in sullen silence.

At six o'clock it was determined that the King should pass down the ranks of the National soldiery, and strive to

awaken their fidelity. He descended the steps of his palace, and moved with his escort along their ranks. They saw a fat, sleepy looking man, with eyes that showed traces of tears, and a pale and dismayed countenance. The King wore a violet coat and the habiliments of peace. The battalion's of Filles St. Thomas received him with loud cries of "Vive le Roi!" but when the monarch had passed by their loyal ranks, and came to the numerous regiments beyond, and to the gens-d'armes and cannoneers, a change took place. The cannoneers rushed forward, and shook their fists in his face while using hideous imprecations. The disaffected Guards cried "A bas la Tyrannie! Vive la Nation!" "Mort des Traiteurs!" and showed every sign of instant revolt.

The King, white, hopeless, and aghast, his very life being threatened, walked slowly back to the palace followed by his dejected escort. The Queen, with trembling heart and anxious eyes, had watched the King's progress. She saw the fists of the soldiers raised in the air against her husband. She heard the insulting cries of the disloyal National Guards. "My God!" she exclaimed, "they are hooting the King! All is lost!" All was lost with Louis XVI. as a leader, but all need not to have been lost. With at least three thousand faithful warriors in the loyal National Guards, united to the Swiss battalions and the brave nobles, victory might have been won, had a *hero* as well as a King been there, to fight for his crown and for his life.

It was at this critical moment that the delegation sent by the Legislative Assembly appeared. They were headed by Roederer. "Sire," he said, "the only safety for your Majesty, the Queen, and your family, lies in at once leaving the palace, and repairing for protection to the hall of the Legislative Assembly. The Faubourgs are marching on the palace in irresistible force, by tens of thousands, and you are in mortal danger."

"But, sir," said Louis XVI., now recovering some confidence as he gazed on his faithful warriors, "I do not see any great gathering, and I am not told of any great numbers." "Ah, Sire," cried Roederer earnestly, "be not deceived. At this very moment immense masses with cannons, and headed by the Marsellais, are marching on the Tuileries. Resistance will be in vain, and if you remain in the palace, what will be your fate, and that of all you love?"

Louis XVI., always brave and calm in personal danger,

was shaken by the vision of the approaching massacre of his family. But the Queen, as she heard these words, lost the anxiety of the mother in the undaunted resolution of her heroic soul.

"Sire!" she cried, snatching a pistol, "now is the time to show yourself worthy of your ancestors, and to conquer or die. I had rather be nailed to yonder wall, than to forsake the palace and its defenders."

The nobles in anxiety,—almost despairing and believing that the King was being deceived into taking a fatal step, now remonstrated with him; while the officers, like men about to be betrayed and deserted, added their expostulating voices. Then it might have been truly said: "Oh, for an hour of Dundee!" The mild, amiable, credulous King, the martyr of the impracticable, incorrigibly opposed to bloodshed, despite these loyal remonstrances determined to go to the Assembly. "Is this really so?" he asked of Roederer, after that deputy had described the multitude of the coming assailants. "Yes, Sire," answered Roederer, "I can assure you it is true, and that no time must be lost." "M. Roederer," cried the Queen, finally submitting, "will you assure us of the safety of our children and friends?" "Madam," replied Roederer respectfully, "I can only assure you that I, and all with me, will die for your Majesty."

The King replied: "Let us set out then." The mournful march to the Legislative Hall commenced. Just as they were, and without a moment for preparation, the royal family and attendant ladies, the Ministers of State, and a few officials commenced their fatal walk to the Assembly. They were preceded by a small attending company of loyal troops. Through the sad ranks of the devoted Swiss, whose rebukes were not in words, but in looks; past the faithful and disheartened nobles; past the silent and afflicted loyal National Guards, moved this cortège of ruined Royalty. The King descended the marble steps of the Tuileries, and by that act forsook liberty, and monarchical state, and power forever.

As the King and his family crossed the Gardens of the Tuileries, the grounds were strewn with fallen and withered leaves. Poor Louis, despite that tremendous hour, noticed them, and turning to Roederer he said: "The leaves fall early this year. This betokens a hard and severe

winter." Such remarks, at such a moment, are a revelation of the weakness of Louis XVI.

The procession of defeated Royalty passed between the ranks of the National Guards, now mostly silent, and by the pikemen of Paris who belonged to the National force. Though a moment before so threatening, yet now they seemed subdued by the harrowing spectacle, and were sombre and still. A National Guard grasped the Dauphin. The Queen shrieked with horror. "Fear not, Madame," cried the soldier, "I will do your son no harm. I will carry him for you." He tenderly lifted the beautiful child in his arms, bore him into the Assembly, and placed him by his mother's side.

On entering the Assembly, the King said : "Gentlemen, I have come to prevent a great crime, and to place myself and my family under the protection of the Legislative body."

"Sire," answered Vergniaud, who was the President of the day, "Your Majesty, in the bosom of the Representatives of the People, shall receive all the protection that we possess ourselves." The royal family were presently conducted to a small room overlooking the Assembly, and ordinarily used by reporters for the daily papers. There, all that hot, terrible August day, amid tumult and riot, they remained, and until two o'clock of the next morning.

In the Tuileries despair, courage, and fidelity alike reigned in the hearts of its defenders. The Swiss with sublime devotion to duty closed their ranks. They moved to the grand staircase, and filled the windows overlooking the Carrousel, the court and landing below. Terrible and warlike stood these warriors under their twin banners of France and Switzerland, prepared to battle for the home of their King even if deserted by the monarch himself.

Leonidas and his three hundred Spartans were not more loyal to their city, than these warriors of Helvetia to their oath. The nobles ranged themselves near by in faithful brotherhood, and were resolved to fight to the last for a monarchy abandoned by its monarch. Several battalions of the National Guards, affected by such heroic fidelity, determined to maintain their posts and resist the insurgents.

And now the insurrection came roaring and thundering on. It filled the square of the Carrousel, but as it saw within the gates the formidable ranks of the Swiss beyond, the leaders and the people paused. The sentinels placed

by the Swiss officers paced to and fro before this armed and howling multitude, as stately and calm as in times of profound peace.

They were instantly slain by the mob. Other sentinels took their place and met the same fate. Encouraged by the silent attitude of the Swiss battalions within the high iron railing, the insurgents, believing that they would not fight, beat down the gates leading to the Tuileries, and began to pour in. On observing this violence Major Bachman ordered his troops to retire within the palace, and to form in solid ranks on the grand and wide stairway. They obeyed and soon stood rank above rank to the landing above, and lined also the windows upon the assaulted side of the palace.

As the stern Switzers, with their bearskin shakos and red uniforms, crowded the steps they seemed "like a burning torrent of lava flowing down the stairs." And now the insurgents, confident of triumph, came rushing on. They were furiously led by Westermann and Santerre. They began to plant their cannons. The dissaffected *gens-d'armes* and disloyal National Guards either joined their ranks, or dispersed; but the battalions of Filles St. Thomas remained firm at their assigned post, and as yet were not approached by the assailants.

At this moment Captain Durler raised his sword above his head and commanded the Swiss to *fire*. In an instant a rolling and continuous blaze of death, from the hundreds of muskets on the stairway, smote the insurgents below. As at Bunker Hill so here men fell by hundreds. The insurgents were seized with a panic and fled back into the streets. The Swiss—leaving a portion of their force to bring in their dead and wounded—ran down the stairs, and out into the Carrousel, discharging their muskets upon the flying mob. The whole space before them was strewn with hats, guns, and the dead bodies of the insurgents. The Swiss fired furiously and rapidly upon their retreating enemies. Formed into a square, they were a moving volcano of belching fire and death. They seized three cannons which the insurgents had discharged at the palace, and then returned, dragging these engines of war under the arch of the Tuileries. Unfortunately for the defense the cannons could not be used, there being neither necessary ammunition nor linstocks.

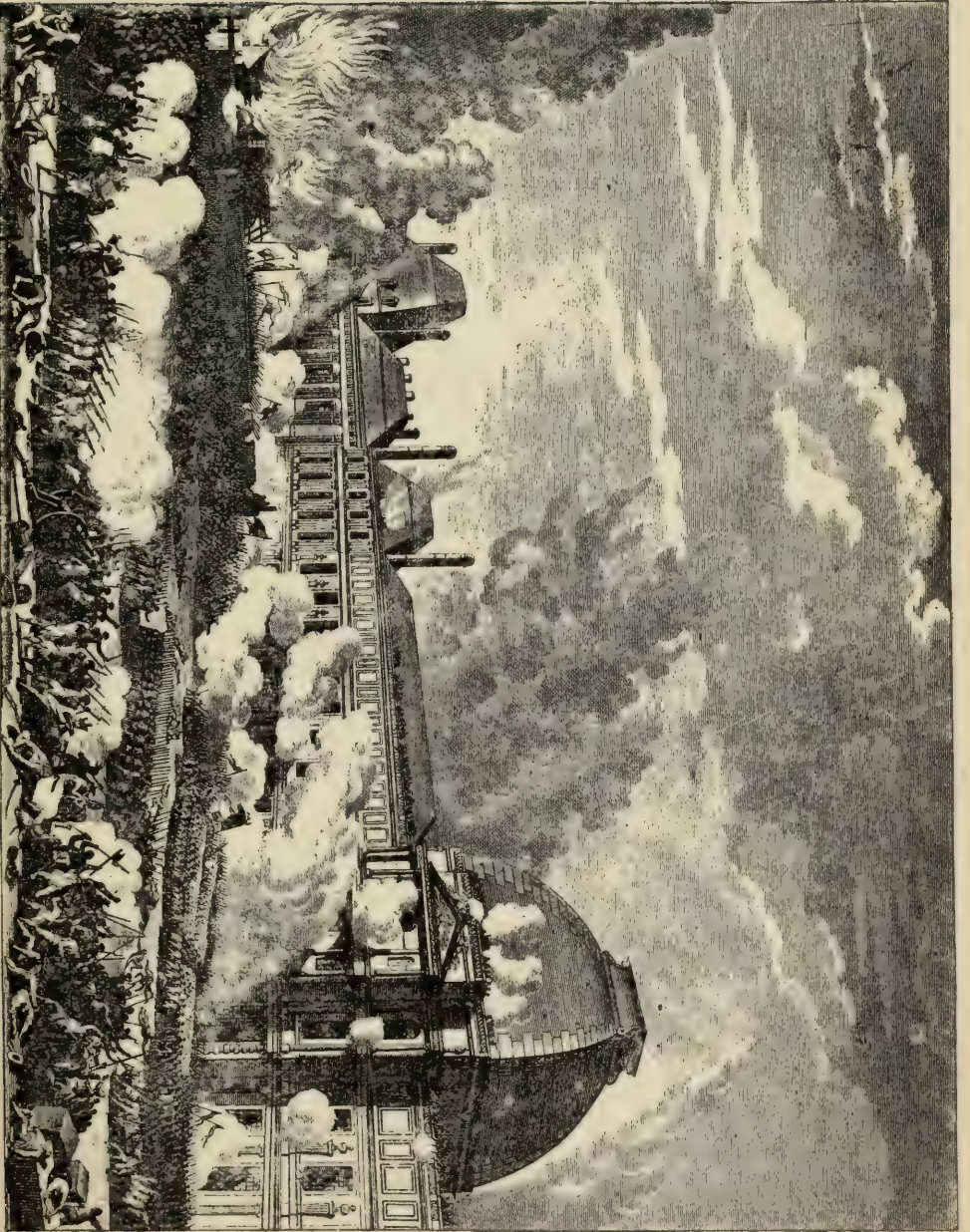
The record of events at this point becomes exceedingly

complicated. Historians greatly differ as to minor facts, and the honest annalist is perplexed, in treading a truthful way through their diverging records. But as to the general events there is not so much difficulty. Here a fair agreement exists.

It was when the Swiss had returned to the Tuileries, after driving before them the hordes of the Sectionaries, Marsellais, and Sans Culottes, that M. de Hervilly appeared. He was sent by Louis XVI., and gave the astounding command to Major Bachman and the other defenders "to cease firing, to evacuate the Tuileries, and to march to the Assembly." This fatal order had been wrested from the now captive monarch, by the terrified legislators. Captain Durler immediately obeyed. Collecting three hundred of the Swiss he set out for the Menage. Another body by a different route endeavored to reach the Assembly. Captain Durler advanced, losing men at every moment from the treacherous fire of the National Guards. Faithful to the King's order to stop firing, he presented bayonets as he cleared his way, but did not return the fire by which his ranks were decimated. The insurgents yelled, and again in fury approached the Tuileries. Through the raging, assaulting multitude the gallant but obedient Swiss forced their way; and undaunted, but exhausted, reached the Menage. They were at once disarmed, and confined in the barracks of the Feuillans. The distance had been short which they had traversed, but they had lost fifty men from the deadly fire of those National Guards who should have been by their side. The second battalion of Swiss, diverging toward the Place Louis XV., was hemmed in on every side. Some broke and scattered only to be massacred. The main body, now a small number, assailed flank and rear by revolted gens-d'armes, by insurgent Guards, and by a fierce clamoring multitude of armed Sectionaries, formed into a square, and determined to sell their lives dearly. Their rolling fire was terrible. In the midst of the battle they stood, shoulder to shoulder, and piling a barricade of dead and dying enemies around them, they fought and fell, and closed up their ranks, and still fought, until, like the old Guards at Waterloo, they all perished.

The Gens-d'armes, nine hundred strong, and who had been a portion of the French Guards of 1789, were stationed near the quays leading to the Pont Neuf, and along the terraces

STORMING OF THE TUILERIES, AUGUST 10, 1792.



of the Feuillans. On hearing the roar of the conflict these troops drew their sabres, shouted "Vive la Nation!" and rushed to assist the insurgents.

Gathering courage and strength by the defection of the cavalry, the mighty columns of Westermann and Santerre again came pouring into the Carrousel, a torrent of pikes and flashing bayonets, a river of glittering steel. St. Antoine led the way, and St. Marceau closely followed. They filled all the alleys and courts, reached the great stairway of the palace, and engaged in the strife with renewed ferocity. Cannons were brought up and their stern thunders added to the clamor of the assault.

Within the Tuileries there still remained a small number of the devoted Swiss. These soldiers now retreated before the yelling mob up the grand stairway, a concentrated formidable mass of iron-hearted warriors, but only eighty strong. So grievously had been divided and frittered away that formidable body of eight hundred men who in the morning were ranged under the Royal Flag! Did grim memories of the victories of their fathers at Morgarten and Sempach fill their minds at this terrible moment? There they stood in ruddy, solid ranks. On came the Sans Culottes, on came the shouting forces of Westermann, led sword in hand by their determined commander. They assaulted the Grenadiers, but a decimating fire again burst forth from the red ranks of the Swiss. The halls, the peristyle were heaped with corpses of Marsellais and pikemen. The Swiss slowly retreated up the marble steps, pursued by the constant and deadly volleys of the ferocious patriots. With disciplined rapidity the soldiers returned the rebel fire. The stairs, the halls were filled with the smoke and roar of battle. A mist of gunpowder enshrouded the combatants, but through its vaporous dimness could be seen the bearskin shakos and blazing muskets of the Swiss. They fought from step to step, their ranks thinning every moment, until their last warrior fell, and died. No one cried for quarter in those devoted ranks, no one of their number fled. Under the tri-color banner of the Constitutional Monarchy, and with sublime fidelity, they fought and perished.

Switzerland has recognized the Spartan heroism of her sons. The traveler to-day can see on the borders of one of her bluest lakes, and engirdled by a fringe of lofty and snowy mountains, a large bronze lion. He has been pierced,

and has fallen in the attitude of death, but yet grasps in his paw a shield, upon which the lilies of France are engraved. The dedication below is "To the brave and faithful men who died at the Tuileries upon August the Tenth, 1792."

And now, with shouts and curses, the mob came roaring and rushing up all the stairways of the palace. Their fury, cruelty, and ferocity were such as might be imagined of Goths sacking Rome, but not of even the worst French of the last days of the Eighteenth Century, and in the center of a magnificent civilization, philosophy, and literature.

The murderous hordes pursued through the halls of the Tuileries "gentlemen of the King, priests, librarians, valets de chambre, servants, and grooms of the chamber." They hewed their shrieking victims to pieces. Yonge asserts that they actually roasted some of the bodies which they had stripped, and even, like African cannibals, ate as food parts of the flesh. Peltier says that "ushers of the palace, pages, persons in every employment, the lowest and most servile, were alike butchered. Streams of blood," he declares, "flowed everywhere from roof to cellar. It was impossible to step the foot on a single spot without treading on a dead body." I will not sully my pages with the horrible details this historian gives of the stripping and mutilation of the dead. The mob dragged some Swiss soldiers, not of the heroic defenders of the palace, from their hiding-places. They tore off their garments, and while they screamed, and cried for mercy, they placed them on a litter of their own clothing and there cut their throats. Covered with blood, and intoxicated by brandy, the murderers rushed toward the rooms which were filled with the ladies of the Court. These frightened females were weeping and praying. Within were the Princess de Tarente, Mesdames de Laroche and Aymon, and the beauteous young Pauline Tourzel, daughter of the beloved governess of the Dauphin. Her mother was at that moment with the royal family in the Assembly. There also were Madame Campan and many others. Two grooms of the chamber, Salles and Marchais, desperately resisted the entrance of the mob, and fell dead before the door. "This is our post," they cried with sublime fidelity to the assailing Marsellais, "and we will fall on the thresholds that we have sworn to defend." The mob rushed in over their dead bodies. A ruffian seized Madame Campan by the neck of her dress, and raised his

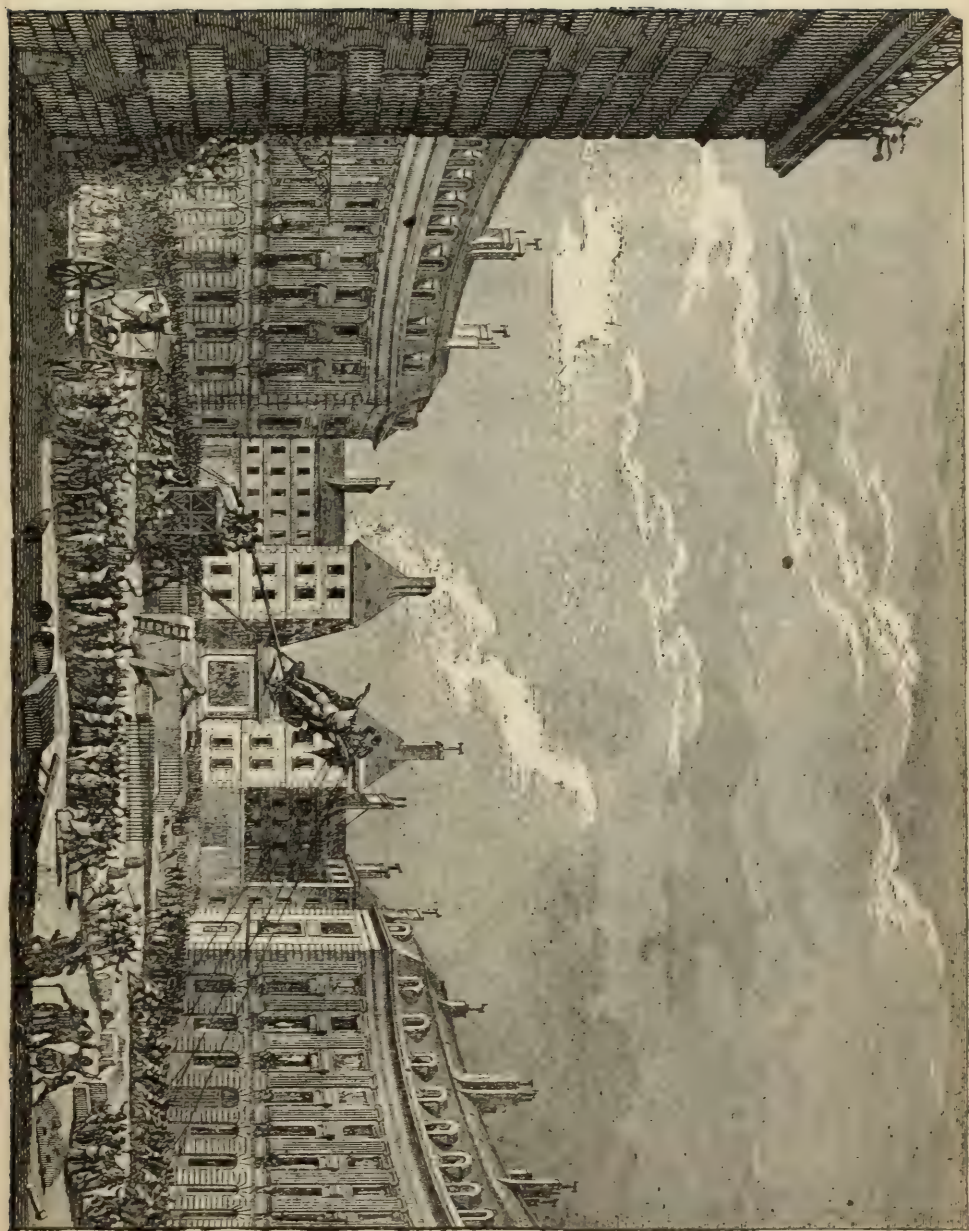
sabre to behead her. At that moment a hoarse voice cried from below : " What are you doing up there ? The women are not to be killed ! " The murderer arrested his blow, the Marsellais were affected, and all these ladies were spared. They found refuge among their friends, but some were soon apprehended, and butchered in the various prisons of Paris.

Meantime, amid the smoke of the burning dwellings which then clustered near the Tuileries, and whose fumes began to fill the palace, the mob commenced their work of destruction. Entering the throne room, they tore the throne from its resting-place, and hurled it out of the window into the court below, where its fragments were burned by rejoicing and drunken men and women, who sang the "*Ça Ira*," as they danced around the fire. They smashed the furniture ; they tore down, and trod underfoot, the hangings and curtains ; they beat, with the butt ends of their guns, the splendid mirrors of the palace into fragments. They invaded and profaned the Queen's chamber, and one harridan seated herself in the middle of the Queen's bed, and began to *peddle cherries*. But with a certain French respect for Art, in the very " head and front " of their violence they spared the great paintings and statues.

It was only the magnificent portraits of Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette, with those of other obnoxious personages, which they slashed, cut, tore from their frames, and destroyed.

The Swiss, who had scattered on the retreat of Major Durler, were pursued like wild beasts by a roaring band of assassins. Some climbed trees and statues in the gardens of the Tuileries. They were shot from the trees, but the æsthetic mob carefully *pricked* them off from the statues with the points of their bayonets, so as not to injure those beautiful works of art. The victims were butchered with Comanche cruelty. Some tried to hide in cellars, but they were dragged out and slain. Some clung to the tops of walls and were beaten to death. The most horrible vindictiveness was displayed by the infuriated sections in murdering the helpless Swiss.

The gentlemen of the Ancient Monarchy had mostly obeyed the order of Louis to evacuate the Tuileries, and had escaped. They were Frenchmen, and were not pursued with the ferocity which the mob displayed against the



OVERTHROWING THE STATUE OF LOUIS XIV., AUGUST 11, 1792.

Swiss. But those who remained in the palace were assaulted with fury, defended themselves with heroic courage, and were all killed. Ruffian bands sought the wine cellars of the Tuileries, and a scene of drunkenness and debauchery ensued worthy of the bottomless pit.

During the day of the 10th of August the nude bodies of the slain warriors lay in ghastly heaps, gathered from the various places where they had fallen into the open space of the Tuileries. To these were added the slaughtered inmates of the palace. All the vile and foul men and women of Paris came to gloat over the hideous spectacle. They laughed, they danced, they sang the "*Ça Ira*," like ghouls and hyenas they mutilated the dead, and exhibited in all its horrors the indescribable depths of depravity into which Atheistic humanity can descend.

On the evening of that day, gigantic pyres arose of wood and combustibles, and on these the dead bodies of the Swiss and murdered Royalists were cast. The funeral light of the mournful illumination glowed over shuddering or rejoicing Paris. The hero dead were reduced to ashes, and the ashes were cast into the River Seine.

At the lowest estimate twelve hundred of the insurgents had been slain. A hundred carts heaped with their corpses "*fared*," says Carlyle, "*toward the cemetery of Sainte Madeleine, bewailed, bewept, for all had kindred, all had mothers, if not here then there.*"

On the 12th of August, only two days after the storming of the Tuileries, the bronze statue of Henry the Fourth was cast down from its pedestal on the Pont Neuf, and shattered. Not even the popularity of the hero of Ivry could save his memorial. The haughty form of Louis XIV. had towered for a hundred years in the Palace Vendome, that square where Napoleon was to erect his pillar of Victory. A band of Sans Culottes placed ropes about the bronze horse, and soon the statue and steed lay shattered on the pavements below. "From the evening of the Tenth of August," asserts Lamartine, "The National Guards had disappeared. Pikes and tatters had replaced the civic bayonet and uniform at the posts, and with the patrols established in Paris. The Marsellais and the Federates were the only persons who gave the slightest military appearance to the detachments of armed people."

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE IMPRISONMENT OF THE ROYAL FAMILY.

WE now return to the royal family, who were suffering so much in the reporters' room, overlooking the Legislative Assembly. When the firing at the Tuileries commenced, a panic seized that body. "We will all perish together at our posts, for the cause of liberty," cried Vergniaud. The excited Assembly immediately demanded of the King, that he should stop the firing, order the Swiss to march to the National halls, and surrender the Tuileries to the people. The King obeyed; with what results we have already described.

In the box occupied by the monarch and his family there was stifling heat. The small room was crowded. In the front sat Louis XVI. The Queen was seated on a chair placed in a corner. Her children, and Madame de Tourzel their governess, together with Madame Elizabeth and the Princess Lamballe, occupied a bench situated against the wall. At the back part of this logography stood some of the King's ministers, and D'Hervilly, an officer of the Swiss Guard. The close pent room and the hall of the Assembly itself were like a furnace. The royal children dripped with sweat, and drooped with hunger and exhaustion. During all those dreadful hours of battle and massacre, in the midst of its thunders, shouts, and shrieks, and while their faithful defenders and followers were being destroyed, their palace sacked, and the royal throne burned, Louis XVI. sat in dumb despair and speechless suffering, while Marie Antoinette and her little ones, dearer to her than life itself, bowed in deepest humiliation and distress. It was a most pathetic spectacle.

The Dauphin, astonished, had incessantly questioned his father as to the cause of these events: why they had left the Tuileries? why they had come to so dismal a place? what the tumult meant? and the discharge of musketry?

Toward noon, men began to appear in the Assembly, their arms stained with blood, and bearing trophies of their victory

over Royalty. The King was protected from these ruffians by a number of faithful friends, the Duke de Choiseul and others, who crowded into the small room with the unselfish purpose to cover him at the risk of their own lives. A tri-color ribbon was stretched before the outer door, and the iron railing separating the room from the Assembly was broken down, the monarch, who was of great physical strength, himself assisting in the work. The whole scene within the Legislative Body now became extremely agitated, and, to the Royal family and their friends, mournful and terrible.

The halls and the galleries were filled with a moving and changing crowd, who even mingled with the deputies on the floor of the Assembly. Viands were brought for the royal group. The King, with his usual appetite, ate heartily, but the Queen and her sister tasted nothing but a little orange-water and some jellies.

The heat of the afternoon, with the sun shining on the bare white walls, was most oppressive. The Dauphin lay panting and almost suffocated in his mother's arms. Madame Elizabeth bowed her head, her pious soul finding a refuge from present distress in secret but incessant prayer. The little Madame Royale wept profusely, and the Queen in vain tried to soothe her tears. But the King, in a kind of apathy of sorrow, saw without outward emotion, men, stained with gore, deposit on the President's tables the spoils of his own palace; silver dishes, rouleaus of gold, portfolios, and the diamonds of the Royal Family, which had been found in their apartments at the Tuileries.

A rough man entered and stood upon the floor of the Assembly. His voice was loud and hoarse. He was a gunner of the National Guards. These men were mostly workers in iron. With horrible blasphemy he raised his bloody hands and cried: "I offer, if it is necessary, to take the life of Louis!" The Queen trembled at these terrible words, and the little Dauphin threw himself into his father's arms, and bathed his bosom with tears. The King remained seemingly calm and unmoved.

A deputation from the usurping committee at the Hôtel de Ville, now claiming to be the new Commune of Paris, appeared soon after. "We demand," they said fiercely, looking at the royal victims, who were in plain sight,—“we demand the deposition of the traitor Louis. To-morrow,”

they continued, scowling darkly, "we will bring you the report of this memorable day. Petion, Manuel, and Danton are still your colleagues. Santerre is at the head of the armed forces." Another deputation was yet more imperious. "For a long time past," they cried, "the people have demanded of you the deposition of the King, and you have not even proclaimed his suspension. We are once more charged by the people to make this demand." Vergniaud, the President, on hearing these words left the chair. He called to this place Gaudet and Gensonne. These Girondists, at intervals, on this heated day occupied successively the Presidential position. Vergniaud, with his colleagues of the Gironde and the Jacobins, immediately proceeded to draw up articles suspending the King from his office. Sad and pale, as though ashamed of the act, and his submission to the will of an insurrection, Vergniaud ascended the Tribune, and amid a profound silence he read the revolutionary decree. That decree invited the French people to form a National Convention, to decide upon the future form of the government. It suspended the King from his royal functions, and also suspended the payment to him of the Civil List. It declared that the royal family should remain with the Legislative Assembly until order could be restored, and that the Palace of the Luxembourg should be prepared for their reception. There they were to reside under a guard of citizens.

The mortified Queen heard, with eyes cast down, this decree read which deprived her of a crown, and her son of a throne. The King listened with a spirit of resignation, and even a cheerful look, as though a great burden had been lifted from his heart.

It was nearly two o'clock on the morning of the 11th of August before the royal family were relieved from their suffering position. A few rooms in the adjacent Monastery of the Feuillans were hastily prepared. Here the little Prince, worn and sleepy, was carried, and the child, utterly exhausted, finally found repose.

Marie Antoinette was in an indescribable state of affliction. She could not sleep. When Madame Campan was permitted to see her the next morning, she stretched out her hands, and cried pathetically, "Come, unhappy friend, and behold a woman still more unhappy than yourself, for it is she who is the cause of all your misery."

At ten o'clock on the 11th of August the royal family was again conducted to the Assembly, where they endured the same martyrdom as on the day before. The large body of Swiss soldiers who had found a refuge in the Feuillans were perpetually and vociferously demanded by the mob outside in order that they might be slain. The royal family could hear the frightful yells of assassins shouting for the heads of their faithful guards. "Great God!" cried Vergniaud, moved to horror by these inexorable demands, "what cannibals!"

The Revolutionary Commune was now fully installed in power and had superseded the old municipality. It soon became a potent factor in the increasing cruelty and gathered to itself despotic authority. From the 11th of August it was more influential and powerful than the Assembly itself. It changed or annulled all the legislative acts which it did not approve. The Assembly had decreed the palace of the Luxembourg, on the south side of the Seine, a large and comfortable residence with beautiful gardens, as the dwelling-place of the King and his family. The Commune bitterly objected. "There were," it said, "many subterranean passages in that Palace which offered the means of escape to the tyrant." Weary of beholding the degradation of Royalty, the Assembly finally decreed that the Hôtel de la Chancellerie should be immediately prepared for the reception of Louis. But the Commune was not yet satisfied. The Procureur Manuel appeared before the legislators and, as spokesman for the Commune, demanded that a decree should be passed by which the King and Queen, with his sister and his children, should be committed for safe-keeping to the Tower of the Temple.

The Assembly was cowed and exhausted, and at length reluctantly passed the desired decree. They had merely *suspended* Royalty, but the Commune *degraded* it.

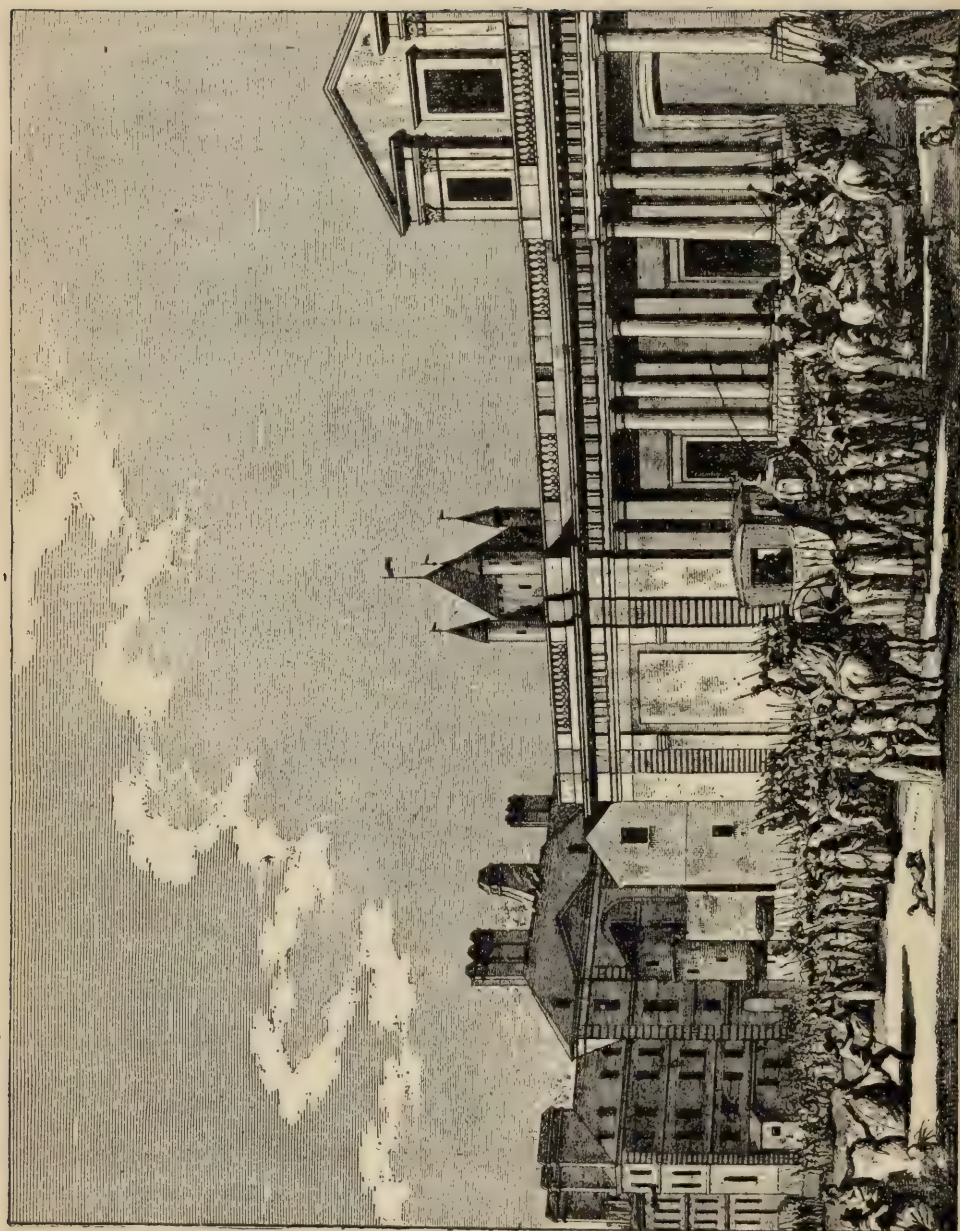
The Commune instantly seized its prey. It ordered all persons not domestic servants to be removed from the presence of the royal family. "It is now," said the despairing Queen, "that I feel all the horrors of our situation." "I am a prisoner then," said the King mournfully. "Charles the First was happier than I. They left him his friends to the very scaffold." But it was the purpose of the savage and infidel, the cruel and unpitying Commune, to isolate

Royalty in every possible way, and in the foulest manner to ill-treat its helpless victims.

The Queen and royal family, by their hasty departure from the Tuileries, had been left totally destitute. They were bereft of all their property, and on the 11th of August they possessed nothing but the garments they then wore. The Dauphin did not even have a change of linen, and the King had no clothing but that in which he was attired. In a moment Louis had been hurled from royal opulence and comfort down into abject poverty. On the 9th of August, 1792, he had controlled a civil list of thirty million francs ; on the 12th of the same month he did not have power over a hundred. In this cruel extremity, Lady Sutherland, the wife of the English Ambassador, generously hastened to relieve the wants of the Queen. She sent clothing to the young Prince, and other articles of apparel were conveyed by devoted friends to the fallen monarch, and his weeping wife.

On their way to the Assembly the third day, a well-dressed young man approached the Queen. "Infamous Antoinette!" he cried, shaking his fist in her face, "you would bathe the nation in its blood, but you shall pay for your crimes with your head." The Queen gazed at him calmly and pityingly, and made no reply.

At length, at five o'clock on the afternoon of the 14th of August, 1792, the carriage of Petion and other vehicles drew up in front of the Feuillans. The royal family were called down, and compelled to enter the carriage belonging to the Mayor. Their attendants, servants, and some municipal officers occupied the other vehicles. A battalion of Sans Culotte National Guards escorted the unhappy prisoners on their dismal way to captivity. The mob lined the streets, savage and implacable, and roared and yelled with fury around the captives. Indescribable abuse was heaped on the King and Queen ; while the Guards with arms reversed took no step to prevent the outrages. The Queen sat with her head down ; the King with his hand shielding his face. His children were in terror, and his sister Elizabeth was in tears. As they passed the Place Vendome, the carriages stopped. The officers of the escort, with savage delight, pointed out to the monarch where the statue of Louis XIV. had been overthrown, and malignantly directed his gaze to its shattered fragments on the pavement below. As the



LOUIS XVI. AND HIS FAMILY CONVEYED PRISONERS TO THE TEMPLE, AUGUST 13, 1792.

King looked, the cry arose from ten thousand voices : " It is thus we treat tyrants." " Papa," said the little Prince, who was seated on his father's knee, " how wicked they are." " No, my child," replied the King mildly, " they are not wicked, they are only misled." This humiliating and terrible journey lasted two hours. During the whole journey to the Temple the King and Queen were subjected to every species of insult that acts and words could inflict. A storm of the foulest anathemas constantly raged around the heads of the unhappy and tortured captives. What a fall ! and what a fate ! Has history its parallel ?

It was seven in the evening when the carriages finally rolled into the courtyard of the gloomy Temple. Santerre alighted first, followed by the representatives of the ferocious and all powerful Commune. The King, calm and resigned, came next, and Marie Antoinette, exhausted and faint, her sorrowing children by her side. Finally the Princess Elizabeth, and the servants, with those faithful ladies, the Princess Lamballe, Madame de Tourzel and a few others who remained true to the Queen until the last.

As the King passed by the Municipality they insolently kept on their hats and addressed him only as " Sir." " Thy master," said one of them to M. Hué, the fallen monarch's valet, " Thy master has been accustomed to gilded roofs, but now he shall find how the assassins of the people are lodged."

It was night. The lamps flickered in the large, repulsive court. Before the captives rose, sombre and stern, the thick towers of the austere Temple, encircled and guarded by its high walls. In the streets outside a compact crowd, though shut out from the court by the closed gates, still continued to shout, " Long live the Nation ! "

Into this sad abode, which was to be for them, henceforth, a house of frightful misery, and martyrdom, with no issue but death, entered the King and his trembling family.

The Temple rose high and stern, in the northeastern part of Paris. It was a memorial of the Knights Templar of the Middle Ages. It had been lately curtailed of some of its portions by the advance of the city in that direction, and the necessities of an increasing population. Its gates were closed every evening, and rigidly guarded. Close to the main tower of the Temple, which was roomy and comfortable, there existed a smaller building which was called the

Little Tower. This part was only three stories high. It was dilapidated and had been used by servants. It was into this building that the royal family were thrust, while Santerre immediately placed sentinels in the court below, and on the stairs. Bed-rooms were slowly and rudely prepared, and at ten o'clock a supper, to which the King and his family were invited. It was by dim lanterns that the weary and despairing prisoners, so recently hurled from a throne and the Tuileries, were finally lighted to their sad repose.

The next day working-men appeared by orders of the Commune, and busily engaged in isolating the Little Tower. They cut down all the trees; the outer walls were raised to double their former height; several windows overlooking the streets were blocked up, and the buildings torn down which united it with the main entrance.

On the 17th of August, the ladies and the followers who had so devotedly attended fallen royalty to its last abode were denounced before the Commune. That body immediately passed a decree ordering that all of them should be removed from the Temple. On the 19th two municipal officers entered the tower. They were commanded to bring away every person who was not of the King's own family.

The parting of the unhappy Marie Antoinette from the Princess Lamballe was of the most affecting character. She besought the officers that the Princess might remain. Clasped in each other's arms they wept bitterly. The municipal officers ended the painful scene by violently dragging away the Princess and Madame Tourzel.

The night had settled down darkly on the cruel scene. M. Hué, so faithful and devoted, and all the ladies who remained in the Tower, were led by torchlight to hackney coaches, which had been provided, and carried first to the bar of the Commune. By that hardened body they were at once committed to the prison of La Force.

On the 20th of August, M. Hué returned. The King received him with surprise and joy. When Manuel, the Procurer of the Commune, presented himself at six o'clock in the afternoon, the King asked him if the others would return, also. Manuel sullenly replied, "No! none of these will come back."

The Dauphin pined greatly for his beloved governess, Madame de Tourzel, for whom he constantly asked. "Why,"

he would say, "do not they permit Madame Tourzel to return?" Alas! unfortunate child. In a few months his tutor was to be the torturing and brutal Simon.

And now Louis XVI. entered upon the sublime and spotless days of his existence. He gave himself up wholly to God. He resigned himself to the Divine Will, and prepared to accept with meekness whatever fate Providence had in store for his future. A calm and holy peace, amid all the storms of Revolution raging without, illumined his countenance, dignified his whole manner, and settled upon his heart.

A daily life of routine commenced among the captives, and hourly labors were inaugurated to occupy their time, and assuage their sorrows. The King usually arose at six o'clock in the morning. He was shaved and dressed by his valets Clery and Hué, after which he spent an hour in prayer and religious meditation. He was a great reader, and after his devotions he occupied himself in this way until breakfast. He especially enjoyed Tacitus and Hume's History of England. At the morning meal he was united to his wife, his children, and his sister. The whole family at first passed the day together in the Queen's room, guarded by two officers of the Commune, who were never absent. The King became the tutor of his son, and taught him geography and history. The Queen busied herself in sewing, and teaching her young daughter Marie Theresa. The Princess Elizabeth assisted in the work of education.

At noon the captives descended into the court, and took their exercise. It was then that the serenity of their lives was broken by shameful outrages. The Guards would puff tobacco smoke into the Queen's face, and laugh when she coughed, almost stifled. They would delight in abusing the King and Princesses in the same foul manner. They sang obscene songs, uttered vile jests, and pointed to cruel pictures representing Marie Antoinette tied to the guillotine, with an inscription beneath, "Madame Veto spitting into the sack." Similar pictures were made of the King. But at other times loyal officers and soldiers would be present, and the royal sufferers were then treated with silent sympathy and respect. The King would walk to and fro with his wife, and the little Dauphin would play tennis with his sister. Santerre, as General of the National Guards, was often present upon these occasions, and seemed to

delight in being rude to the Queen and brutal to the King. Saintly and gentle as was Madame Elizabeth, she did not escape these outrages. The insults were borne with silent dignity.

At seven o'clock in the evening the royal family usually ranged themselves around the central table in the Queen's room. The King read out of an interesting book, or conversed with his family; while his wife, daughter, and sister occupied themselves with tapestry work, or in mending the fast wearing garments. After supper the little Dauphin was undressed and said his prayers. It was piteous to hear a prayer this amiable and beautiful child had been taught: "Almighty God, who hast created and redeemed me, I adore thee. Preserve the life of the King my father, and the lives of my family. Protect us from all our enemies. Give Madame Tourzel strength enough to endure the weight of misfortune she bears for our sakes. Amen."

Frequently the royal family were insulted, always treated in a cold and unfeeling manner; but their lives remained substantially as described during the whole of August and September while the King remained in the Little Tower. Amid many vexations they continued patient and resigned.

The King saw the cruel walls rising higher and higher around him, and shutting him and his dear ones more and more from the bright outer world. Once only did Louis refer to the constant building and preparation for increased security. "Why, gentlemen," he said one day to the Commissioners, "I assure you I have not any idea of escaping."

Most of the officers sent by the Commune to guard the captives were rude men, bitter Jacobins, who loved to torment the prisoners. The Queen tried in vain to awaken in these persons some emotions of humanity. "Where do you live?" she inquired of one of them. "In my country," he replied rudely and stupidly. "Ah," said the Queen with inexpressible sweetness, "then that must be France."

One morning, as Louis XVI. was dressing himself, an officer entered and searched his attire. "I have done," said he, "what I have been ordered to do." After this humiliation the King commanded M. Hué to give him from day to day his clothes *with all the pockets turned inside out*.

On the 24th of August, at midnight, several officers of the Commune entered the King's chamber. M. Hué, awakened by the noise, rushed hurriedly to the King's bed-

side. The Commissioners said that they had come to search the room, and take away all the arms. "I have none," replied the astounded Louis. "But where is your sword?" they inquired. It was brought, and the last relic of former power taken from the degraded and humiliated monarch. The King, greatly mortified at this rude midnight interruption, wrote to Petion, requesting him to lay down some fixed rule for the visits of the Commune. The haughty Petion returned no reply.

Thus day by day passed the checkered life of Louis. His manners grew more saintly and gentle as he was purged in the furnace of affliction. The suffering Queen and Princess Elizabeth saw their future growing darker, and yet more dark, but they found their consolation in the good King, in the royal children, in mutual acts of increasing devotion and affection, and in closer communion with God. There is something tender, holy, beautiful, and sublime about the clinging affection which all these royal victims displayed for each other. Cruelly maltreated; watched with malignant and incessant espionage, not knowing the hour when they might be separated forever,—every word, every act, showed how each endeavored, even to the little Prince himself, by fortitude and courage to cheer the other's heart. The Queen forgot her former pride in the most wifely and devoted affection for her husband, while the Princess Elizabeth cast the serene radiance of her supernal life along their clouded and thorny path. The King gathered in his closet and on his knees that endurance, which comes to the soul "seeing the invisible," and "clinging to the cross." His son and daughter were children so gentle and obedient, that they might delight any parental heart.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE MASSACRES OF SEPTEMBER.

“YOU have roused her then,” says Carlyle, “ye emigrants and despots of the world! France is roused! Long have ye been lecturing and tutoring this poor nation, like cruel, uncalled-for pedagogues; it is long that ye pricked and filliped and affrighted her. There, as she sat helpless in her dead cerement of the Constitution, you gathering in on her from all lands, with your armaments and plots, your invadings and truculent bullyings, and lo! now ye have pricked her to the quick, and she is up and her blood is up. The dead cerements are rent into cobwebs, and she fronts you in that terrible strength of nature which no man has measured, which goes down to darkness and Tophet! See now how ye will deal with her.”

The proclamation of the Duke of Brunswick, so ferocious and so arrogant, had kindled a white-hot, inextinguishable wrath in the burning heart of patriotic France. Outside of La Vendée and the West the whole land seemed to spring to arms. Volunteers were raised in every city, commune, and town. The September roads were covered with marching soldiers, singing the Marseilles Hymn. A pure and devoted love for liberty and country burned in the hearts of the young men who rallied under the tri-color of France, and their battle-cry was, “Freedom or death!”

Paris was aflame with warlike enthusiasm, and filled with deadly purpose against its enemies *within*, as well as without. As the war came rolling southward, some of the more timid of the Legislative Assembly suggested that that body move for safety beyond the Loire. Vergniaud and Gaudet bitterly opposed the idea. Danton, with blazing eyes, sprang to his feet and thundered: “It is proposed that you should quit Paris. To leave the capital is to abandon the Revolution. If we give way we are undone. We must hold our ground at every hazard. We are divided by the 10th of August into Royalists and Republicans. The former are

very numerous, the latter far from it. We Republicans are exposed to two fires, the enemy without and the traitors to liberty within. To preserve ourselves and our country we must strike *terror* into the Royalists." As Danton spoke he made a gesture of extermination. The Deputies were horror-struck by these words. A stupor seemed to cloud and benumb their faculties, and the debate closed.

The Allied Army, continuing their victorious march, sat down before the strong frontier fortress of Longwy. It was the 23d of August. A fierce bombardment commenced. The flaming of the shells through the air, the bursting of the missiles in the streets, the death and destruction which they dealt, dismayed the volunteers who had hastened to its defense, and who were yet unskilled in war. After enduring a continuous rain of projectiles from a hundred heavy guns, for fifteen hours, Longwy surrendered. The news when it reached Paris created a feeling of mingled dismay, terror, and fury.

The Prussian and Austrian forces, now over a hundred thousand strong, pressed forward to Verdun. This strong fortress resisted but a brief period, and soon hauled down the tri-colored flag. Its commander, Beaurepaire, in order to avoid the disgrace of surrender, shot himself dead before the eyes of his horrified officers. With beating drums, the exultant allies entered the conquered city and raised upon its walls, not the white flag of the Bourbons, but the standards of Austria and Prussia, as though their intention was conquest and not the rescue of Louis XVI. The King of Prussia was welcomed by the Royalists with excessive enthusiasm. Forty beautiful girls, dressed in white, greeted that monarch and the Duke of Brunswick, as they rode side by side through the principal streets of Verdun. They strewed flowers in the monarch's path, and danced and sang before him. *All* these maidens afterward perished—by the vengeance of the Republic—beneath the knife of the guillotine in Paris.

The Allies prepared to march from Verdun, while a portion of the Austrians under Clairfayt yet beleaguered Thionville. Dumourier, who now commanded the main French army, at this time not thirty thousand strong, retreated upon the forest of the Argonne. His whole force was considerable, but was widely separated. Forty thousand troops were in Metz under Kellermann, and ten thousand under Beourneville, be-

sides those around the General's own standards. Had the Allies pressed on at this moment, and with their gigantic army encountered the feeble force of Dumourier, it would have been defeated and destroyed. As Dumourier encamped beyond the shaggy hills and dark forests of the Argonne he said prophetically, "This is the Thermopylæ of France."

Paris was aflame with excitement as news of these successive disasters was received. The tocsins continually sounded and the black flag was raised on the Hôtel de Ville. Volunteers, day and night, passed incessantly through the city hurrying to the front. Ten thousand pikemen of Paris, who had taken part in the assault of the 10th of August, now turned their footsteps to the north to reinforce Dumourier. Greeted by continual acclamations and the singing of the soul-stirring Marseilles, they left the city and impetuously marched with rapid footsteps toward Valmy.

The Assembly after the overthrow of the monarchy at the Tuileries had restored the old Girondist ministry of Roland, Claviere and Servans. They also created Danton the Cordelier minister of war. The Commune of Paris was constantly in session at the Hôtel de Ville and working with deadly energy. They issued innumerable decrees on the local affairs of the city, and were at once judges and executioners of their enemies. The guillotine also now began to rear its awful form in the Place de la Revolution, and heads to fall into its basket, while Robespierre and Marat again appeared, the one from his concealment and the other from his cellar, and in the Jacobins' clubs and before the Commune, began to call for the punishment of the "enemies of the people."

The terror of the invading army, the fury of patriotism, the hatred and fear of a conspiring body of Royalists in their midst; the indignation against them as traitors and the dread of them as conspirators, united to a thirst among the lower orders for *victims* and *blood*,—all these, and many other causes, hastened forward the coming massacres. Early in August, with pick and spade, a busy population fortified in a rude manner the environs of the city, raising breastworks and digging ditches.

On the 26th of August, 1792, the alarming tidings of the capture of Longwy rolled portentously upon the startled ears of the capital. The news, at first denied, was soon

confirmed. The city shook with wrath. The Assembly instantly decreed the penalty of death against any one who should propose to surrender a besieged place, while the Commune, surrounded by excited throngs, sent a delegation demanding of the legislators that they raise an army in Paris and its environs of thirty thousand men to succor Dumourier. Drums beat! Cannons thundered! The tocsins of forty-eight steeples pealed their clangorous notes upon the affrighted air, and vast excited multitudes surged wildly through the streets of the metropolis.

Danton repaired to the Commune, and there it was agreed to search the whole city, and arrest without delay all suspicious persons. The barriers of Paris were to be closed for forty-eight hours, from the evening of August 29th, and no person on any ground whatever was to be permitted to leave the city for that period. Guard-ships were stationed in the River Seine to prevent any escape. The Communes outside of Paris were ordered to stop every person seen in the fields, or on the roads. Commissioners of the Commune, preceded by beat of drums, and with armed men, were to seek out everywhere and summarily arrest the *bad citizens*, who had concealed themselves since the 10th of August.

The night of terror came, and Paris sat frozen by fear, or inflamed by patriotic frenzy.

"Let the reader fancy," says Peltier, who was a witness of the scenes he describes, "a vast metropolis, the streets of which a few days before were alive with a concourse of carriages and citizens constantly passing and repassing, suddenly, on a fine summer evening, struck with the silence of the grave. All the shops are shut; everybody retires into the interior of his house trembling for life and property. Every one supposes himself to be informed against. The Royalists hide in roofs, in garrets, in sinks and chimneys. One man was nailed up by affectionate hands behind a wainscot; another, almost suffocated with heat and fear, was hid between two mattresses; a third was rolled up in a cask and lost all sense of existence by the tension of his sinews. Apprehension is stronger than pain. Men tremble but do not shed tears, the heart shivers, the eye is dull and the breast contracted. Women display prodigies of tenderness, love, and affectionate ingenuity. It was by them that most of the men were concealed."

It was one o'clock on the morning of August 30, when the deadly visits of the Commissioners commenced. The searching patriots entered each house, accompanied by soldiers and workmen, carrying necessary utensils. The people within these abodes held their breath in consternation and terror. The soldiers and workmen examined furniture, mattresses, walls and cupboards; they sounded the floors, the sewers, and the garrets; they penetrated almost every sanctuary of affection, and dragged out their victims by hundreds. Five thousand persons on that fearful night, and during the succeeding twenty-four hours, were carried from their homes or hiding-places to the various prisons of Paris. The Carmes, the Abbaye, the Luxembourg, La Force, even the Conciergerie, were all full of doomed men, and some doomed women. An order was given to the grave-diggers of Paris to prepare fosses for sepulchers, and the terrible Danton calmly guided all the details for the approaching carnival of murder.

Paris, which had seen a frightful St. Bartholomew for the destruction of the Protestants in 1572, was now about to witness as dreadful a butchery in a St. Bartholomew of Royalists, Catholic priests, Huguenots, and the lovers of the King and the Constitutional Throne. The fierce Atheists of the city, without decency, without pity, without a faith in God, hating all religion and all creeds, were about, in a kind of patriotic frenzy, to raise like Gracchus their hands to the North, and fling into the faces of the advancing armies of Despotism, *not their own blood, but that of their enemies!*

Priests and nobles, statesmen and royal ministers, princes and dukes, marshals, generals, soldiers, trembling women, and despairing men, amid the loud shrieks of friends and relatives, were collared and dragged down into the streets. often chained and bound, and hurried in droves to the awaiting shambles. Such was the frightful prelude to yet more agonizing events. The hearts of writer and reader must shudder with horror and grief as they are reproduced. But History is a Nemesis, and her warnings are often given in a voice choked with tears, while her pointing finger is stained with blood.

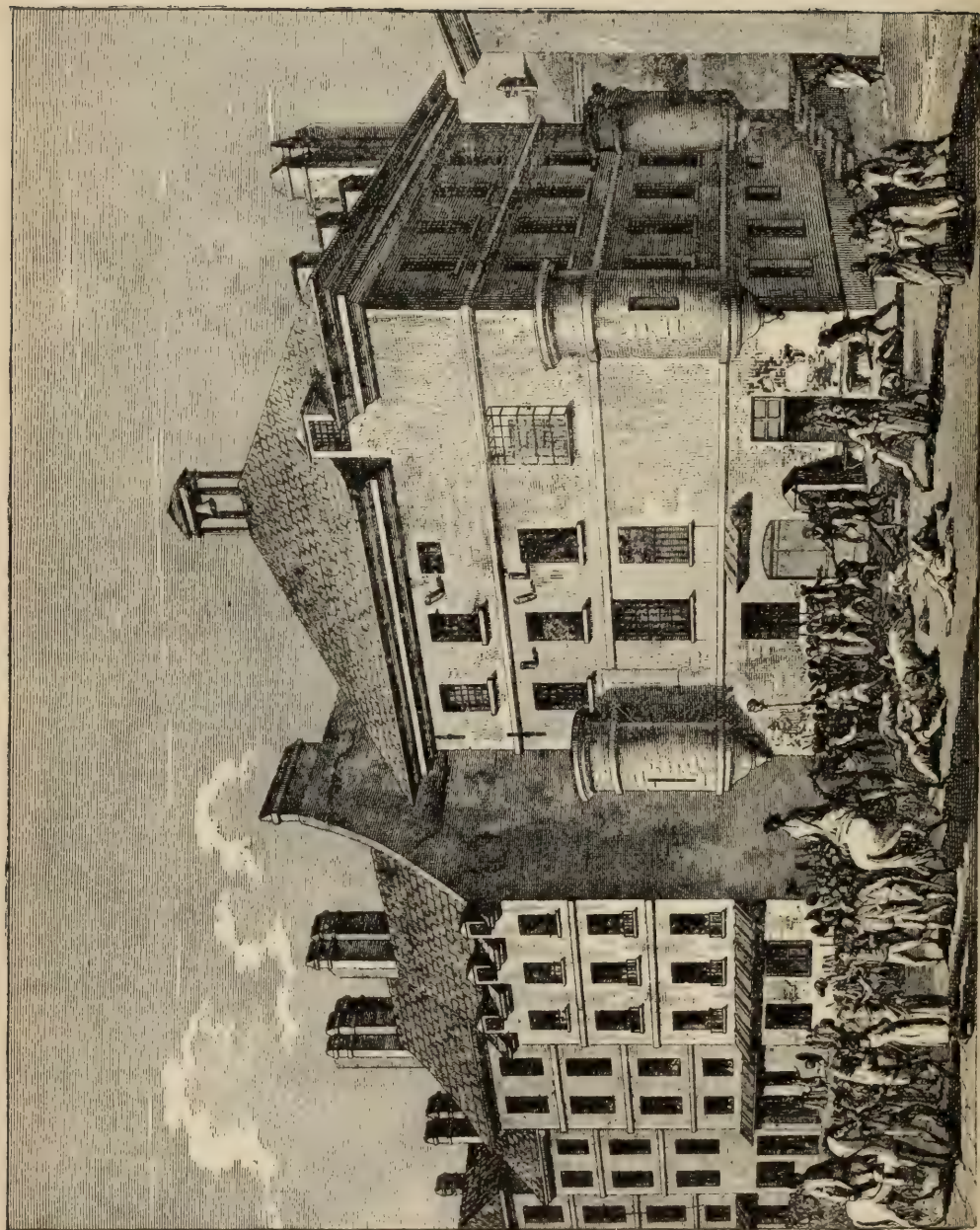
On the 2d of September, 1792, as we have already described, Verdun fell. But a mysterious and premature rumor of that event already filled Paris. The rage and excitement in the city became uncontrollable. On every

side from moving multitudes were heard imprecations against the traitors who had surrendered the strong places of France to her despotic invaders, or those other traitors who were conspiring in Paris itself, as the people believed, to open the way for the destruction of freedom and the restoration of absolute power. The frenzied populace began to cry, "Death to the Royalists!"

Danton in the Assembly exhorted the deputies. "To vanquish the foe, one must have," he shouted, "audacity! and again *audacity!* and forever *audacity!* The walls, the gardens, and the houses of the city were placarded with posters from the Commune reading: "To arms, citizens! to arms! The country is in danger!" The cannons boomed, the alarm-bells rang, drums in every part of the metropolis beat to arms. The most tremendous excitement was visible in every face. Paris was not more frenzied even when nearly a century later she heard that her Emperor and his army were captives to Germany at Sedan.

Amid these scenes of patriotic uproar and fury a body of men with the cruel Maillard at their head entered the prison of the Abbaye. They formed an extemporized Tribunal of Justice for the purpose of immediately trying the prisoners confined in that place. A band of savage pikemen, also armed with knives, hatchets, and swords, filled the streets in front of the prison crying "Death!" Maillard agreed with his fellow-judges that he should act as spokesman. When a prisoner was brought before these ruffians, if Maillard said, "Carry him to La Force," the victim was to be driven out into the street and slain. If it was found that there was nothing against a prisoner Maillard was to say, "Let the gentleman go free," and he was to be liberated. And now the dreadful assassinations commenced.

On Sunday, the 2d of September, 1792, at three o'clock in the afternoon, the signal for the massacres was given by the impromptu act of ruffians. Five coaches filled with priests started from the Hôtel de Ville for the prison of the Abbaye. They were escorted by a weak detachment of Auvergnois and Marsellais pikemen. The route was along the Rue de Bussy, one of the most dangerous parts of the city. As the carriages rolled on, imprecations from increasing crowds saluted the terror-stricken ears of their inmates. "Look there," cried armed men, pointing their sabres at



HORRIBLE MASSACRE OF PRISONERS AT THE PRISON OF THE ABBAYE, PARIS, SEPTEMBER 2, 1792.

the vehicles. "These are the accomplices of the Prussians ; these are the men who will massacre you if you suffer them to betray you." The carriages were blocked by the mob. A man, forcing his way through the multitudes, approached the first. His sleeves were rolled up and in his hand he held a sharp sabre. He grasped the side of the vehicle and plunged his sword twice into the body of a screaming priest. He withdrew the weapon reeking with gore and held it before the people. A cry of horror arose. "This frightens you, does it, cowards !" he yelled ; "You must accustom yourselves to blood !" He again plunged his streaming sabre into the carriage, thrusting, cutting, and striking. One priest was slashed in the face, a second pierced through the shoulder, and a third had his hand severed. The venerable and beneficent Abbé Sicard, that friend of the afflicted, was shielded by the bodies of the other priests. As the coaches filled with these good and benevolent men again rolled on, the escort, infuriated by the sight of blood, became executioners. The Marsellais thrust their pikes and swords into the carriages, slaying some and mutilating others. Blood dripped in the streets. The groans and shrieks of the dying priests and the shouts of their assailants formed a horrible unison of dreadful sounds. At length the coaches reached the Abbaye. The living leaped out, and hurried into the prison. Eight dead bodies were dragged forth by the feet.

And now with cries of "Vive la Nation !" the assassins gathered about the door of the Abbaye. The judges and victims were ready. Maillard, attired in a coarse coat, was seated at a long table in the center of the entrance. The judges, in the attire of French laborers, with red woolen caps and hob-nailed shoes, were at his right and left,—grim slovenly men,—some in their shirt-sleeves, and others with pipes in their mouths which they smoked.

The first prisoners to appear were the Swiss soldiers shut up in the prison. They were driven in like sheep. They cried piteously for "mercy ! mercy !" The crowd without yelled, "Bring the traitors out !" The first to go forth was a handsome young guardsman. "I will set the example," he cried ; "show me the door." He rushed out, was met by the pikes of the assassins, and fell pierced by a hundred wounds.

The Swiss soldiers one by one were dragged or hurled

forth among their murderers. Some they shot, they beat out the brains of others ; some they clubbed to death, and a few they made to kneel on the dead yet warm bodies of their comrades, while they cut their throats. The last to fall was the brave Major Reding. The dead bodies were stripped, and flung into tumbrils and carted away, while the blood-stained clothing and uniforms of the butchered warriors were spread over the court to form a litter upon which more tragedies were to be enacted.

Night fell, but a gibbous moon was in the sky. To aid its ghastly radiance lamps were lighted and lanterns placed in conspicuous places. The murderers quaffed freely of wine and brandy, mingled with gunpowder, and hardening their hearts by these liquors they prepared for fresh slaughter.

The Assembly, informed of the assassinations, had sent Billaud, Varennes, Manuel, and other commissioners to make some effort for their cessation. But they were intimidated by the bloody scenes which they beheld, praised the assassins, and promised a payment of twenty-four livres to each murderer.

Before the eyes of Billaud, the butchers recommenced their cruel toil. The aged general of the Gens-d'Armes, Rulhieres, was pierced by five pikes. He was divested of all attire. He arose in the delirium of death, and staggered around the court in agony, amid the laughter and shouts of his murderers, while they lashed his quivering body until he died. His tortures lasted ten minutes.

The next victims to appear before the grim and horrible tribunal of Maillard were the remnants of the King's Guards. They were thrust out upon the swords and spears of the pikemen, and massacred in every cruel way that human rage and drunken fury could invent. Their dead bodies were stripped, and piled in gory heaps waiting the tumbrils. Blood was on the faces and on the hands and clothing of the assassins. The infuriated ruffians howled like wild beasts, and their eyes glared like savage animals as they performed their frightful work.

Human nature faints at the dreadful spectacle. Patriotism blushes, and Religion shuddering veils her head.

Next came the priests who were confined in the Abbaye. White-haired men and young ecclesiastics were alike butchered. They were beaten with clubs, pierced with many

wounds, and fell,—some with their hands extended as in the form of a cross,—and so perished. Carts went and came again and again, and always departed laden with dead bodies. The kennels ran blood, and blood spattered the walls and doors.

It was a horrible saturnalia of infidelity governed by fear, fury, and hate, and unrestrained by Christian mercy or faith in God.

The late Minister of the King, Montmorin, appeared before the Tribunal. White with passion he addressed Maillard. As he spoke he struck in his rage the table so that it trembled. "President," he said, "since you assume that title, I hope you will send me to La Force in a carriage, that I may avoid the insults of your assassins!" Maillard pretended to assent. Presently a voice shouted, "The carriage has arrived." Montmorin arose, livid with indignation, and passed to the door. He was received by a wall of thirty pikes. He struggled furiously in his despair, and died, pierced by many wounds.

And now came a scene of pathos which showed that even these butchers possessed some sensibility. Sombreuil, Governor of the Invalides, was hurried before the tribunal. His daughter was by his side. She could not be torn from her endangered father. When Sombreuil was condemned, she clung close to her beloved parent and struggled out among those about to murder him. She entreated in the most pathetic language the ruffians to spare her parent's life. Her youth, her beauty, her devotion, touched all hearts. "Drink a glass of the blood of an aristocrat," shouted a pikeman, "and your father shall go free." The horrible beverage was handed to the devoted and pleading daughter. She seized it and, shuddering, drank it, amid cries of "Vive la Nation!" Human and filial devotion could go no further! Sombreuil was spared and escorted with his daughter beyond danger.

Cazotte, the author, as he stood before the stern Maillard, was condemned. His daughter also followed him to die by his side. The Marsellais, affected, saved them both, but Cazotte a few days after was again arrested and perished by the guillotine. Thierry, the King's first gentleman of the bedchamber, was the succeeding victim. "Gratitude," he said to Maillard, "knows no opinion. My duty was fidelity to my master." Pierced by pikes, he supported himself

with one hand against a post in the court, while he waved his hat with the other, and with dying faithfulness shouted "Vive le Roi!" After Thierry came many noble officers. Lieutenant-general Wittgenstein, Maille, Rohan, Romainvilliers and Chabot. They were all slain in cruel and terrible ways, meeting death like brave men.

Judges of the Peace were added to the heap of dead again rising within the court of the Abbaye. That hideous pile grew constantly despite equally constant removals.

At last but one prisoner was left alive. It was M. de St. Marck, colonel of a cavalry regiment. The assassins determined to slay him with every excess of demoniac cruelty. They stripped him of his uniform, and made him walk between rows of armed men, who hacked his nude body, but carefully avoided giving him a fatal wound. They finally thrust a pike through his lacerated form and compelled him to crawl writhing and screaming on his hands and knees. They cut his arms, his face, and his back with their knives, and finally slew the tortured soldier by firing five balls into his head.

We shudder as we pen these frightful scenes. We suffer the horror the reader suffers, but history is an avenger and revealer. She warns the human race that when a nation turns from God, all crimes are possible! Those fearful events did not take place in the barbarous recesses of Africa, nor in a heathen land, but in beautiful Paris, the very center not alone of French, but of European civilization.

All the prisoners in the Abbaye were not slain. Several were saved. The Abbé Sicard was rescued by friends, being pardoned on account of his long services to the deaf, dumb, and blind. Others escaped through the pity and mercy of their judges. Maillard himself saved several, and the mob shouted applause whenever a victim was proven to be innocent.

The murderers seated themselves on the dead bodies, ate their meals, smoked their pipes, washed their hands from the blood, and prepared to continue the slaughter in other prisons.

The Carmes was filled with Catholic priests, who had refused to take the constitutional oath. Half-intoxicated bands of ruffians, yet ravening for blood, now rushed thither. They called themselves "the red brothers of Danton." They wore the ruddy caps of liberty, and had been carefully

selected as atheistical haters of all religion. They swarmed into the Carmes and began a new butchery. The priests who endeavored to fly were pursued from cloister to cloister, from cell to cell, and slain. The ecclesiastics were shot, stabbed with pikes, or their brains were beaten out with the butt-ends of the muskets of their murderers. Their nude dead bodies were cast into tumbrils. On their corpses squatted hideous harridans and young children, who, as the ghastly carts rolled on, cut with their knives large pieces of flesh from the priest's bodies and laughed as the blood spurted into their faces.

Such scenes make the hearts of the stoutest tremble with horror and disgust, and let it never be forgotten that such crimes are impossible to honest lovers of God, who are true to the Bible, and following in the sacred and pitiful footsteps of Jesus Christ.

The assassins presently reached the chapel. Here they found a large number of priests and many distinguished prelates. The venerable and saintly Archbishop of Arles was seized by a gory ruffian. "It is you," cried the murderer, "who shed the blood of the patriots of Arles." "I?" answered the innocent bishop; "I never injured any one in my life." "But I will injure you," shouted his assassin. The prelate received a cruel cut across his face, a second blow deluged him with blood, and a third laid him dead upon the pavement. Priests fell by the altars in heaps. Some were grasped by the hair and slowly beheaded, others pierced through the lungs and heart, and still others had their skulls cruelly cleft. The bishop of Beauvois was slain as with sublime resignation he gave the benediction to his dying brethren. The priests clung to the altars and some cried for mercy, but they were all dragged down and butchered. The poor bishop of Saintes was carried from his bed. His thigh had been broken. He was conveyed out into a court, saying calmly, "I do not refuse to die with my brethren," and there he was shot. Eight o'clock tolled from the steeples of Paris ere this appalling butchery had ceased.

American citizen, these are solemn, exact facts of history.

The tumbrils, when they came, bore away the mutilated bodies of *one hundred and eighty* slaughtered bishops and priests. They were all innocent men, faithful to the church in which they believed, and to the King whom they loved.

In the eyes of the ferocious atheists of Paris their fidelity was their sufficient crime.

In the prison of La Force similar tragedies were enacted. Judges assembled as at the Abbaye. The assassins entered, and the massacres continued two days.

In this prison was confined the Queen's gentle friend, the beautiful and delicate Princess Lamballe. Occupying a room above, she could hear ascending from below the groans of the dying, the screams of those being slain, and the drunken yells of their bloodthirsty murderers. She was horror-struck and fell into convulsions. Throe after throe racked her tender and lovely body. Presently she heard the tramp of men before her door, and the exhausted Princess was commanded to rise and come below. A man leaned over her bed and promised to her her life if she obeyed. It is said that her wealthy father-in-law, the Duke de Penthièvre, had offered a million francs to whoever would save her from death, and records prove that the prison authorities, and even the Revolutionary Board, from some cause, wished her to escape. Her guards left her for a moment, while with tearful eyes and trembling hands she put on her apparel. Faltering and in terror she was almost carried before the dreadful judges. Despite, however, her fears, she was true to the King and Queen. Hébert seemed to be greatly interested in her fate, and endeavored to save her, a sure proof, it is said, that the cruel atheist was bribed. The Princess was supported before the table of the judges. "Who are you?" asked one of the judges. "Louise of Savoy," she answered faintly, "Princess of Lamballe." "Swear," said a judge, touched by her suffering, her loveliness, and her innocence, "that you love liberty and hate all Kings and Queens!" "I will willingly swear to the first," replied the devoted Princess, despite her agitation, "but it is not in my heart to swear to the last." One of the judges bent over her, earnestly seeking to save her. "Swear anything," he said, "or you are lost." The Princess was silent. "Well then," he urged, "as you go out cry, 'Vive la Nation!'"

"Led forth from this mock trial," says Abel Stevens, "by two ruffians, she recoiled from the opening door at the sight of a heap of dead and lacerated bodies. Her conductors pressed her forward. A drunken brute struck her with his sabre above the eyes; the blood flowed down her

face and her long hair fell over her shoulders. She was fainting, but her supporters dragged her onward among the bleeding victims. She was struck again with a bludgeon on the back of the neck, and fell happily insensible upon a pile of corpses. The mob tore off her clothes and dismembered her body with diabolical jeers and obscenities. They cut off her head and bore it on a pike through the streets. For two hours her mutilated corpse lay exposed amid brutal revelry. One of her limbs was fired from a cannon, and her heart cut out and carried on the point of a sabre."

The démoniac assassins, not satisfied with this dreadful butchery, determined to show to Marie Antoinette the gory and severed head of the friend she so tenderly loved. They yelled, "To the Temple, to the Temple." The ghastly trophy was borne in the midst of howling men and women, who danced around it the "Carmagnole," and sang the "Ça Ira." They passed by the palace of the Duke of Orleans. That infamous personage appeared at the window in obedience to their calls, and gazed without emotion on the white, dead face of the friend of a Queen whom he hated so bitterly.

The drunken mob rushed on toward the Temple. The Guards shut the gates. The crowd demanded admittance, declaring that they only wished to march around the Temple and show the head of "Lamballe" to "the Austrian woman." A few were admitted with the gory head of the Princess. They held it aloft on a pike before the window of the Queen's room, and yelled for her to look. The monarch and his afflicted family heard the cries. The King approached the window and immediately recognized in the beautiful face, though stained and spotted with blood, the countenance of the Queen's faithful and beloved friend. He endeavored to shield his wife from the awful spectacle, but she inquired the cause of the tumult. "They wish you," said a brutal guard, "to see the head of Lamballe." At these horrible tidings the Queen shrieked and fainted. She remained insensible for many hours. The ruffians, shouting and singing, departed to parade the streets of Paris.

The massacres at length spread through all the prisons of the city, and continued during the 3d and 4th of September. Prisoners were butchered in the Chatelet, in the Bicêtre, and at the Conciergerie itself. The assassins slew

220 in the Chartelet, and 289 at the Conciergerie. One of the victims confined there was the Abbé Bardi, a man of gigantic strength. He struggled for half an hour with his murderers, and stifled two between his knees before he was slain.

In one prison they drove a number of men and women into the vaults, and were drowning them when Petion appeared. The mob told him they were drowning traitors. "Well, then," said Petion, "complete what you have begun." The victims' screams were only hushed by the overwhelming waters.

Did Petion think of this scene as the wolves in the dark winter forest, a year after, were tearing him to pieces? The heart grows faint, and the eyes fill with tears, in both writing and reading the thrilling and terrible scenes of this long massacre.

The massacres were not wholly ended until the 6th of September. These monstrous murders reveal the cruelty of which man is capable when turned away from God and true Christianity, and impelled by a false patriotism and frenzied fears. The frightful details, however, have their solemn use. Every society has such possibilities, and the safety of that society is in justice, virtue, and Christ. The massacres under the Commune in Paris in 1871, though not in extent, yet in ferocity equal any of those in 1792.

The Legislative Assembly found itself powerless to stop, and the Commune would not interfere to prevent, these crimes. It is affirmed that five thousand victims marked the extent and horror of this September bloodshed.

Danton's purpose was realized. The aghast city cowered in terror, and the Royalists hid themselves in despair, or fled in dismay from the bloody capital. The Republicans were victorious, and Europe heard the awful tidings, stupefied, amazed, and horror-struck.

These terrible murders will be ever remembered as the darkest record since St Bartholomew, of what hate can do, whether directed by superstition, or impelled by frenzy and fear. The Girondists were not, as a body, identified with these crimes. Vergniaud, Roland, and others strove with all their influence to stop the murders, and even Robespierre shuddered at the extent of the massacres. The Girondists were filled with indignation, sorrow, and shame.

But they helped to raised the storm in which presently they themselves perished, and they were compelled to endure its hurricane.

It is not alone infidelity which produces such scenes. *It is misguided unbaptized human nature.* If that nature is dominated by bigotry and superstition, it blazes up in a fanaticism which slays its thousands in the horrors of a St. Bartholomew, where every assassin wore a white Cross ; it creates the bloody tribunal of an Alva ; and in a Philip the Second it dooms a nation to death, because striving for civil and religious liberty. The world spirit, whether whetting the guillotine of Robespierre, lighting the Romish fires of Smithfield, kindling the lamentable Auto-da-fés in the name of Christ at Toledo, at Seville, or at Lisbon, is the same in every guise. The vindictiveness, the cruelty, and the wickedness of human nature as surely reveal themselves in a pagan Rome as in an atheistic France, in a material socialism as in a bigoted ecclesiasticism.

Such a chapter as this preaches, "trumpet-tongued," that what humanity needs in every age is the spirit, the purpose, the love, and the holiness embodied in our Lord Jesus Christ and his Gospel of peace and of truth.

CHAPTER XXV.

THE CANNONADE OF VALMY.

THE ambassadors of the various European powers, except England and Holland, requested their passports from the Revolutionary authorities, and in the latter part of August, 1792, they forsook France. The Legislative Assembly heard threats of war and invasion upon every side. An army of Sardinians appeared on the heights of the Alps. Its monarch, reigning at Turin, was the father-in-law of both of the brothers of Louis XVI.—the Count de Provence and the Count d'Artois.

The King of Sardinia had answered the events of the 10th of August by a prompt declaration of war; while Prussia, Austria, the German Electors and the Landgrave of Hesse were already in arms against the bloody and disorganizing Revolution. Spain was profoundly stirred through all her wide extent of territory. From the stern Pyrenees and the loyal Biscay of the North, over the wide barren plains of new and old Castile and Estremadura to the storied, romantic, and fertile lands of Andalusia, rang the tidings that a Bourbon throne had been destroyed in France. Godoy, the minister of Charles the Fourth, was the King's "fidus Achates," and at the same time the lover of the wife of that contemptible sovereign. But Godoy, notwithstanding his villainess, had dynastic pride, and, aroused by the overthrow of Louis XVI., he threatened the immediate invasion of France by an army of a hundred thousand men. He loudly declared that Spain would avenge the wrongs and restore the power of a Bourbon French dynasty. The Bourbons of Spain might have sent a hundred thousand monks, but through all its extent not fifty thousand reliable warriors could have been found. The men of Biscay, Arragon, and the North were as stiff and resolute soldiers as those warriors whom the Duke of Alva had led into the Netherlands three centuries before. It was under different inspirations, and fighting to the death against the vast power of Napoleon, that the Spanish nations in the trenches of Saragossa, and

behind the walls of Tortosia and Valencia were to prove that the heroism of Saguntum and Numantia were not forgotten. But the gay Andalusian was as timid as the hind hid among the dews of the forest. The intelligent French, who in this hour trembled as they advanced to meet the steady Prussians, not from fear but from lack of discipline, laughed to scorn Spain and all her armies. And thus alone, her hand on her sword, like the Arab of old, all against her and she against all, France prepared for that struggle,—not under the banners of a Lafayette Constitutional Monarchy, but under a gory, murderous, tyrannical Republic, one and indivisible,—which was to be, she affirmed, for life and for liberty.

The Convention decreed by the Legislative Assembly held its elections through the last of August and the first of September. It met as the supreme power of France in the Menage at Paris on the 21st of September, 1792, but it soon removed into the Tuileries. It assumed the name of the National Convention. Many of the radical members of the Legislative Assembly appeared in its ranks. Danton the fierce, and Robespierre with his “green blood and feline face,” Camille Desmoulins, a patriot, a humanist, and a classical scholar, and a host of other Cordeliers and Jacobins, took their seats in that great and historical body. It was composed of seven hundred and forty-nine members, gathered from and representing all Revolutionary France. The Girondists were in full strength and great present influence and power. All its brightest luminaries, Brissot and Vergniaud, Barbaroux, Louvet, Sillery, Salles, Gaudet, and Petion belonged to this body. By their cultivation, elegance, and refinement, they cast a fringe of gold around the rugged mantle of the Jacobin Revolution.

The Jacobins became known as the Mountain, the Conservatives as the Marsh, and the Girondists as the Left. The Jacobins were, as we have said, the advocates of a Republic “one and indivisible,” but the dreams of a Federal Democracy had not faded from the minds of the Girondists.

The Convention, having verified its powers, immediately proceeded to the most revolutionary measures. It abolished Royalty; it declared a Republic, and a conscription for the army; it decreed the validity of all laws which had not been abrogated; the re-election of all administrative and judicial bodies; the perpetual banishment of the emigrants, and

their condemnation to instant death if found armed, upon the soil of France. It appointed a Committee of Public Safety, to which was consigned the internal interests of France and Paris. It abolished all royal signs and emblems ; substituted new names for everything associated with regal power ; and declared all Frenchmen traitors and worthy of death who should advocate the name or cause of monarchy. It abolished the French terms " Monsieur " and " Madame " of the past ages, and substituted *as imperative* the new republican titles of " Citizen " and " Citoyenne. " Committees on general security, on finance, on suspension, on legislation, and all needed governmental duties, were also appointed.

The salvation of France at this moment did not rest in Paris nor in the Convention, but upon the French army. If that army was defeated and the Allies entered Paris, then it was well known that the Republic would perish in a day and all the prominent Revolutionists be destroyed.

The whole French army of the North and East was now commanded by Dumourier—but that General, the then genius of the Republic in military affairs, was at heart not a Republican but a Constitutional Monarchist, and a secret but sincere friend of both Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette. Yet Dumourier was also a patriot. He could be mighty, moving with the popular current, but his sagacious instincts told him that he would in this time of invasion and frenzy be powerless, if he moved against it—and the enemy was in the land ! He had watched therefore with silent disgust all the acts and tragedies in Paris, from the 20th of June. Dumourier, moreover, was a *new man*. He loved his country, he felt sincerely the patriotic peril of the hour, and forgetting his own prepossessions in the supreme necessities of the moment, he loyally prepared, even under the Republic, to exert every energy in the effort to save France from foreign conquest.

The North and Northeast of France was now alive with moving armies. The Duke of Brunswick, it is said beguiled by Dumourier, began a dilatory march toward the heights of the Argonnes, or as it is sometimes written the Ardennes. With many unaccountable halts and pauses, the Duke marched slowly on, while the volunteers in constantly increasing multitudes came hurrying to the camp of Dumourier.

Danton, the terrible Minister of War, was a devoted

friend to Dumourier. He possessed the greatest confidence in the General's calm and fertile military genius, and, though not blind to his monarchical tendencies, credited him with being the patriot that he truly was. But while Dumourier loved his country, he was at heart antagonistic to all Revolutionists and Revolutionary leaders (independent of their selfish idolatry of himself), who had destroyed the Constitutional throne of Louis XVI. Yet Jacobins, Terrorists, Girondists, Robespierre, Marat, Vergniaud, Madame Roland, Danton, all knew that Dumourier was for that moment "the sword of France," and blinded by fear, or cajoled by interest, they made the General their Achilles. He was in this supreme hour worthy of their confidence.

Danton, a few days after he had become Minister of War, sent his own adjutant, young Westermann, the hero of the storming of the Tuileries, and Couthon, of after sinister fame, to visit Dumourier. The General, adroit and quick in mind, quickly realized that the ardent Westermann could be made a most convenient medium of communication between himself and Danton. Danton at this trying moment was substantially Dictator of France. Dumourier received Westermann and Couthon with affability, and laid before them a full and eloquent description of the geography of France in that section, revealing confidentially all the vital points. He showed to them the presumed march of the Duke of Brunswick westward from Verdun, and cautiously hinted his own purposes. He so charmed and enthralled both Westermann and the Jacobin Couthon that at that moment, filled with devotion for the imperilled nation, Couthon recognized in the General's plans the salvation of the Nation. Westermann became a cordial friend to Dumourier, and that General placed him upon his staff. The Duke of Brunswick, later historians have declared, deceived by certain negotiations with Dumourier in the interests of the captive Louis XVI., was still near Verdun. Dumourier now called a council of war, being himself, it is proved, thoroughly in earnest to conquer.

It is nine leagues from the great fortress of Sedan, afterward so famous in the surrender of 1870, to Ste. Menehould, equally celebrated, though romantically, in the King's flight to Varennes. It is a country full of intricate paths, akin to the Bocage of La Vendée. Marshes, woods, defiles, roads—which were muddy in winter, and dry alone

in summer—fallen trees, old timber, ancient canals and fortifications constructed during the dreadful wars of Louis XIV. with William the Third and Marlborough, all these made this region in September, 1792, a natural chevaux-de-frise. It was dangerous, and in some parts it was an impregnable land. Varennes, where Louis XVI. was so fatally captured, was in the heart of this region and a little toward the South.

Dumourier, when his officers had assembled, placed before them a map, and showed to them Sedan and Ste. Menehould. Pointing far east to Metz and Kellermann, the General traced the military position and the road from Sedan, by Mouzon, by Stenay, by Dun to Verdun. There the Duke of Brunswick still slowly and exasperatingly lingered. Dumourier upon his map pointed to Clermont, to the road leading west from that place, and then moving his hand upward to Ste. Menehould, said, "We shall retreat, but there we shall stop." Napoleon never had, under more threatening circumstances, even at Arcola or Aspern, a more sublime conception of military genius than this.

Dumourier immediately broke up his camp and retreated to Grand-Pré. Miranda and Dillon joined him, and there for a time he paused. After an exact report of the plans of the enemy had reached him, the General again retreated, this time to Ste. Menehould, and there he resolved to battle for the salvation of France. The incredible dilatoriness of the Duke of Brunswick, notwithstanding the urgent remonstrances of the vexed King of Prussia, it is probable, as we have intimated, through the deceiving correspondence of the French General, gave Dumourier his opportunity. Dumourier had summoned Beournonville with his ten thousand men, and Kellermann also from Metz with his forty thousand veterans to hasten to his camp. He had confided to them his plan that Ste. Menehould was the true point of concentration.

The genius of Dumourier was strikingly manifested by his placing himself before his foes in a sickly, boggy, wooded, hilly, and rough country. The orders of Dumourier were obeyed by Beournonville and Kellermann with amazing rapidity. Beournonville immediately set out. He was inspired by a profound affection and admiration for Dumourier, and his soldiers, mostly cavalry, warmly partook of the sentiments of their chief. Beournonville quickly

reached Ste. Meneshould, and increased Dumourier's forces to forty thousand men. But the army of that general was as yet vastly inferior to the slowly approaching enemy. The cavalry of Beournonville's division, the moment that they saw Dumourier, gathered joyfully around him. They pressed his feet, his saddle, his hands, his dress to their lips ; they exhibited the affection of a son for a loving father, on whom all his hopes rest. Claspings the hands of the General, they appealed to him to save France. Tears were in the eyes of these veterans. Dumourier received their caresses with an almost Napoleonic air of affability, which entirely won their hearts.

Meantime Kellermann gathered his rugged infantry, mostly veterans of the old Bourbon army. To these he added the volunteers who had arrived and an abundance of munitions of war. He set out instantly to march to the assistance of Dumourier. He moved upon his eventful march so far to the southwest, that he would seem to a careless observer to be retreating on Orleans, rather than Ste. Meneshould in the north. It was a remarkable and a rapid journey. Kellermann moved quickly to Bar-le-Duc, and still south over hills, through fair woods and by beautiful plains and vineyards, until he reached St. Dizier. He then with his enthusiastic warriors turned northwest to Vitry. From there, amid the acclamations of frenzied peasants who cheered his succoring army, he reached Ste. Meneshould, which was nearly north of Vitry. When that great force, infantry, cavalry, artillery, forty thousand strong, entered the camp of Dumourier, his troops were at once increased to a gigantic army of more than eighty thousand men. It had been concentrated right in the teeth of the advancing allies. Dumourier said to Kellermann as he warmly greeted him, " France is saved ! "

This great army now stood immediately in the path of the Duke of Brunswick, and ready to fight to the last extremity for its country. Meanwhile when too late, and at length distrusting the crafty Dumourier, the tardy German commander drew near. The Duke of Brunswick, leaving the neighborhood of Verdun, marched almost directly west with a southern trend toward Ste. Meneshould. Dumourier concentrated his forces a few miles west of Ste. Meneshould on the ridges of Valmy, his face toward Paris. The Allied army now came up and encamped along the opposite

heights of La Lune, fronting Belgium. Finally, there they were, those two great armies, face to face. A narrow valley intervened between the troops of Dumourier and those of the Allies, and both forces extended their lines to a series of ridges and heights opposite to each other. An old mill gave prominence to the position of the French. This mill afterwards became famous in history as "the Mill of Valmy."

The field was much like our own Gettysburg on July 3d, 1863. The French stood on a cemetery ridge, and the allies on a seminary ridge. From the height of La Lune the Prussians commenced a furious cannonade upon the ridges of Valmy, but here the French, for the first time in this war, remained firm. They stood in steady lines, unmoved and unwavering, while the cannons of Dumourier thundered a stern reply. The tri-colored flag, surmounted by the red cap, waved above the Republican soldiers, and a great enthusiasm for liberty and country animated every heart.

The Duke of Brunswick ordered forward heavy masses of infantry to assault and carry the French positions, but Kellermann—whose corps was principally engaged—arranged his forces with such skill that the whole Allied Army was daunted. The King of Prussia reproached the Duke of Brunswick on account of his failure. The drums beat, and a second effort was made; but before the line of attack was completed, the Prussians (very different from General Lee in the assault of Pickett at Gettysburg) saw the impregnability of the French, and stopped the charge. It was a drawn battle. The French had met their enemies and *stood their ground*. That was much, in view of the disgraces of the past.

The Prussians were roughly awakened from their delusion of driving an army of lawyers before them, and recognized in the peasants of France, inspired by their new spirit of liberty, and in Dumourier, a power, before which their arrogance was totally subdued. "The Duke of Brunswick," says Alison, "no longer ventured to despise an enemy who had shown so much steadiness under a severe fire of artillery. The elevation of victory, the self-confidence it insures, had passed over to the other side. Gifted with an uncommon degree of intelligence, and influenced by an ardent imagination, the French soldiers are easily depressed by defeat, but proportionally raised by success. They rapidly

make the transition from one state of feeling to the other. From the cannonade of Valmy may be dated that career of victory, which carried their armies to Vienna and to the Kremlin." The heroic Kellermann, on the establishment of the Empire of Napoleon, in memory of this conflict, received the title of "Duke of Valmy."

The Prussians and Austrians remained for several days on the heights of La Lune, which they occupied, in front of the French army. The disquieted Commune and Assembly at Paris, yet trembling, urged Dumourier to take a new position which might cover Chalons, Rheims, and Meaux. These towns were threatened by the light troops of the enemy. The General, however, remained firm in his place.

A series of secret correspondences again sprang up between the victorious Dumourier and the Duke of Brunswick. Though loving his country, the French General, as we have intimated, was at heart hostile to the overthrow of the Monarchy. This fact was known in the Prussian Camp, and selfishly and adroitly used by Dumourier to delude the Allies.

Dumourier had placed the young Duke of Chartres, son of the Duke of Orleans and afterwards Louis Phillippe, King of the French, in a prominent position in his army. The Prince was given a brigade. The young duke greatly distinguished himself in the cannonade of Valmy. In the negotiations that followed, Dumourier adroitly used the hesitancy which the Duke of Brunswick displayed against now proceeding to any desperate extremes. The 10th of August had greatly modified the views of that Prince. Brunswick wrote to Dumourier that if there was to be peace Louis XVI. must be restored to his throne and the constitutional monarchy re-established. The Duke had at length recognized the fatuous character of his proclamation, and he tremblingly feared the immediate massacre of the whole royal family. Dumourier responded that this was exactly what he himself desired ; but that, to bring it to pass, it was indispensable as a first step towards its consummation that the Allied Armies should *placate the feelings of the French*, and *gratify their vanity*, by retiring from the territories of the Republic. He declared that if the Allies evacuated France, the prestige it would give him he would faithfully use to restore the King, but that if they continued the contest, he now possessed an army of a hundred thou-

sand men, and that he would encounter them with all his power. In such an event Dumourier expressed his conviction that the factions of Paris would destroy the imprisoned royal family.

By these subtle negotiations, a great impression was made both upon the King of Prussia and the Duke of Brunswick. The Committee of Public Safety in Paris added weight to the arguments of the French General by declaring they would not negotiate in any form with the Allies while a foreign soldier stood on the sacred soil of France. Added to this came the tidings that England and Holland refused to assist the allied monarchs or to attack the French Republic.

It was now autumn, and the season rapidly advancing. Sickness broke out in the Allied camp. Constant rains blockaded the roads. On account of the host of volunteers and old soldiers swarming from every part of France into the camp of Dumourier, his army soon numbered far more than that of the Allies. Finally, on the 30th of September, 1792, the Prussian army commenced its retreat. They were pursued by Kellermann with forty thousand men. But his pursuit was a sham. He recognized the wisdom of making a "bridge of gold for a flying enemy." No serious molestation was offered to the retreating invaders, and the Prussian army at the end of October had left the French territory and taken up its cantonments in the Austrian Netherlands beyond Longwy and by the river Moselle.

After sending 30,000 men under Beournonville to threaten Brussels, Dumourier now repaired to Paris. The triumphant General was received by the Girondists and Jacobins with great enthusiasm. Danton embraced Dumourier before an immense audience, for these two leaders cordially co-operated, and the victorious chief received the congratulations of Robespierre and Marat. Certainly Dumourier's position might have turned a stronger head. Danton swayed Paris, and Dumourier threatened at the head of his army the enemies of France. When the General visited the Convention that body arose and he was received as the saviour of his country and greeted with fervent acclamations. In the club of the Jacobins Marat and the most radical orators sounded forth fervently his praise. At the Cordeliers he was welcomed as the boon companion of Danton, their great leader. Amid all these hallelujahs did not Dumourier

cast some sad thoughts toward that beautiful Queen whose hand he had so lately kissed, and that kind King whose service he had avowed? While he, the conquering General, was the cynosure of all eyes, they, in captivity, sorrowful, fallen, insulted, rejected and despoiled, were awaiting a cruel death by the bloody knife of the guillotine.

The second day of his visit, Dumourier dined with the leading Girondists. The war had already commenced between them and the Jacobins. The feast was held at Madame Roland's. The General was cautious and reserved, but Madame Roland received him as a hero, and with a woman's sensibility forgave him all the past. At the opera Dumourier was almost stifled by embracing crowds and the air was rent with applause for the triumphator. He appeared by the side of Danton, and the terrible Jacobin received a modicum of the praise so freely bestowed on the victorious warrior. Astutely silent as to those great changes which had taken place since he last had left the city, and meditating his purposes of deliverance or ambition in his own secret soul, Dumourier enjoyed the intoxication of his power for several days, and then returned to his affectionate and devoted army to form plans for a new campaign.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE GREAT BATTLE OF JEMAPPES.

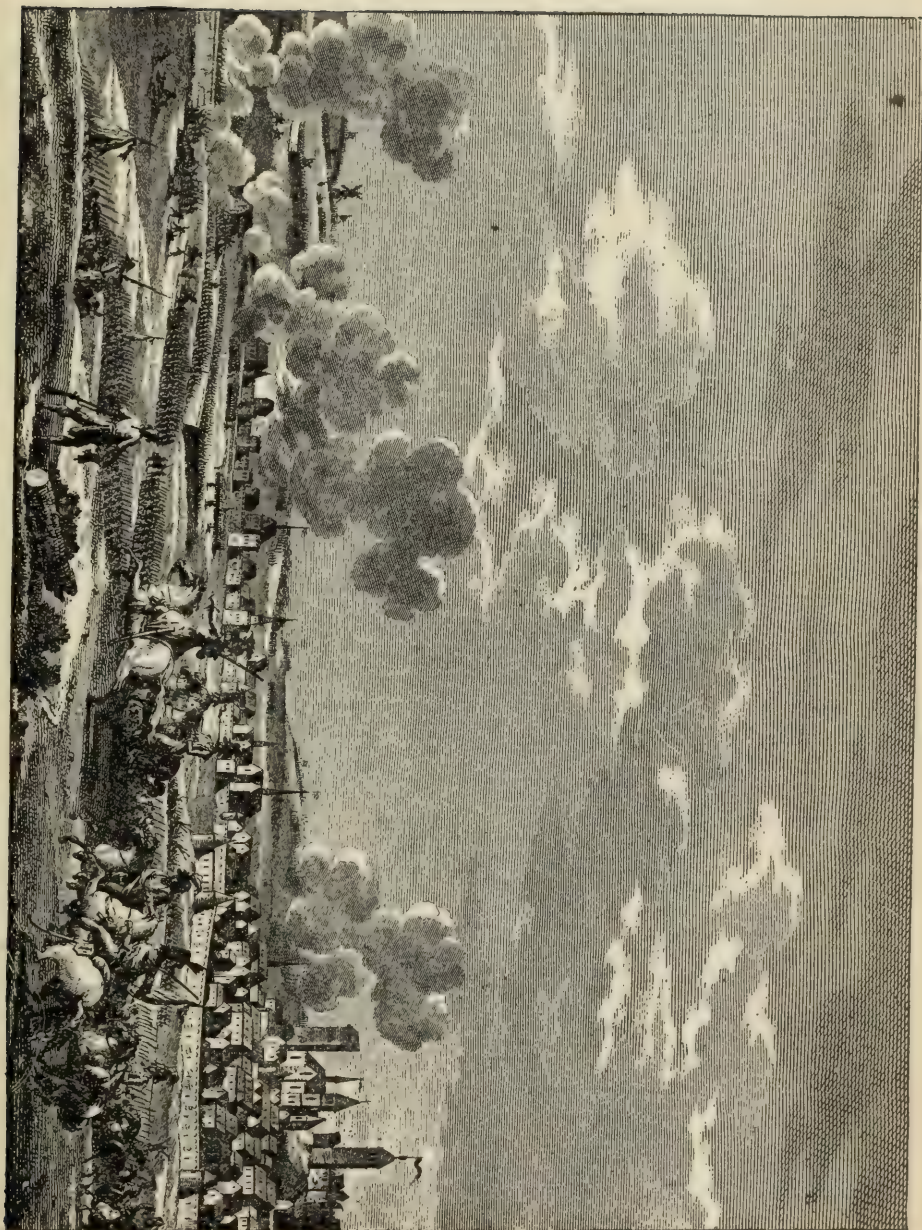
DUMOURIER, upon his return to his camp, immediately prepared for a vigorous campaign. Faithful to his country, he yet desired a Constitutional Monarchy, as best adapted to control the fickleness and emotional character of the turbulent French. But his astute mind told him it was only by a victory that he could obtain—even if then—power, by means of which he could cause a change. The personal friendship of Dumourier for the Duke of Orleans was very strong, despite his equal friendship for Louis XVI., and especially was it so for that Prince's oldest son, the Duke of Chartres.

Louis Phillippe, Duke of Chartres, was a prince possessed of much shrewd common sense, and considerable military genius. He was yet a very young man. Educated by the immoral Madame de Genlis, he had, notwithstanding her licentious habits, received from her that mental impulse which made him the astute politician and crafty King of later years. In 1792, as a soldier of the Republic, he had won the respect and confidence of the French General, both by his courage, the discipline he maintained in his command, and his successful efforts at Valmy.

It was to Louis Phillippe that Dumourier turned secretly in his heart as a possible inheritor of a restored Constitutional Throne.

Popular with the Jacobins, and a friend to the fallen Louis XVI., eulogized by the Girondists, flattered by Danton, and dubbed by the people "the preserver of France," Dumourier saw before him possibilities of glory and power which spurred his ardent soul to exercise faculties which soon won him the most brilliant success.

His army numbered a hundred thousand men. While some of the old regiments yet remained in their white uniforms, the majority were clad in Republican garb and accoutrements. Large numbers of the volunteers had now thronged to the front. Farmers and peasants, lawyers and Sans



THE VICTORY OF JEMAPPES, NOVEMBER, 1792.

Culottes, pikemen who had donned the uniform and seized the musket of the Republic, young men of wealth,—all classes in fact—just as during the American Civil War, were represented by the levies and regiments of the great army of Dumourier.

To a spectator who might have observed these troops during a review which was held before the headquarters of Dumourier at Valenciennes, in October, 1792, they presented a heart-stirring spectacle.

They were mostly uniformed in the new Republican style. The infantry formed interminable lines of blue-coated and red-epauleted warriors, with white cross-belt supporters, shaggy goatskin haversacks, sabres by their sides, and cartridge boxes hanging behind them. They wore cocked hats with long, drooping red plumes. Their warlike dress was completed by black leggings and nankeen breeches. In this uniform, rank upon rank they stood, on October 28, 1792, cheering Dumourier as he rode along their lines, and raising high their tri-colored banners surmounted by red caps of liberty.

The artillery was composed of old veterans, and the hussars, cuirassiers, and dragoons wore the varied uniforms of the ancient monarchy. As this formidable force filed by on its march toward Mons, the singing of the Marseilles Hymn, and the hurricane shouts of "*Vive la République*," struck terror into the hearts of the people of the invaded territory.

Dumourier was assisted in his campaign by the movements on his right of the army of Biron, forty-five thousand strong, and Custine's troops, numbering seventeen thousand. Custine crossed the French borders into Germany from Landau; marched rapidly upon the ancient and picturesque city of Spire, and captured it, with magazines containing immense quantities of military stores. He took three thousand prisoners, and followed up his success by raising the tri-color flag on the ramparts of Worms, famous for its Diet, and upon those of Frankenthal. The atheistic French gazed with indifference upon that glorious and immortal spot where the noble and rugged Luther had defied Rome and made triumphant the Reformation.

Custine's successes raised the ardent hopes of the Convention. They sent out orders to General Biron to follow in the rear of the retreating army of the Duke of Bruns-

wick, and to commence to harass it, as it crossed the Rhine. Custine meanwhile, being reinforced, pressed forward and on the 21st of October captured the great German city and fortress of Mayence on that river. This success was rendered easy by the conspiracies and machinations of a Jacobin club established in the city.

The Duke of Brunswick, discouraged by these disasters, made no attempt to maintain himself on the left bank of the Rhine. He continued his rapid retreat, and was twelve days in crossing, upon a bridge of boats, that storied river. At length the Prussian army encamped upon its right side. The emigrant forces of Coblenz dissolved from lack of means to continue their organization, and the Prussian army, which had so lately terrified and threatened France, being separated from its Austrian allies, lay totally inactive for several months.

Meanwhile the forces under the Austrian General Clairfayt and the Arch-duke Albert entered the territory of the Emperor, established themselves in Mons, and prepared to defend Belgium. The Austrian army was forty-five thousand strong. Toward this force Dumourier and his troops with greatly superior numbers now hastened. General Clairfayt had posted his forces in front of the strong fortress of Mons, on the fortified heights of Berthaimont, and through the villages of Cuesmes, Jemappes, and Ausmes. These villages stretched along a line of hills, backed by a forest, and were rendered formidable by marshes, canals, and a river in their front.

The Austrians, with great military skill, had taken advantage of the sinuosities of the grounds. They had placed in the redoubts one hundred and twenty pieces of cannon; they had fortified the suburbs of Mons; and by these preparations they presented a seemingly impregnable front to any assault by the French.

Dumourier, on the constant march, approached the battlefield upon the evening of November 5, 1792. Without dismay or doubt he halted and prepared his bivouacs. Soon the whole heavens were lit with the fires flaming from the camps of the opposing armies. During all the chill November night these fires continued.

In the Republican ranks, everything was impatience and expectation. The soldiers loved Dumourier, they confided in his military genius, and believed that through him they should

won a glorious victory. The volunteers, unaffected by the fact that the Austrian troops were seasoned veterans, were desirous of being led at once against the enemy.

The rain fell, and a fog dimmed the air. The landscape was desolate, and the earth bare, the crops having been removed from the furrowed fields. Dumourier rapidly assigned the positions to be taken by his different divisions in the approaching conflict. General Ferrand commanded the left wing in front of the village of Quariegou, and Louis Phillippe, Duke of Chartres, the center under General Dumourier himself. The heroic Beurnonville headed the right.

The army through the night slept in battle array. Like the French forces at Agincourt, but with better success on the morrow, the Republican army rested under arms. With knapsacks on their backs and muskets by their sides, the infantry reposed, in long lines, on the frosty November fields. The gunners leaned with closed eyes against their cannons, their horses harnessed and the riders having their bridles over their arms. It was a striking scene. Now and then the rumbling of artillery, or the changing of regiments of infantry and cavalry disturbed the otherwise profound silence of the mighty and sleeping host. Dumourier by torchlight carefully examined his lines, perfected his arrangements, and then awaited that November day which presently gloomily and stormily dawned. It was the 6th of November, 1792.

At seven o'clock in the morning Dumourier rode down his lines, and was greeted by enraptured cries of "Vive Dumourier! Vive la République!" He gave the signal for the conflict, and the first pitched battle of the French Revolution immediately commenced. General Ferrand rushed forward on the left, his troops chanting the Marseilles Hymn as they quickly followed. With desperate courage he assaulted the fortified village of Quariegou, but his path was impeded by fallen trees, abattis, and ditches half-full of water. Undaunted by these obstacles, by a terrible fire of his cannons, and by repeated attacks of his infantry, he endeavored to carry the Austrian position. The Imperial troops resisted with equal valor and determination. The battle swayed to and fro, and Ferrand was compelled to pause.

The batteries of the Austrians mowed down the French soldiers as they stood, in files, but Dumourier, hearing on

his left the continual roar of artillery, at once hurried to that portion of the field. The sight of their beloved General now gave new hope and increased fury to the French. They again rushed forward, carried the heights, and drove the Austrians from their position.

Dividing his victorious left, Ferrand with eight battalions of infantry advanced toward Jemappes and sent Rozier with eight squadrons of cavalry in order of battle to hold the road. But meantime the right under General Beurnonville had not been able to advance. It was confronted by Austrian and Hungarian grenadiers arraigned before the fortified village of Cuismes. The fire of the Imperial artillery was so dreadful that the Republican battalions held back. They did not retreat, but stood like a wall in the midst of the fury and smoke of the battle, falling in their ranks, and closing up, but not moving forward.

A hundred paces in their rear, ten squadrons of hussars, dragoons, and French chasseurs were in line, waiting for the infantry to open the way into the redoubts of the Austrians. On their right and left, and in their front, as from a cul-de-sac, the light and fire of the Austrian cannons were seen and heard, and the cavalry was cut down in ranks. By a mistake of the French General D'Hervilly, his artillery, which was stationed on a height in the rear of this devoted body of horsemen, believing them to be Hungarians, began a dreadful cannonade. The French cavalry were encircled by fire like the Army of Napoleon the Third at Sedan. The situation became critical and terrible. At this moment, impatient of a halt which threatened destruction to the army, General Dampierre rushed forward, appealing by voice and gesture to the old Monarchy regiment of Flanders, and to the Paris battalions of volunteers who were *San Culottes*, but patriotic and brave. With his left hand he shook high above his head his plumed hat, while he waved his sword with his right, and thus urging on his soldiers he proceeded alone for a hundred paces into the fire of grape and musketry poured down from the Hungarians crowding the redoubt. The soldiers, inspired by this heroic example, rushed forward, and the village of Cuismes was carried.

Dumourier now hastened to the center. There, under the Duke of Chartres, were thirty-five thousand soldiers, consisting of old regiments and volunteers, the heroism of Republican France. Dumourier arranged the forces which

he directed against Jemappes into three enormous and thick columns. Singing the Marseilles Hymn, they advanced at the double-quick, and rapidly reached the height upon which the Austrians had planted one hundred and twenty-five cannons. That tremendous artillery opened upon the French, more fiercely than those of the Federal lines on the advancing Pickett and his Confederate braves at Gettysburg. The balls and bombs mowed down whole ranks of the advancing Republicans. Above the awful clamor of the guns could be heard the swell of their hymn of liberty, and their tornado cries of "*Vive la République.*" Two columns began to mount the hill crowned by this fearful battery, but the third column, charged suddenly in the rear by Austrian cavalry, hesitated, paused, and then fell back. The columns to the right and left saw the movement, and stopped. Every moment their ranks were thinned by the furious cannonade of the Austrians. The entire center began to shake, to quiver, and then to break. The young volunteers, less firm than the old soldiers, clustered together and retreated.

Clairfayt witnessed the pause, realized his opportunity, and throwing all his available cavalry on the French infantry, despite the desperate efforts and entreaties of Dumourier, drove them scattered down the hill.

At this moment Louis Phillippe, Duke of Chartres, who had been a lion in the advance, and saw with rage and indignation the halt and retreat, rushed among the confused and mingled brigades. Two females in warrior attire, the sisters Fernig, respected for their purity and patriotism, were by his side. His aides-de-camp followed and assisted him. With the instinct of genius,—his face black with gunpowder, and smeared with blood,—Louis Phillippe rallied the retreating soldiers, as Sheridan rallied the Union warriors at Cedar Creek. He exhorted, he encouraged, while his face was aflame, and his voice volcanic. The Duke seized a flag of liberty, and united the whole confused brigade who rallied around him, old soldiers and young volunteers, into one great column. Five standards collected from the broken and disordered battalions were brought to the front. "You shall call yourselves," shouted Chartres, "the column of Jemappes, and to-morrow you shall be the column of victory, for you have triumph in your ranks." Amid shouts of "*Vive la République!*" the re-inspired forces moved on. As they again rushed toward the batteries, they

recommenced the battle-hymn of the Revolution, the heart-thrilling Marseillaise. But as they reached the heights above, the stern Hungarian Grenadiers confronted them. A furious struggle ensued. The volunteers fell in heaps. The fury of the Austrian cannons was almost irresistible. Those who approached the enemy were swept away, and again this battalion, a forlorn hope, seemed destined to destruction. But at this critical moment, General Ferrand, victorious on the left, with six thousand triumphant troops reached the vital spot. The Austrian general began to move back, and to retreat, while the united forces of the French marched forward. The Austrians commenced to break and scatter, and many of them were slain by musket and sabre, as they fled down the hill in wild retreat. A large number of prisoners were taken, and the Duke of Chartres sent his aides to inform Dumourier that the redoubts in the center were captured.

But the redoubts near the heights of Cuismes yet remained to be taken before the victory could be completed. There the Duke of Saxe-Teschin had collected the flower of the Austrian army, consisting of the stern Hungarian battalions, and the Imperial heavy cavalry. The Duke placed this force on the summit, and in the reverse of the plateau which also commanded the redoubts. Their position was the key to victory. Dumourier observed this arrangement and realized the necessities of his position. He knew that it must be victory or death. Putting spurs to his horse, he sped to the plateau of Cuismes. There, before him, were two brigades of infantry. In their ranks were three thousand of the Parisian young men, and four thousand veterans of the old Bourbon army. These soldiers greeted him with shouts of "Vive Dumourier!" "Vive notre père!"—"Long live Dumourier!" "Long live our father!" Dumourier immediately formed the volunteers of Paris in the center of his destined column of attack. Around the young heroes he placed the stern old soldiers of the ancient monarchy. The squadrons of hussars and of dragoons were in the furrowed fields adjacent. When the Austrian commander saw the movement, and heard the shouts below, he rightly conjectured that Dumourier was present. With lightning speed Clairfayt threw forward at full gallop an entire division of Austrian dragoons to disorder and crush the preparing column. As

with sabres flashing in the air and with cries of "Hoch der Kaiser!" they came sweeping up, the soldiers and volunteers of Dumourier met them as Bonaparte afterwards met the Mamelukes, in front of the sunlit Pyramids. They formed a square, and with a rolling fire, aiming at the heads and breasts of the horses they prostrated two hundred of them in death. From behind this barrier of dead steeds the French fired incessantly. The Austrian cavalry shook under the terrible volleys. At this critical moment Dumourier threw forward the fierce and devoted Berchiny Hussars, with his cavalry, and these warriors sabred the already disordered Austrians, right and left. They broke in dismay, and fled toward Mons, while their cries threw the Hungarian infantry on the plateau into disorder. And now Beournonville came up with heavy reserves. Dumourier dismounted from his horse. He placed himself in the midst of his columns and marched with them on foot. He commenced singing the Marseilles Hymn and his voice was echoed by the Paris volunteers. The column moved forward with patriotic fury, scaled the heights, assaulted the resisting Hungarians with the bayonet, and took their cannons. They pressed on still more fiercely upon the infantry. A dreadful *melée* ensued. The Hungarians fought with determination and fidelity, and most of them were slain upon the plateau and amid their cannons.

The whole French army, center, left, and right, followed up the victory, and the Archduke Albert and General Clairfayt, perceiving that the field was lost, slowly retired upon Mons. The gates of that strong fortress were shut, and a moment's respite was thus given to the dispirited and defeated Imperial army.

Thus ended the great battle of Jemappes, one of the most celebrated in the Republican annals, and the commencement of those great victories on many a "stricken field," which under the Republic, Directory, Consulate, and Empire, were destined to carry in triumph the French tricolor over Europe.

The immediate results of this victory were immense. The Convention, in a kind of ecstasy, decreed every honor compatible with liberty to the victorious army and its General. But a minority of that body, of whom Robespierre was chief, began from that time to look on the popularity of Dumourier with doubt and suspicion, and observe in it

a possible threat to the Republic, and in Dumourier a new Cæsar.

On Europe the victory fell with stunning violence. The Allies were dismayed, and the most sanguine now saw only a long and doubtful war before the monarchs of the continent. Dumourier soon entered Mons. He advanced to Brussels, and the dismayed and depressed Austrian army retreated rapidly before him. All the great places of Belgium fell without resistance. Ath, Tournay, Bruges, Ostend, and Neuport opened their gates, and welcomed with applause the soldiers of Liberty.

Before the end of November the Austrian army had evacuated the whole of that portion of the Netherlands, and retained only the citadel of Antwerp and the city of Namur. On the 30th of November the citadel of Antwerp capitulated, and the French army became the triumphant masters of the Scheldt. On the same day Namur was taken, and the flag of the Austrian Empire vanished for a moment from Belgian soil.

A horde of hungry agents from the Convention immediately poured into the conquered territory. All the methods of the Republican rule were at once established. The inhabitants were taxed and robbed in every conceivable way, and agents were sent into each city and village, to wrest money and goods from the rich Flemings. Danton constituted himself the chief representative of the Republic in Belgium, and for several months went to and fro between Dumourier's camp, Brussels, and the Convention at Paris. His intercourse with the victorious General, his venality, and his pillage at that time, all these were afterwards brought against him, as among the most powerful levers employed by Robespierre for his overthrow and destruction. Meantime Dumourier, having conquered the whole territory of the Austrian Netherlands west of Luxembourg, now placed his army in winter quarters, and rested for a season upon his laurels.

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE CONFLICT OF PARTIES.

BY the declaration of the Republic the Girondists had realized their most persistent and intense aspirations.

For a year these "ideologists" secretly or openly labored for that sole end. In the houses of their leaders; in the *salôn* of Madame Roland; in the Assembly itself; nay, in their recreation among the many lovely gardens of Paris and its suburbs, whether wandering among the foliage of the Tuileries or in the beautiful alleys of the Luxembourg, or rambling at intervals of leisure in deserted but yet magnificent Versailles, sombre Fontainebleau, or amid the rural simplicities of St. Cloud, these scholars, orators, elegant, and refined heroes of the Gironde, with conversations on Plutarch and Tacitus, and observant views of the trees, the flowers, the life of nature, had mingled constant and passionate hopes of a Republic, federal and free.

Petion had succeeded in his plots. The Republic was a fact; the discrowned Louis XVI. a helpless prisoner in the Temple; and Madame Roland had become the intellectual and political Queen of the Metropolis.

Nearly all the Girondists were remarkable men. Gaudet was an impetuous orator. His fiery temper led him into violent sallies of wrath, but his heart was forgiving and incapable of malice. He could scorch an antagonist with the flame of his eloquence and invective, and yet with no intention of offense. He was honest, talented, brilliant as a rainbow, and flashing as a sunlit waterfall, which he resembled both from his effervescence and his noise. In both the Legislative Assembly and the Convention, he was a man of marked but temporary influence. A most tender husband and devoted father, he lived to know subsequently, during his flight for life, that his wife and children suffered in Paris every destitution of poverty that could be inflicted by the malice of heartless enemies. Gensonne was a man of great coolness, of slow speech, and profound thought. His addresses were always logical, as compact as an Egyp-



MADAME ROLAND.

tian Pyramid, and often extended to a great length. He was the Gladstone of the National Convention. Vergniaud was the most eloquent of all the eloquent orators of that period. His oratory was resplendent with the most beautiful and chaste forms of speech. His utterances were as perfect, as elegant, as well proportioned, as golden in rich thought and imagery, as in material loveliness was the Parthenon, when blue skies were its background, and when a rich sunset kindled its snowy walls and pillars with splendor and with fire. He was not only a rhetorician who might have competed with Tully, but a thinker who might have rivaled Montesquieu. In the higher sense he was a dreamer, a man of words and of self. He disdained the masses, who were rough and ignorant, and he was constantly haunted by ideals of republics and societies better suited to a "Nephelcoggia" of Aristophanes' "Birds," than to a cold, sad, stern world of bitter facts.

Barbaroux was the Antinous of the Revolution. He was exquisitely handsome in face, and his form was of magnificent symmetry. He was laborious, active, ingenious, and brave. He was an ardent lover of liberty, and proud of the Revolution which had not yet degenerated into a nightmare of blood-red terror. He could command all his faculties, listening for hours, with the closest attention, to arguments or eloquence, and his talents as a political investigator were of the first order. But a man of beautiful person and generous heart, he was also a man of pleasure, and the magnificent powers of his mind were often nullified by his sensual and careless life. It was the determined Barbaroux who had summoned the Marsellais from the South, and through them given such a fatal impulse to the revolutionary rage of Paris in August, 1792.

Louvet was of short stature, near sighted, and negligent in dress. His forehead was noble and expansive, and his dark eyes full of the light of genius. He had been a novelist of doubtful reputation. He was witty and good-natured, but terrible in debate, and could cause an adversary to retreat and tremble before his attacks. He had the heart of a lion, the simplicity of a child, and the thoughts of a great writer.

Lanjuinais, Isnard, and Petion were all men of restless energy, indomitable will, and strong Republican fervor, but controlled by the maxims of Federalism, and the desire for

progress, but only through a moderate and law-abiding Republic.

Plotters, conspirators, insurgents against royalty, dangerous, and unreliable in everything associated with a crown; when the throne was overturned and Royalty abolished, they hoped to realize in the New Republic erected on its ruins the age of reason, of progress, of peaceful glory and abiding happiness.

Not least among the Girondist party was Buzot. Between him and Madame Roland there existed a sentimental friendship. He saw in her a female Aspasia without the immorality of the fascinating Athenian, but with a purity and a rectitude which Portia could not excel. She saw in Buzot a union of the sweetness and thought of Plato, with the energy of Cæsar and the charms of Alcibiades. They were both devotees before an ideal altar of classical literature, mingled with the sentimentalism of Rousseau, and both able and powerful, they exercised an important influence on the better early legislation of the Convention.

The possibilities of the French Revolution, and the causes of the Terror, will never be truthfully understood or appreciated if those two great factors, a depraved human nature and a deceiving intellect, are eliminated. The Girondists were the best minds and most patriotic hearts of France. Their goal was the most utopian perfectibility of a society possible without God, Christ, or the Bible.

But they were often timid in the face of danger, despite the courage of Louvet, Lanjuinais, Isnard, Gaudet, Barbaroux, and others of their more determined leaders. They were dismayed by popular clamors and threats. They could, when all hope was lost, be martyrs and heroes in suffering, but they frequently wavered in acting. They disliked bloodshed, abhorred a revolutionary tribunal, and desired a calm, regulated, equitable Republic; but the armies engirdling France; the character of the people themselves, their ignorance, instability, and ferocity; their infidelity and licentiousness, the "monkey levity and the tiger heart," made this totally impossible to realize at that period in France under any Republican form.

The French as a nation are serfs to glory and vanity, but glory and vanity are not the foundations for a great and a stable republic. Led on by their illusions, believing that they could reproduce the republics of classic antiquity

among an effervescing, savage and fluctuating Parisian populace ; posing themselves as a Dion or a Brutus, as an Aristides or an Epaminondas, the Girondists were the tongue of the Republic ; an eloquent, a peaceful, a fascinating tongue, but it was with that party, to quote Shakespeare, Words ! Words ! Words ! In this way they consented to the iniquitous trial of Louis XVI., and many of them, directly violating their consciences and convictions, voted for his death.

The Jacobins were the fierce men of action. They were backed by the Commune established at the Hôtel de Ville, and were supported by the Committees of the Sections, wielding the power of the new sectionary army which the Convention and Commune had established.

The more astute among them, like Danton and Robespierre, smiled at the brilliant orations of a Vergniaud or a Barbaroux ; despised the classic enthusiasm of Madame Roland ; and when the time came to *use*, used these dreamers of impossible perfections and progresses, and then mercilessly decimated them. Unscrupulous, bloody, atheistic, fanatics of a despotic Freedom, the true Jacobins believed in the power of the *sword* to erect, and in the cementing worth of *blood* to hold together, the Temple of Liberty. They were led by an unreliable Danton, sometimes sanguinary, but sometimes merciful ; by the jealous, reserved, and ambitious Robespierre : and by the bloodthirsty Marat, who was half a demon and half a madman.

These two great parties now began to antagonize. United in the overthrow of the Monarchy, their ideals, purposes, and hopes soon became widely divergent.

The first conflict commenced in an effort to punish crimes associated with the September massacre. The bloodshed had not been confined to Paris. At Orleans prisons had been broken open, two clerks of a sugar refinery had been slowly roasted to death, and ten others massacred by the mob. At Rheims two persons were murdered on the steps of its Hôtel de Ville. The volunteers passing through that city on their way to join Dumourier seized several priests. One of these ecclesiastics they chained to a stake, and howled with delight as the flames scorched his agonized body. It was the work of the Spanish Inquisition copied in the name of Liberty. The bloody instincts of the depraved human heart are the same, whether under the cas-

sock of a Pedro d'Arbues, or beneath the blue coat and red plumes of a Sans Culotte volunteer.

But the most cruel crime was committed at Versailles. Sixty-two persons had been cast into prison at Orleans upon the charge of treason to the nation. Among these was the aged Duke de Brissac, who had been made by the Constitutional Assembly in August, 1791, commander of the King's Guards. The prisoners were summoned to Paris. They reached Versailles with great difficulty amid yelling and howling mobs. Chains had been placed on their hands and feet. In this helpless situation a band of assassins assaulted them. The old Duke de Brissac was slaughtered in the most cruel manner, and his bloody head, around which floated his white hair, was placed on the spike of one of the gates of Versailles. All the rest of the prisoners were mercilessly butchered and many beheaded.

These dreadful scenes, and others occurring in Paris, had caused even the New Commune to fear yet more uncontrollable violence. It had organized an armed body from each section, summoned its pikemen, and made Santerre its General. Santerre had the utmost difficulty in driving back, at the points of his bayonets and pikes, the murderous ruffians of Versailles and Paris to their foul dens of crime; and only succeeded by the most energetic efforts.

Early in October the Girondists demanded an investigation of these atrocities. Several Jacobins of the moderate wing supported their motion. The Mountain, however, remembering the guilt of their idol Danton in organizing the September massacres, and believing that this proposal veiled an attack upon the Minister of War, sternly opposed the Gironde.

The reservation of the decree of the Legislative Assembly suspending Louis XVI. on August 10th had provided a governor for the Dauphin. This fact was now used as a lever to undermine the influence of the Moderates. "You have not destroyed all hope of retreat," said the Jacobin journals of Paris to the Girondists, "for while we were struggling to destroy the throne *forever*, you wrote with our blood your deceitful reservations. You now come to propose to destroy those honest patriots who, by an act of justice, rid the Republic in September of traitors and plotters against liberty."

But in October, 1792, the Girondists were in great power.

They sat on all the committees. Petion, their agent, was up to that date Mayor of Paris, and Danton himself was a secret friend to their hatred of radicalism, now that he and France had recovered from the frenzy and fear produced by the invading forces. Yet Danton was opposed to federalism.

Dumourier at this time had freed the soil of the Republic from its armed foes, and was preparing for his campaign of Jemappes.

The Girondists requested from the Minister of the Interior, Roland, a report upon the state of the city of Paris, and of the country. Roland, abhorring the violence of the massacres, and their cruelties, answered with such a picture of the discord in the metropolis, and the disorder spreading into the provinces, that he instantly became an object of the most violent hatred to all factions of the Jacobins. He had sincerely endeavored to assuage and limit the horrors of the 2d of September. The Commune with savage recklessness had actually signed an order for his arrest. Information of the warrant, with the document itself, was soon carried to Danton. Danton, astonished, went up to the apartment of Petion in the Council Hall, and said: "Can you guess what they have taken into their heads? Why, they have issued a warrant against Roland." "Who do you mean?" replied Petion. "Why, that mad-headed Committee, to be sure," said Danton. "I have the warrant in my possession. Look! here it is. We can never suffer them to go on at this rate! And against a Minister of State too." "Petion," says Madame Roland, "took the warrant and read it, and then returned it to Danton with a *smile*. 'Let them proceed,' he ejaculated, 'it will have a good effect.' '*A good effect*,' cried Danton, examining the Mayor's countenance with an earnest eye; 'Oh no! No! no! I can never suffer it. I will find means to make them listen to reason''"; and so he did. The warrant was never executed. But Roland was constantly vituperated in the clubs. The Jacobins and Cordeliers anathematized him, and a storm of calumny and accusation darkened his path.

The antagonism between the Girondists and the Jacobins was from their political attitude irreconcilable. The Girondists believed Monarchy overthrown, and dreaded Anarchy. The Jacobins were willing to employ Anarchy if inseparable from Liberty, and if by its means despotism could be perma-

nently destroyed. "Anarchy," says Von Laun, "is not unlike a ghost-like apparition. Though the terror it inspires be violent, it is generally short-lived. The fear of its recurrence, however, causes as much dread as the reality." The Jacobins were persistent, the Girondists intermittent in their efforts for triumph. But the Gironde exhibited its political weakness by its unwise methods. It was like a matador in a Spanish bull-fight, who holds up constantly and irritatingly a red flag to arouse that furious animal. They were distinguished simply by a mad confidence in their cause, and often transcended the limits of prudence.

In September, 1792, the Girondists accused the New Commune of Paris of having usurped the power of the old Municipality, which they asserted was a prerogative only belonging to entire France. The Commune had achieved this usurpation by bloodshed and violence. They wished, the Girondists affirmed, to establish the dictatorship of Danton, Marat, and Robespierre over the nation. "I will not allow," said one Girondist deputy vehemently, "Paris to become in France, what Rome was in the Roman Empire. Paris must be reduced to an eighty-third part of the influence, the same as all the other departments." Danton rejoined in a fierce speech, in which he declared that the Girondists were aiming to make of France a "federation of petty republics." The accusation of Danton echoed throughout Paris and Jacobin France, increasing the division between the two mighty factions.

Madame Roland, an ardent Republican, but a humane and sensitive woman, beguiled during the Monarchy into some harsh expressions, but detesting bloodshed, was greatly distressed by the sanguinary events of September. "You know my enthusiasm for the Revolution," she said to Boucal. "Well, I am ashamed of it. Scoundrels have defiled it. It has become hideous."

On the 14th of October Madame Roland gave an elegant repast to the Girondists leaders, at her residence. Vergniaud, Brissot, and many prominent orators of the Gironde were present. At the close of the supper Vergniaud arose, took a glass of wine, and proposed to drink to the eternity of the Republic. Madame Roland, her dark, rich eyes "sparkling with the most attractive sweetness," suggested to the impassioned orator, that like the Greeks he should scatter roses from her bouquet upon the wine. Vergniaud did

so. "Barbaroux," he said in a low voice, turning to his colleague, "it is not roses, but cypress leaves, we should quaff in our wine to-night. In drinking to a Republic stained at its birth with the blood of that horrible September, who knows that we do not drink to our own death! No matter! Were this wine my blood, I would drain it to liberty and equality." As he spoke he quaffed the wine and the Girondists rose and pledged him, all crying "Vive la République!" Within a year from that day many of them were in the Conciergerie, about to be summoned before the Revolutionary tribunal and to die on the guillotine.

Marat was incessant in his attacks upon Roland. He accused the Minister of the Interior of venality. Roland, indignant, issued an address to the French people, vindicated his probity, and defined his position. "I admired," he wrote in this manifesto, "the 10th of August. I shuddered at the consequences of the 2d of September. Let scoundrels seek to murder me. I will be at my post, and I know how to die."

Brissot was one of the greatest leaders of the Gironde. He had been stigmatized as the "Philadelphia Quaker," because under his name of De Warville he had formerly resided in that American city. His early affiliations had been with the Jacobins, and he had associated in their clubs with Robespierre and Barnave. As the seductions of Marie Antoinette had changed Barnave into a Royalist, so the increasing terrorism of the Jacobins had driven Brissot, early in the sessions of the Legislative Assembly, into the ranks of the Girondists. He was a fervent Republican and had made terrible assaults upon Louis XVI. and his throne. He was now fiercely assailed by the Jacobins, whom he had deserted, with the accusation,—absurd and impossible as it was,—that he was "plotting to restore the Monarchy and place the Duke of Brunswick upon the French throne." Brissot saw the abyss of calumny opening before him, and, stout-hearted as he was, he trembled.

At this time Vergniaud in a speech of impressive eloquence denounced the bloodthirsty spirit which was defiling the name of France. His blows fell like a scourge upon the Convention, and awakened the secret hatred of the cruel triumvirate who were in the name of liberty throttling the freedom of France. From that moment Vergniaud incurred the hatred of Robespierre, Danton, and Marat. But they

remained as yet silent and prepared for more important efforts. In such debates, harangues, or conflicts in the Convention, the months of October and November, 1792, passed stormily away.

Toward the last of November the subject of trying the King began to take form in the minds of the Jacobins of the Mountain. A fatal discovery hastened their efforts. Louis XVI., as we have before shown, was a lover of mechanics, and an enthusiastic locksmith. In the last year of his residence in the Tuileries he had caused his workman, who had been for years the companion of his labors, and whom he had favored in many ways, to construct for his use in one of the walls of his palace a secret cabinet. It was concealed by a door so skillfully made and painted that the eye could not detect it from the wall. It was still further hidden by a large painting placed in front. Into this recess, the King had deposited several massive portfolios. They contained copies of much of his correspondence with the emigrants ; with his brothers ; with his wife's imperial relatives, and other foreign sovereigns. In the portfolios were many letters in which the King expressed his grief at the progress of the Revolution, its anarchy and excesses, his hope of deliverance, his feelings of desertion and isolation, and his desire to be a faithful constitutional sovereign, if he could only be free, and reign in peace and safety.

It is to the monarch's credit, that in no part of the correspondence was found any such treacherous letters as Cromwell discovered in the mail of Charles I. of England, letters which decided that insincere Stuart's fate.

With the vilest ingratitude and treachery this favored locksmith of the King now betrayed to Roland the secret recess. Roland, with a number of the members of the Convention, hastened to the spot. Roland had the door opened before the astonished Ministers of State and delegates from the legislative body, and showed the mass of portfolios below. The papers were seized, were read, many were published, and they were used by the unscrupulous Jacobins and by the radicals of Paris to destroy Louis XVI.

Petion, no longer Mayor, was now about to endure the fickleness of the Parisian multitude. He rapidly lost favor with the violent sections of the metropolis, because he was not more violent than they. The Jacobins asserted that he

sought to be King. Paris laughed. It did not accept as true so absurd and Munchausen a falsehood. The people dubbed Petion "King Petion," and often mocked at him with that name, as he passed through the streets.

The course of the Girondists themselves was marked at this period by a striking lack of political sagacity. They urged Petion to decline reëlection to the Mayoralty of Paris, and it was occupied by Chambon, a fair man, but feeble and spiteful. Misjudging the tiger influence of Marat, they roused that monster to a madness of fury, by referring to his dirt, his hypocrisy, and his lust of blood. They blindly attacked Danton and twitted him with his association with the crimes of September. It was a most impolitic though truthful charge. It turned against the Girondists a man who might have been a great coadjutor in their mild and equitable rule. In his inner soul Danton was a man of humanity. He could murder from necessity or ambition, but he did not murder from love of murder. He had a very strong desire to affiliate with the Gironde when he saw how the Jacobins increased in terrorism. Had he not been driven away by their incessant and merciless assaults, there might have been no Revolutionary Tribunal established in March, 1793.

But the Girondists were under the potent sway and directed by the subtle influence of Madame Roland, and her prejudices against Danton were unconquerable. She hated him because of his confession that he had organized the September massacres. She declared that he had the most depraved countenance, expressing the most hideous love of cruelty and daring that she had ever seen. At this time the potent Tribune often visited her residence, but she was never changed and never placated. She fomented those antagonisms, in which she was assisted by Buzot, and which finally again drove Danton into the ranks of Jacobinism.

After the conquest of Belgium by Dumourier and his triumphant entrance into Brussels, the Jacobins induced the Convention to take a most radical step. They proposed a decree which was a virtual declaration of war against the whole of royal and imperial Europe. "The Convention," said Danton grandly, "is the general Committee of Insurrection of all Nations."

The Convention was led away by the Mountain, despite the opposition of some Girondists. They passed a decree

of *propaganda*. That decree declared, and made obedience to its behests imperative upon all the armies and generals of the French Republic, "That they would grant support and fraternity to all those nations who wished to gain their national freedom." By this act, the Convention threw down the gauntlet against all despotisms and the whole feudal world. All French generals were authorized, on entering a foreign country, "to proclaim the sovereignty of the people, the abolition of all feudal services, and to *establish a Republican government*." The effect of these decrees upon the fortunes of the Republic and upon the Armies of France were incalculable. They transformed her soldiers into apostles and missionaries of liberty; divided foreign States, and opened the way to results which it took years of despotism and reaction to overcome.

The Girondists now became occupied in forming a new Constitution suitable to a Republic. They had been delegated to this work before the divisions between them and the Jacobins had become so marked. While they were thus engaged, the wily Jacobins, taking advantage of the discovered portfolios of Louis XVI., and to unmask before the people the "traitorous moderation," as they termed it, of the Girondists, determined to press for the trial of the King.

St. Just arose in the Convention, and amid breathless silence proclaimed that no ordinary law was applicable to so great a tyrant as Louis XVI. The Convention itself, he asserted, must judge the monarch. Robespierre, assisting his colleague, declared that the trial of Louis Capet would be an act of "National Providence."

The Girondists hesitated. The Constitution had guaranteed the King's inviolability, but successful Revolution had torn that document into shreds. They trembled at the thought of being accused of royalism. They were also taken by surprise and not prepared for united action. A decree was passed, which they did not venture to oppose, that the King should be summoned to the Bar of the Convention; that he should be tried by that body under the name of Louis Capet; and that whatever their judgment against him might be, it should be maintained as final.

The Girondists, by the subtle and ensnaring indulgence of the Jacobins, were permitted to frame the indictment against the abused monarch. It was largely based upon

the documents found in the secret recesses of the closet in the Tuileries, and contained some truths and many falsehoods. When the indictment was finished, despite the efforts of a few noble men, it was resolved that the King should *neither hear nor read it*, until he stood before the bar of the Convention. This great body, the National French Convention, actually refused to grant to Louis XVI.—about to be put on trial for his *life*—the privileges which the lowest criminal possesses in the United States and Great Britain, and those all-important privileges of having before trial a copy of the indictment against him given to him, and also legal counsel! The officers of justice were commanded to bring the King before the bar of the Convention upon the 11th of December, 1792. They received the order, and the Paris Commune prepared to obey the command.

The life of the royal family in the Temple had become increasingly embittered by cruelty. They had no access to the outer world. It was only by hints or abuse that they could follow, during August and September, the advance of the Allied armies. One day a commissioner in great rage entered the King's chamber. He shook his fist fiercely in the monarch's face. "Tyrant!" he yelled, "Verdun is taken, and the despots advance. We may all be slain, but before we die we will avenge ourselves by the destruction of you and your family."

Soon after this scene the King was separated from his family, and confined in a room by himself, only seeing those beloved beings at meal time and in the hour of exercise. His son was permitted to visit him. It was a severe blow, a great affliction to the distressed monarch, but he endured it with the same august, Christian patience which characterized him since his first entrance into the forbidding Temple.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE TRIAL OF LOUIS XVI.

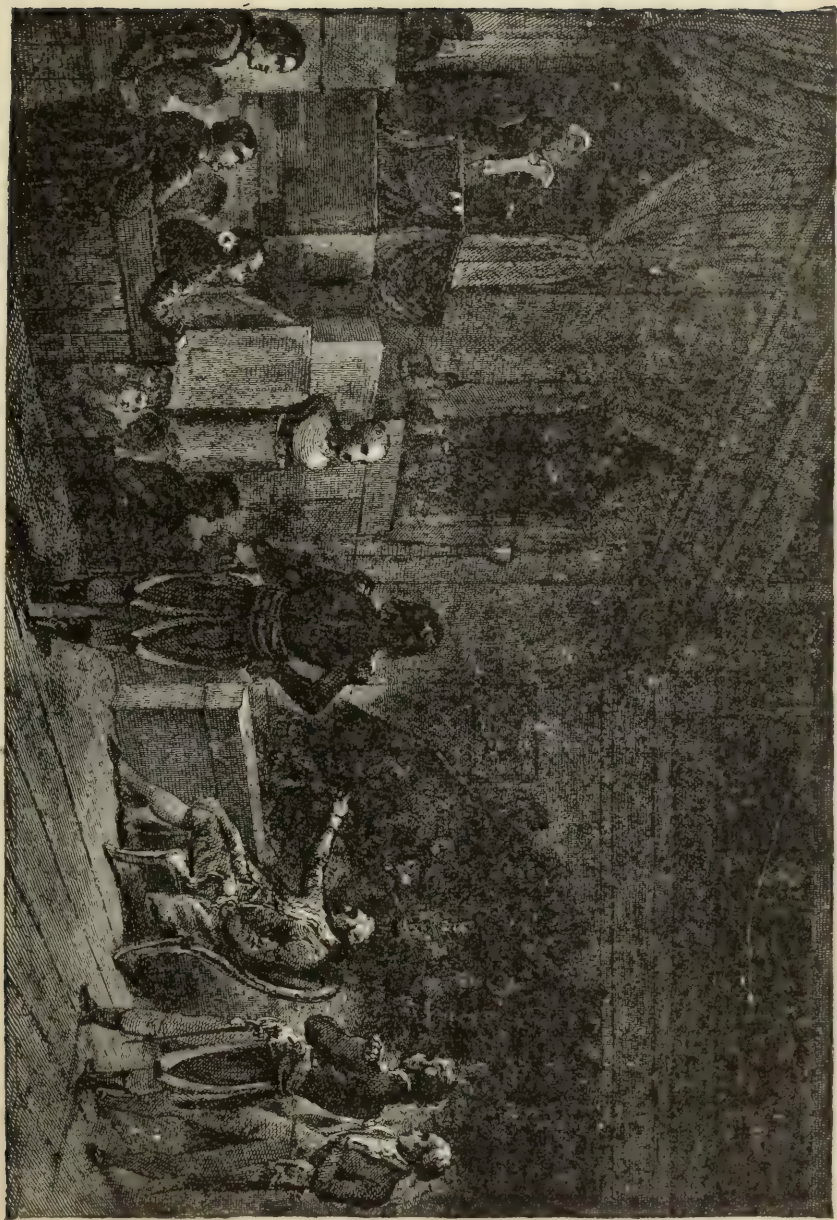
THE 11th of December dawned upon Paris with clouded skies and a depressing atmosphere. The air was chilly and damp. It was the day appointed for the King to appear before the bar of the Convention, to be tried for his life.

At an early hour the sinister sounds of rumbling artillery and the clatter of the hoofs of cavalry awakened all Paris. The sections were soon in motion. Ragged bands of unkempt pikemen came forth from their dens, and mingled on equal terms with the regular soldiers. They were assigned to the various bridges and quays in front of the Tuileries. Cannons were posted in the Carrousel, in the gardens of the Palace, on the Pont Neuf, the terraces of the Feuillans, and at every point of imagined danger.

As the day brightened, the turmoil increased. Armed battalions marched to their various posts, singing the *Marseillaise*, and crying "Vive la République," and some "Louis to the guillotine!" The city was filled with grief, terror, or rage as its inhabitants loved or hated the fallen monarch. The roll of the drums, the tramp of many armed feet, the cries of the pikemen, filled every Royalist's heart with fear.

At eight o'clock a battery of artillery entered the court of the frowning and gloomy Temple, accompanied by a body of cavalry, and drew up in silent array. The King was at breakfast with his family. While some rumors of his approaching trial had reached his ears, the Commune had with *Machiavellian* craft carefully excluded all details from Louis. The Queen and his sister were in entire ignorance. The roll of the drums below and confused tumult in the streets filled them with alarm, and they eagerly inquired of the surly attendants its cause. The insolent and unfeeling functionaries present deigned no reply whatever to their anxious inquiry. When the family separated at ten o'clock, the Dauphin accompanying his father began to playfully insist on the good King engaging with him in a

THE TRIAL OF LOUIS XVI., DECEMBER 11, 1792.



French game known as "Siam." The tender monarch hid his anxiety in his desire to please his only son. As the game proceeded the child said, half petulantly, "Papa, every time I have this point of sixteen I lose." The King turned pale and made no reply. It is hard to fortify even an humble and believing heart against sinister superstitions.

Presently several Representatives of the Commune entered the King's chamber and informed him he was about to be separated from his family, and conducted to the bar of the Convention to be tried for "high crimes and misdemeanors." He was commanded to take leave of his son, and was refused all access to his wife, his sister, and his sick daughter. The affectionate father in this dark hour of the coming trial felt this inhuman decree severely. He shed some tears, and earnestly pleaded that at least his little son might remain with him. "What, gentlemen!" he said pathetically, "surely you will not deprive me of the consolation of my son's presence at this time. Reflect that he is but a child of seven years." The brutal officers, seeming to rejoice in the suffering of royalty, sternly refused. The King raised his eyes to heaven to gather strength, and after with tender tears embracing his only son, who clung to him fondly, the weeping child was removed to the Queen's apartments. The refined tyranny of the heathen Nero never exceeded in cruelty this useless act of a suspicious and merciless faction.

For some time the King was so overcome by the affliction of this cruel separation that he could not speak. Seated at his table he bowed his head on his hands. When he finally raised it, his hands were wet with his tears. Presently he recovered his self-command and soon a resigned and heavenly calm illuminated his countenance and he became entirely composed. His imprisonment in the Temple had made Louis XVI. a religious hero, a suffering saint, and a sublimely calm and holy martyr. Bereft of his mortal crown, the crown of immortality began to shine resplendent upon his brow.

At noon, Chambon, Mayor of Paris, accompanied by Santerre, General of the National Guards, by Chaumette, Attorney-general, Columbar the Registrar of the Commune, and other officials entered the King's apartment. Columbar read in an insolent and yet feeble manner the decree of the Convention summoning the King to trial. As he read,

"Louis Capet shall be brought," the King replied calmly, "Capet is not my name. One of my ancestors bore it, but it is not the name of my family." Then addressing the Mayor, the King earnestly remonstrated at his separation from his family. "I could have wished," he said, "my son could have been left with me. But it is in this way I have been treated the past four months—outrages, abuse, and cruelty. I have patiently endured it all. I will now accompany you to the Convention, not in obedience to their mandate, but because they are stronger than I." He put on his brown great-coat, took his hat, and followed Santerre down to the court. A carriage had been prepared. Into this Louis XVI. entered, accompanied by Chaumette and other officers.

The cortège was soon formed. Six hundred men in files three deep surrounded the carriage. Cannons and cavalry led the way and closed it. Thirty members of the Commune followed in the rear. As the procession left the court of the Temple, the King cast his eyes pathetically up to the planked windows behind which was left all that was dear to him in this world,—his beloved Queen and family.

Paris was stirred on this eventful day to its very depths. In the abodes of royalism there was weeping, prostration, and prayer. Royalist young men were filled with desperation and rage. The ruffian bands of the Faubourgs, half inebriated with wine, and threatening violence to all who sympathized with the King, thronged the streets. Many doors and windows were closed, but the Rue St. Honore was crowded with a multitude who exhibited remorse and dismay on their faces, and who looked upon the monarch after his four months' imprisonment with pity. The trees, the verandas, the iron railings of the Tuileries, all were black with people. As the King entered the Carrousel the masses were still more dense, but there was a sombre silence, and a funereal look was manifested upon the faces of the whole vast multitude. The Revolution shuddered as it approached its abyss of blood and immolation. Louis XVI. gazed with a tranquil eye upon the scene and conversed placidly with his escort. He marked the changes made by the Revolution, and gazed with interest upon the Republican emblems which had replaced his own monogram and crown. It was one o'clock when the tedious journey ended and the hall of the Convention was reached.

Within that body all was gloomy expectation. The volatile and treacherous Barrere was President of the day. With a foolishness characteristic of the man, and an air of aping the Roman Senate when it awaited the Gauls, Barrere had announced that the King was to be received in "awful silence." "Citizens," said Legendre, "when Louis appears let there reign the silence of the tomb." The King was conducted by Santerre into the "Chambre des Goncourt." It was announced to the President that the monarch awaited without, to be brought to the bar. The President commanded his appearance, and the King, calm and serene, entered in the midst of *gens-d'armes*. A profound silence greeted him, a silence alike of the Jacobins, the Girondists, and the Moderates. But though silent the deputies of the Convention exhibited on their faces the lively emotions that filled their hearts. The King was seated.

Barrere arose, and after a pause said : "Louis, the French Nation accuses you of having committed various crimes to re-establish your tyranny on the ruins of liberty. The National Convention has decreed that you shall be tried, and its members are to be your judges. You will hear the accusation read, and after that, you will answer the questions that shall be asked." The King continued serene and silent. The act of accusation was a recital of the previous events of the Revolution. How the King had conspired in the States Generals to thwart the will of the people ; how he had gathered an army at Versailles to suppress the righteous attempts of the nation to become free ; how he had connived at the emigration and at the banquet of the 5th of October at his palace. The document continuing claimed to show how he had corresponded with his brothers and endeavored to arouse foreign nations ; how he had secretly armed the Royalists at Coblenz ; and how he had incited the war against the liberties of France now being carried on by Austria and Prussia. It was asserted that he and his wife were entirely insincere in accepting the Constitution ; that he fled to Varennes to place himself at the head of the army of Bouille and to march on Paris to restore his absolute reign. It further detailed that the King had incited the invasion of the Duke of Brunswick, and how he and his treacherous Austrian wife had used every underhanded means to assure the success of those hateful despots the King of Prussia and the German Emperior. Truth and falsehood

were ingeniously intermingled in these accusations. The reader of this history can himself judge how far they were correct. To these various charges the King replied with dignity and calmness, refuting some of the accusations and explaining others ; but insisting on his sincerity and fidelity. He said that if he went to Varennes it was to free himself from the factions of Paris, and restore Constitutional Liberty ; that he had urged the emigrants to return and become reconciled to the new era ; and that he had in the previous May declared war against the King of Bohemia and Hungary, his near relation, from a sincere desire to preserve the independence of Constitutional France.

Though, with shameful meanness and cruelty, the Convention had kept Louis up to that very moment from any knowledge of these various charges, and though it had expended all its care and talents in concocting and framing the accusations, yet totally unprepared as he was, the King's extemporaneous answers seemed so candid and convincing, that his friends rejoiced, and his enemies were filled with the most malignant rage that baffled hate can exhibit. When Valèze,—the very man who afterwards stabbed himself to escape the guillotine,—placed before Louis the documents found in the secret cabinet of the King in the Tuileries, the dethroned monarch acknowledged some, and denied others, and still made an increasingly favorable impression on the Convention.

That the King at times had been insincere, that he had more than once in the midst of the abuse and indignities of the past four dreadful years,—with his Queen insulted, his children abused, his sister outraged in feeling, his crown, life, and happiness threatened by an unreasoning and ferocious mob,—sighed for the old absolute life of repose, dignity, respect, and power, is but to declare him a man and human. Had the Revolution paused in 1791 ; had it treated Louis XVI. with confidence and respect as a Constitutional monarch ; had the Jacobin and Cordelier clubs been disbanded, and the fury of Marat and the craft of Robespierre been relegated to impotency and obscurity, we believe that the King, and even the aristocratic Queen, would have accepted the new liberty, and reigned as monarchs loyal to Constitutional Freedom. When Barrere accused Louis of distributing money to the poor with the treacherous purpose of increasing his own popularity, at

first the monarch was so shocked that he was speechless. Then tears suffused his eyes; his voice quivered; and finally he replied: "I always took pleasure in relieving those who were in want, but in this I never had any treacherous purposes." The Convention was profoundly moved by this pathetic answer, and even the fiercest Jacobins present were for a moment humbled, and silenced. Finally the President announced to the King that if he had any requests to make he could now present them. "I desire," said Louis XVI. earnestly, "to have a copy of the accusations, and the papers upon which they are founded. I also ask counsel of my own nomination." The President replied in softer tones that the copies were already decreed, and as to the counsel, that that would be the immediate consideration of the Convention, and that a report should at once be made to him of their decision.

While all eyes were fixed intently upon him,—the eyes of the stern Robespierre and the unfeeling St. Just; the eyes of the misguided Danton and the deluded Vergniaud,—Louis XVI. arose, put on his brown great-coat, and amid the respectful silence of his judges followed Santerre to the court below.

As the guards were forming, the King, who was of a very robust habit and voracious appetite, through his bodily necessities felt extremely fatigued and hungry. He saw a soldier hand to Chaumette, one of his escort, a loaf of bread. The hunger of the monarch was so extreme that it overcame his dignity. He approached Chaumette and whispered to him, requesting a piece of bread. "Speak louder," said the deputy, alarmed by a fear that he might be accused of collusion with the King; "what is it you desire?" The monarch in a low tone informed him. Even Chaumette, despite all his radical Republicanism, was yet a *man*. For a moment he was profoundly affected. He blushed and stammered. "'Tis a Spartan meal. Take half," he said to the King, "were it but a root, I would heartily divide it with you," and the iron atheist wiped away a tear.

Surrounded by the same cortège, the King returned to the Temple. He again noticed with interest, as he rode along, the changes in the streets. When the escort approached the Rue d'Orleans he mentioned the name. One of the deputies in the carriage said, "It is now the Rue d'Egalité."

"Oh," said the monarch calmly, "I understand." The treachery of the Duke of Orleans, his near relative, did not affect the prepared soul of Louis XVI.

While this conversation was taking place, surrounding the King's carriage were sombre soldiers, and beyond their lines an excited multitude filling the streets and avenues through which he passed. Many were silent and sad, but the *canaille* of the city danced the Carmagnole, sang "*Ça Ira*," and shouted, "To the guillotine with Louis."

On the King's return to the Temple, he again persistently and using every argument of a husband and a father, pleaded with the attending deputy for an interview with his beloved family. The deputy was moved. He visited the Commune and laid before that body the request of the monarch, but he was refused. He returned and, much affected, informed the King of the adverse decision. "But my little son, he surely can sleep with me," said the distressed King. "Your son," replied the deputy, "is part of your family, and it cannot be." With a sigh the King submitted.

The Commune of Paris, composed of hardened infidels, showed at this moment its total brutality. The Convention stood aloof, dealing only with the "political crimes" which it charged upon Louis, and left to this ferocious, atheistic, ignorant and malignant *gang*, the care of the King's person and family. All that the vilest rage of envy and vice could suggest was therefore heaped on the heads of the fallen majesty of France.

Let the American reader, the humane, the decent reader contemplate the monstrous and senseless inhumanity of this denial. That the King wished to see his family freely was in the course of the tenderest human nature. That even by a constant daily intercourse the trial of the monarch could be affected was impossible. His wife, his children, his sister were unprotected captives, guarded like himself, and entirely destitute of any communication with, or power over, the outside world. They loved the husband and the father. That father was as tender as any father who may read this book. He was on trial for his life. But he was cruelly separated from the consolation of his dear ones, and not a word about his trial was sent to the distracted Marie Antoinette and his weeping family. They were, so far as the inhuman Commune could compass it, kept in total ignorance

of the accusations against that King, husband, and father, who was to them all that could be sacred or beloved. This fact, and the facts I shall relate in this history, in their tremendous wickedness and cruelty, have done more to condemn *popular atheistic* government, the horrible devilism of Jacobinism, and all its brood, than all the feudalisms and tyrannies of a thousand years to condemn absolute despotisms. For fifty years the memory of these heartless cruelties made the word "republic" a stench in the nostrils of the European world.

When the King departed from the Convention, an exciting scene ensued. The motion was immediately put to allow him counsel of his own choice. The malignant and energetic fury of the Jacobins of the Mountain opposed the motion with the most vehement abuse and shameful attacks upon the King. Finding their efforts in vain upon the majority of the Convention, they changed their tactics and then insisted upon only one counsel for the monarch's defense. This motion was also defeated, and finally the members decreed that Louis should have counsel of his own selection, the number not being specified. A third tyrannical effort was made by the Mountain, assisted by persons from the Commune, to place in the room with Louis and his counsel a guard, to sequester the King in a locked apartment, to forbid all ordinary means of defense, and to render the victim helpless. But the Convention refused to pass these atrocious resolutions,—made by men, every one of whom were hideous atheists,—and more humanely moved for a committee to await upon Louis in the Temple, and to communicate to him that he could, from any source he liked, select freely his defenders, and without limit.

On the 12th of December this committee visited the King. Louis named Malesherbes, his former minister, and Target. The first, one of the ancient Roman philosophers and thinkers in a modern dress, a man of loyal and pitying heart but of cold and clear mind, was then seventy-two years old. Malesherbes could be called the Franklin of France. He had rejected Christianity and had modeled his life after Socrates, the morning star of Platonism, and Marcus Aurelius, the best of the products of Stoicism. When Malesherbes heard that the King had selected him as one of his defenders, he did not hesitate, though he fully comprehended his danger.

Target, on the contrary, possessed by cowardly and selfish

fears, upon the plea of ill health basely refused, and afterward perished on the guillotine amid the jeers and contempt of mankind. Napoleon while an exile at St. Helena, in referring to the King's defenders, severely condemned the cowardice of Target. But a number of lawyers came to the assistance of the stricken Bourbon, and proved how noble, true, and self-sacrificing are many members of that grand profession. Tronchet at once assented, and De Seze, one of the most eloquent advocates of France, undertook the public defense of the accused monarch.

Malesherbes was introduced that same day into the Temple. He was searched for fear that he might convey poison to the King, but with the respect due to his age, his reputation, and his fidelity.

Presently the door of the King's chamber was opened, and the former minister stood in the presence of his unfortunate master. Louis was seated and reading Tacitus. When he turned and saw Malesherbes he sprang from his chair and embraced him. "Ah!" he said, "in what a situation do you find me. Your devotion only endangers your life, and cannot serve me." Malesherbes, overcome by the contrast between the King's former grandeur as autocratic sovereign of France, and his present danger and humiliation, burst into tears and wept freely. Recovering his calmness he endeavored to give Louis some hope of justice, but the King was incredulous. "No," he said, "they will condemn me, for they possess both the power and the will." The coadjutors of Malesherbes were Tronchet and De Seze. From the 12th until the 23d of December (every day) these indefatigable advocates visited the King and, though in the presence of guards and spies, the Convention having accorded them access to the documents against the Monarch, they carefully prepared his defense. The King's counsel were indefatigable and faithful. They sifted every accusation and drew up every possible explanation, in defiance of all that might befall themselves in the future by this devoted discharge of their duty.

During this interval Louis, deprived of the consolation of his family, led a calm and religious life. He was often in prayer, frequently in meditation, and he carefully read from Hume the life and death of Charles the First, as though to fortify himself to encounter that monarch's fate. De Seze, because of his learning, his labor, his fidelity, and his courage,

in defense of the King, will ever be honored. At length, in the midst of many exciting scenes in Paris, and movements and threats of the Jacobin clubs, while the vain sighs and tears of the unhappy royal family, to see the beloved husband and father, might constantly be heard and seen, the supreme moment for his public defense came. But previous to this memorable day the King, entertaining no illusions of hope, and firmly believing that his destruction was a certainty because of the insane malignity of the factions, drew up his will. It is exactly reproduced in the memoirs of Beauchesne. The writer has often carefully perused it. He has often looked at those first words, "Au nom de la tres Sainte Trinite"; at those words, all in the King's handwriting, "Moi Louis XVI. du nom Roy de France"; at those other words which every French Catholic can interpret, "Je meurs dans l'union de notre Sainte Mère Eglise Catholique et Romaine." It is fully reproduced in the *Moniteur* for January, 1793. That beautiful document will forever exhibit, bright as the light, the Christian character of the afflicted monarch.

During this sad period we will not lose sight of the royal family. From December 11, 1792, until January 20, 1793, they had no personal interview with the King. Such pitiful expedient as a string let down through a portion of a skylight had been suggested, and had been utilized. By means of this contrivance the King could communicate with his wife by brief epistles. But love found other means of correspondence. The Princess Elizabeth sent him a note written with a needle, in which she entreated the King to send her but one word in his own handwriting. Clery communicated that desire to the monarch in the evening. The King now had pen, ink, and paper. He wrote a brief letter, and an answer was brought back rolled in a ball of thread. One day Clery obtained the rare privilege, through the favor of a kind Municipal, of seeing the Princess. It was with the utmost secrecy that he appeared. Madame Elizabeth gave him a handkerchief. "You will keep this," she said, "as long as my brother is well; if he is ill, you will send it to me." The degree of illness was to be indicated by the way in which it was folded. The faithful valet told the Princess the circumstances of the King's appearance at the bar of the Convention. That devoted sister wept in anguish, and when Clery said there was a hope that they would merely banish

the King, she replied piteously : " I have no hope. He will perish for his goodness."

On the 26th of December, the defense having been completed, Louis a second time, but with his counsel by his side, appeared at the bar of the Convention. The streets were again lined with troops and filled with a multitude covering every available place. The Jacobin element swarmed in hideous squalor, lifting their pikes, and threatening the monarch ; but the masses were quiet and sad. When De Seze arose to defend the King he was received by the Convention with deep silence. They listened with respect and attention to his eloquent plea. A consummate orator, he recounted the sacrifices which Louis had made for liberty. When the people demanded a States General he gave it to them ; he had dismissed his troops in July, 1789, from the environs of the capital ; he had accepted heartily the vast changes made on the 4th of August, of the same year. Though his power was limited, the property of the church confiscated, the control of the army practically taken from his hands, yet the King had loyally accepted the Constitution, and was faithful to the liberties of the French people. De Seze reminded the Convention that the Constitution had made the King's person inviolable, and had rendered him free from all responsibility on account of the acts of his ministers. Speaking of the defense of the palace by the Swiss on the 10th of August, the eloquent advocate said : " Was the monarch under the necessity of submitting to an armed multitude ? Was he constrained by law to yield to force ? Was not the power which he held in the Constitution a deposit for the preservation of which he was answerable to the Nation ? The magistrates themselves authorized all that he did, yet the King, unwilling to shed blood, forsook his palace, and sought shelter for himself and his family in the bosom of the Legislative Assembly. If a combat followed, if citizens were slain, it was not by his order, but by the acts of the people themselves. As soon as he heard the firing, he sent orders to stop the combat. There is, therefore, a crying injustice in charging him with the blood of the 10th of August. In truth, his conduct in that particular was above reproach." The concluding words of De Seze were worthy of Demosthenes. With flushed face and clear pathetic voice he for a moment enthralled by the magic of his eloquence the most obdurate of the King's

enemies. "Louis," he said, "mounted the throne at the age of twenty, and even then he set the example of an irreproachable life. He was governed by no weakness or corrupted passion; he was economical, just, and severe. He proved himself from the beginning a friend of his country. The people desired the removal of a destructive tax, he removed it; they wished the abolition of servitude, he abolished it in his domain; they prayed for a reform in the criminal law, he reformed it; they demanded that thousands of Frenchmen whom the rigor of our usage had excluded from political rights should enjoy them, he conceded them; they longed for liberty, he gave it. He even anticipated their wishes, and yet it is this same people who now demand his punishment. I add no more. I pause before the Tribunal of History. Remember, it will judge your decision, and that it will be the voice of ages." As De Seze concluded, a deep sigh seemed to come from the very heart of the Convention. Robespierre, Danton, St. Just, as well as Lanjuinais and Vergniaud, every party and faction within that great body, alike felt the spell of those majestic words.

The King now arose, and in a calm voice he said with dignity: "You have heard my defense. I will not recapitulate it. When addressing you probably for the last time, I declare to you that my conscience has nothing to reproach itself with, and my defenders have said nothing but the truth. I have no fears for the public examination of my conduct, but my heart bleeds at the accusation brought against me of having been the cause of the misfortunes of my people, and most of all of having shed their blood on the 10th of August. The multiplied proofs I have given in every period of my reign of my love for my people, and the manner in which I have conducted myself toward them, might, I had hoped, have saved me from these accusations." With these final words the King and his counsel withdrew.

Louis heartily embraced his heroic and able defender. "This," he said to M. De Seze in a transport of gratitude, "is true eloquence! I am now at ease, I shall have an honored memory. The French will regret my death." During the King's return journey to the Temple, he calmly conversed on Livy and Tacitus. His route was through the ranks of an armed force of a hundred thousand men.

In some places he was met by solemn silence ; in others noisy crowds shouted "À la guillotine !" But Louis rested under the wings of the Almighty and heeded not. As he descended from the carriage in the court of his prison, the Procureur rudely kept on his hat, a piece of insolence which that official had hitherto avoided. The King coolly said : " You had forgotten your hat the last time you attended me, but you have been more careful of your health on this occasion." Observing the same officer waving his hat to some persons beyond him, Louis said, " I suppose these are citizens of your section." " No," replied the Procureur insultingly, " they do not belong to my section, but they are members of the General Council of the 10th of August, whom I always see with pleasure." To these unfeeling remarks, the King, habituated to abuse, made no reply, and ascended to his prison house, from which he was to emerge no more until he was conducted to the scaffold.

As soon as he reached his own apartment the King sent a hasty note to his weeping and agonized family in order to relieve their anxiety as to his present safety. Presently his three counsel, Malesherbes, Tronchet, and De Seze, entered his apartment. The King arose from a hasty meal and gave to these faithful friends a cordial greeting. He held a brief conversation with them in his bed-room. The monarch was under no illusions. Though his counsel held out strong hopes of his acquittal, the King declared that he was convinced that his death was already decided upon by his enemies. " This day," he said, " has deprived me of all hope, and that is the reason why you find me so calm. The struggle is over. They have sent me back to the Temple, because time was required to give a judicial appearance to their sentence, which is already fully resolved on."

Before returning to the sessions of the Convention, their debates, and fatal decision, it is well at this point to describe to the reader the holy and resigned life of the doomed Prince while his antagonists were discussing his doom.

Louis XVI. arose about seven each morning and spent an hour in prayer and religious meditation. After his breakfast, he retired to his closet, and when not consulting with his counsel, who had free access to him, he read history. Tacitus and Hume were his favorite authors, the one as the

historian of severity and courage, the other, as giving to him the life and death of Charles the First as an example for himself. The day passed,—alternated by exercise,—in meditation, in prayer, in reading, and in communication by letter with his family.

On the 27th of December, De Seze conveyed to the King a copy of his speech in the monarch's defense, which had just been published. Another copy, by the aid of a kind municipal named Vincent, was given to the Queen.

On Tuesday, January 1, 1793, Clery, his devoted servant, entering the King's bed-room early, fell in tears upon his knees, seized and kissed the monarch's hand, and fervently wished that another New Year's day might see the termination of his sorrow and the restoration of his authority. "I thank you for these kind wishes," said Louis affectionately. As soon as dressed the King begged a municipal officer to convey to his wife and family his benediction, and to offer them his best wishes for the New Year. The guard conveyed his message, and the devoted response of his faithful family. "Alas!" sighed the King, "what a New Year's day!"

When Malesherbes conveyed to Louis the various speeches made each session by the Convention, which was now excitedly debating concerning his fate, the King read the printed reports with imperturbable calmness. A Municipal Guard said to Malesherbes, "How can you, the friend of Louis, venture to show him the writings and speeches in which he is so constantly abused?" Malesherbes replied, "Louis XVI. is not like other men." "Indeed," says Beauchesne, "vacillating as the King had shown himself on his throne, his fortitude and imperturbable composure ever since his first appearance at the bar of the Convention excited in an eminent degree the admiration of his counsel. The frenzied declamations of the Tribune, the sanguinary orgies of the press, shocked him, not as outbreaks of hatred and menace against himself, but as a shame and disgrace to humanity at large." He read day by day all the speeches that were made in the Convention denouncing him, and calling in violent terms for his death, as well as those which were of a favorable character. "What do you think," he would say, "of the speeches of St. Just, Robespierre, and Danton?" "I have no words," Clery replied, "to express my horror, but

you, Sire, how can your Majesty read them?" It was in the recess of the room that Clery ventured to use once more the forbidden terms "Majesty," and "Sire." "I see in them," Louis XVI. calmly replied, "how far the wickedness of man can go, and I never could have imagined there was such in the world."

One day when his counsel came into the room he said, "Did you meet, gentlemen, the White Lady in the neighborhood of the Temple?" "No, Sire," replied Malesherbes, surprised. "What!" said the King with a sad smile; "do you not know that, according to tradition, whenever a Prince of my race is about to die, a lady clad all in white wanders around the palace?"

From his nightly correspondence with the Queen, Louis heard that his tender daughter Marie Theresa was ill. He forgot at once his danger and his trial in his profound anxiety for her. That night in his conversation with his counsel he gave, with quivering voice, this beautiful testimony to the worth of his family: "In the midst of all my sorrows," said the fated monarch, "Providence has given to me many kind and tender consolations. Much of the happiness of my life I owe to my Queen, my children, and my sister. I will not speak of my children, unfortunate as they are at their age; nor of my sister, whose life has been one unvaried course of devotion, courage, and affection. Nothing could separate her from me. She has clung to me in misfortune, as others attached themselves to my prosperity. But I wish to speak on a subject," continued the pious King, "which gives the keenest pain to my heart. I mean the unjust opinions of the Queen entertained by my subjects. If they only knew her value and her excellence, they would revere and love her. But for a long time back, by spreading calumnies among the people, her enemies and mine have taught the nation to hate her." The monarch spoke feelingly of his wife's introduction to his court, her youth and inexperience, her friends the Princess Lamballe and Duchess de Polignac, and how that every object of her affections had been the victim of the most atrocious calumnies. "Unfortunate Princess!" he exclaimed: "in espousing me she had the prospect of a throne, and now what a future lies before her!" As he uttered these words the King shed tears.

Among the changing municipal guards, while many were

rude and insulting, there were a few who were secret Royalists, and beneath the uniform and scarf of the republican official cherished a devoted pity and loyalty. On Monday, the 7th of January, one of these secret Royalists found himself for a moment alone with the King. The young man approached Louis in a humble and hesitating manner, and addressed him as he might have been addressed in the olden times at Versailles. "I should be greatly distressed, Sire," he said, "should my presence disturb your Majesty. I must do my duty, but, Sire, do not think I could ever wish to offer insult to one who has been the Sovereign of France, and still has it in his power to make me happy." "Alas," said Louis XVI., "I can do nothing for you." "Excuse me, Sire," said the guard, bowing respectfully, "but the least thing that has once been yours will be most precious to me." Louis took his gloves and gave them to the devoted municipal. The Guard seized them with rapture, kissed them, hid them in his attire, returned to his post, and when others appeared was again the silent and seemingly stern republican official. Such touching exhibitions of devotion were not unfrequent among those who wore the tri-colored plume, and alleviated the monotony of abuse, insolence, and disrespect endured by Louis XVI. So the early part of January passed by. Except the distress he felt on account of his daughter's illness, the King's life was calm and serene.

Louis read day by day the speeches made in the Convention, and all the newspapers, which were now sent to him in abundance.

On the 16th of January there was a sinister change. Four municipal officers entered his room and told him that by a decree of the Convention he was to be guarded day and night, and that they were to remain at his bedside. "Is my sentence pronounced?" inquired the King. He could obtain no satisfactory answer. For several days the King's counsel had shown increasing anxiety. They became pale, haggard, and sad. On this day, when Malesherbes entered the apartment, he informed the King that all was not as yet decided, and that there might be some avenue of escape. But that night the fatal voting commenced.

On the same evening the chimney of a room inhabited by a wood carrier in the Temple caught fire. The flames were soon extinguished. "What alarms you so much?" said

Clery to one of the municipal guards. "They have set fire to the Temple," replied the officer vehemently, "and it has been done on purpose to save Capet during the confusion, but I have had the walls surrounded by a strong guard, so that the tyrant shall not escape."

Suspicion and fear were now increasingly manifested by the guardians of the King, and a rigid watch was kept from this hour upon all his movements.

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE TRIAL OF LOUIS XVI.; CONTINUED.

WE must now take the reader back to the 26th of December, 1792, and to the moment in the Assembly when De Seze had closed his able defense and the King had departed. The spell of silence was soon broken, and the various factions burst forth into their usual fury. Manuel arose and proposed that the King's defense be immediately printed, and that a copy be sent to each of the eighty-one Departments of France. He also advocated that all discussion of it should be postponed for three days. The winds that burst forth from the fabled caves of Æolus, as described by the poet Virgil, were not more terrible than the uproar which instantly followed this proposal. Duheme rushed to the tribune and cried out that Louis had now been heard; that there was no further pretext for any longer delay, and he insisted that the Convention immediately proceed, by the nominal appeal, to pronounce judgment.

The Jacobins of the Mountain vehemently applauded this speech, but the Girondists were filled with indignation. The eloquent Lanjuinais arose. "The time is past," he said, "when bloody-minded men can force the Convention by threats to pass degrading decrees. Do they expect that we shall disgrace ourselves by pronouncing judgment without having time to weigh the defense of the accused?" These words only increased the rage of the Mountain. Some called out to send the bold orator to the Abbaye as an enemy to the heroes of the 10th of August. Pale but determined, Lanjuinais attempted to explain himself. The clamor was terrific and almost drowned his voice, and he could with all his efforts only modify the outbursts of wrath against him. Legendre and the Mountain recommenced their outcries for "Judgment, and immediate judgment." "Do you intend," shouted Kersaint, "to act as judges or butchers?" The mob in the galleries, boisterous, vindictive, profane, and threatening, yelled, "Death to the tyrant!" and called for his instant condemnation. The Girondists,

the men of moderation and respectability, were for a moment amazed, and many were shaken and daunted.

Meanwhile, amid all this excitement, Ferraud, the President of the day, calmly kept his seat, strove to assuage the clamor, and finally, as the fury exhausted itself, invited Petion to ascend the Tribune, rightly judging that the great popularity of that Girondist leader would obtain for him a hearing.

At the first words Petion uttered, the Mountain began to cry, "Down with King Petion!" "We will not have Petion's opinions," cried Duheme, seconded by Marat. But the Girondist leader stood his ground, and in an eloquent speech explained the necessity of delay. "Is it thus, citizens," he said, "that the great interests of a nation are discussed? Have we not sworn we would no longer have a King, who would violate his oath? Who would wish for a King—No one?" "At these words the whole Convention rose and cried, "No, no, none, never!" The Duke of Orleans distinguished himself above his colleagues by prolonging this "oath of hatred to royalty," and waving his hat with seeming enthusiasm. "But," continued Petion, "here we have not to pronounce upon royalty abolished, nor the fate of a King; we have to pronounce upon the fate of a man. You have made yourselves judges,—you must judge with a full knowledge of facts. The real friends of liberty and justice are those who desire to examine before they judge."

To a reflective mind the necessity for such a speech carries its own solemn lessons. In the threatened injustice of the atheists, who constituted the majority of the Mountain; in their exhibition of a tyrannical rage which exceeded that of the worst despotisms of the past; in their demoniac attempt to stifle all debate, to prevent all delay, and to carry by terror and clamor the suffrages of the Convention for the King's death,—there is presented to the American citizen a most instructive spectacle of what Republicanism becomes without God.

The constant purpose of the Jacobins was to carry all before them through terror. Their object was to terrorize the representatives, to terrorize the people, and to terrorize the defenders of the King. It was secret terror which paralyzed more than one member of the Convention, and hurried on measures that constitute the remorse of a nation.

Though Petion and the Girondists succeeded in carrying a vote for delay, yet every possible agency was unscrupulously employed by the Jacobins, to insure the condemnation of Louis XVI. Paris was stirred to its depths, while the clubs of the Jacobins and Cordeliers rang with the most rabid speeches against the monarch. Bands of Sans Culottes paraded the streets, crying "Death to the tyrant!" Marat and Robespierre, Danton and Camille Desmoulins, inflamed by violent orations those whom they termed the patriots. Mobs of men and women congregated in the alleys and courts leading to the hall of the Convention, and while they applauded those members who were calling and vehemently laboring for the King's execution, they hissed and abused those who showed pity or moderation toward the unhappy monarch. From the 26th of December, 1792, until the 16th of January, 1793, these debates and agitations continued.

In one address St. Just assaulted the King with fierce invectives. He accused him of being a perfidious and deceitful tyrant. "If he convoked the States General," St. Just declared, "it was only to humble the nobility, and reign by their division with more autocratic power than before. On those great days of freedom, the 14th of July, 1789, and the 5th of October, he had provided secretly the means of defeating the people; but when the energy of the patriots had nullified his plans, he had hypocritically made a virtue of necessity. Since that time, rendered impatient as to force, he had constantly endeavored, by every subterfuge and secret conspiracy, to overthrow liberty and restore his tyranny. His language, his life, his constitutional professions, were alike insincere. He had employed money to corrupt Mirabeau, to corrupt the army, to corrupt the people. The French," he said, "long loved the King who was preparing their slavery. He has since slain those who held him in their foremost affections. The people will no more revolt if the King is just, than the sea will rise if it is not agitated by the winds." The eloquence of the stern and youthful St. Just awakened thunders of applause from the Mountain.

When Robespierre ascended the Tribune every eye was fixed upon him. Elegant in attire, and with his ascetic countenance lit up by the strong emotions of the hour, he yet spoke coldly and calmly. He entered into the politi-

cal necessity of punishing the King. "There are sacred forms," he said, "unknown to the bar; there are indestructible principles superior to the common maxims. Louis was condemned long before this trial. It was in his overthrow and the destruction of his royalty." After employing many malignant sophistries, Robespierre asserted: that "The humanity which trembles in the presence of the accused, the clemency which compounds with tyranny, is the worst kind of oppression."

The Convention presented to itself three questions for discussion:

1. Is Louis Capet guilty of conspiring against the liberties of the French?
2. Shall the vote of the Convention be submitted to the ratification of the people?
3. What shall be the sentence?

When the first question was put there was almost an unanimous vote in the affirmative. It was then seen how little lasting was the impression which the powerful plea of De Seze had made upon the minds of the Legislators.

On the question of an appeal to the people, there was much debate and division. The Girondists largely favored the appeal, and Vergniaud made an impassioned address, strongly advocating the measure. The silvery and fascinating eloquence of this great orator affected all his colleagues. Brissot employed his resources of awakening and convincing speech in the same direction. Lanjuinais spoke with emotional vehemence yet with a profound insight into the right of such a step. Sillery, hitherto the friend of the Duke of Orleans, withdrawing from that Prince now began to cast his lot in with those who favored moderation. But when the vote was announced it was found, to the consternation of even men of courage and action in the moderate party, that while two hundred and eighty-one had voted for the appeal, four hundred and twenty-three voices had been uttered against it.

The result was received with cries of "Death," from the people in the galleries, and with howls of joy from the Jacobins of the Mountain. The King's counsel, who were present, trembled and lost hope. With pale faces they recognized that his doom was sealed. Malesherbes almost wept.

It was now the 16th of January. At length the final great session commenced. The question before the Convention was, "What punishment shall Louis Capet suffer?"

All Europe, France, and Paris were hanging breathless on the decision. The royal family in the Temple were filled with dread and agony, and among the millions of the nation the heart of the King alone was calm, submissive, and resigned. Seven hundred and forty-nine deputies were present. It was Wednesday when the question was put. The Girondists in many earnest orations advocated that there should be a two-thirds vote in order to decide the King's fate. They had warred against a King and a royalty. These were abolished, they now only saw in Louis a helpless man, and they believed that he could be banished or imprisoned with entire safety to the Republic.

The Jacobins, however, hated the whole royal race. They yet feared the discrowned monarch and believed that it was necessary to cast down in defiance the head of a King before Europe, and to cement by his blood the foundations of Liberty. All the efforts of the Girondists to procure a two-thirds vote were fiercely resisted, and the Mountain triumphed. The session now became one of great excitement. Outside of the Convention all the lobbies and halls were filled with the most abandoned ruffians of Paris. The galleries, doors, and empty spaces were crowded with a shrieking, cursing, and furious mass of people incessantly yelling, "Death!" and uttering the most frightful threats against any who should balk them of their prey. The deputies, agitated and restless, kept constantly moving to and fro; now earnestly consulting in groups, and now writing, and now erasing, until called upon to vote.

At eight o'clock on Wednesday evening, the 16th of January, 1793, the voting on the life of Louis commenced. The tremendous scene is fully described in the daily *Moniteurs* of that eventful period. The first votes heard by the Convention gave hope to the friends of the King. Death and banishment were equally divided. All night Wednesday, their figures obscurely seen by the dim light of ill-trimmed lamps, the deputies ascended the tribune; one by one, with their voice they declared their vote. Some prefaced their suffrage with a speech; some simply uttered their will. "Long night," says Carlyle, "wears itself into day; morning's paleness is spread over all faces, and again the winter shadows sink and the dim lamps are lit; but through day, and night, and the vicissitudes of hours, mem-

ber after member is mounting continually these tribune steps." The cries of the multitude without; the fierce threats of destruction hurled against the friends of the tyrant, as they were stigmatized; the "bellowing" (to use Carlyle's forcible expression) of the Jacobins, terrorized even stout hearts. The terrific clamor shook the souls of the Girondists. Against their expressed convictions and with painful inconsistency, when their turn arrived Vergniaud, Brissot, Petion, Barbaroux, and other leaders of the moderate party voted for death. "*Death*," said Vergniaud, "and never did words weigh more sadly upon my heart." Even the Jacobins were astonished and could not repress a murmur at these striking manifestations of speaking one way, and acting another. "These are your orators," said Danton, in an undertone, and with a scornful smile, "sublime in language and base in action. What is to be done with such men? Do not talk to me! *That party is destroyed!*" But other Girondists were faithful to their convictions, and could not be intimidated. Condorcet, Kersaint, Lanjuinais, Sillery, Salles, and many more voted for banishment. The Mountain, led by Robespierre, almost unanimously voted for death. The twenty-one deputies of Paris, including Danton, Marat, and David the artist, filed up to the tribune amid deep murmurs, or loud applause, and their voices could be heard monotonously pronouncing "death"—"death." But Manuel voted for banishment, and even the younger Robespierre took the merciful side. The Duke of Orleans, that recreant Prince of the blood and so closely allied to the King, was the last to ascend the tribune. Every eye gazed upon this infamous apostate. The Convention anticipated that, forgetting his hatred against Louis and his ambition, the Duke would listen to the pleadings of the voices of nature and of blood, and refuse to vote for the death of his kinsman. All the Convention would have pardoned such a vote as banishment if given by the Duke. But the hardened and insensible Prince calmly said: "Solely occupied with my duty and convinced that all who have conspired against the sovereignty of the people are worthy of death—I vote for death." A shudder shook the whole Convention. Nature asserted herself in the hearts of the fiercest Jacobins, and they turned from the defiled Philippe Egalite, as he had dubbed himself, with horror and disgust. That evening Robespierre in the house

of Duplay said : " Miserable man, he had only to listen to his own heart, and make himself an exception. He would not, or dare not to do so."

The Duke of Orleans presents a profound proof of the iron hardenings of ambition, sensualism, revenge, and infidelity. He possessed no God, and no conscience. His life had been a long defiance of all moral laws and all decency. He had embraced the Revolution to exalt himself, and avenge slights received from the Royalists in their days of power. From the hour of that inhuman vote his feet rapidly pursued the downward road to destruction.

The scrutiny was long and doubtful, the agitation in the Assembly extreme, and that in Paris still more terrible. The clubs became increasingly furious, and threatened to gather the Faubourgs and march upon the Convention, if they spared the King's life.

Petitions flowed in, some demanding judgment, and others pleading for mercy. The King of Spain sent a blank for the Convention to fill up with terms to be proposed to him to which he promised full assent—if they would only spare his kinsman's life.

But nothing availed. When the entire vote had been taken Vergniaud, the President of the Day, arose and, with a voice extremely broken, said : " Citizens, you are about to exercise a great act of justice. I hope that humanity will enjoin you to keep the most perfect silence. When Justice has spoken, Humanity ought to be listened to in its turn." Then holding the fatal paper in his trembling hands he read quiveringly the result of the voting. Seven hundred and twenty-one votes had been cast. Of these, three hundred and thirty-four had voted for exile, and three hundred and eighty-seven for death. "The punishment, therefore," he said, "of Louis Capet is *death*." While, as the vote was announced, the majority of the Jacobins gave way to the most indecent and clamorous joy ; and while the tidings were received by the pikemen and Sans Culottes in the streets without, with ferocious cries of delight, a pall of consternation and despair settled down in funeral blackness over conservative and royalist Paris. The vote as to the time of the execution was taken on the evening of Saturday the 19th of January, 1793. It was decreed that the King should suffer within *twenty-four hours*.

In such a manner ended this wicked and cruel mockery

of justice and of right. The terrible power of the mob of Paris was again manifested ; the weakness of emotional sentiment, the instability and cowardice of magnificent and intellectual orators in the crucial hour of trial. But then also was seen what a number of brave and humane men existed in the Convention. While many who voted—like Vergniaud and Brissot—for the death of Louis XVI., were shaken in nerve and dreaded the hate of the Paris populace, their cowardly act did not shield them, but they soon perished upon the scaffold. Lanjuinais, Isnard, Louvet, and other advocates of justice, encountered all the perils of the Reign of Terror, and lived to enjoy long and honorable lives after its mist of blood and darkness had been swept away.

CHAPTER XXX.

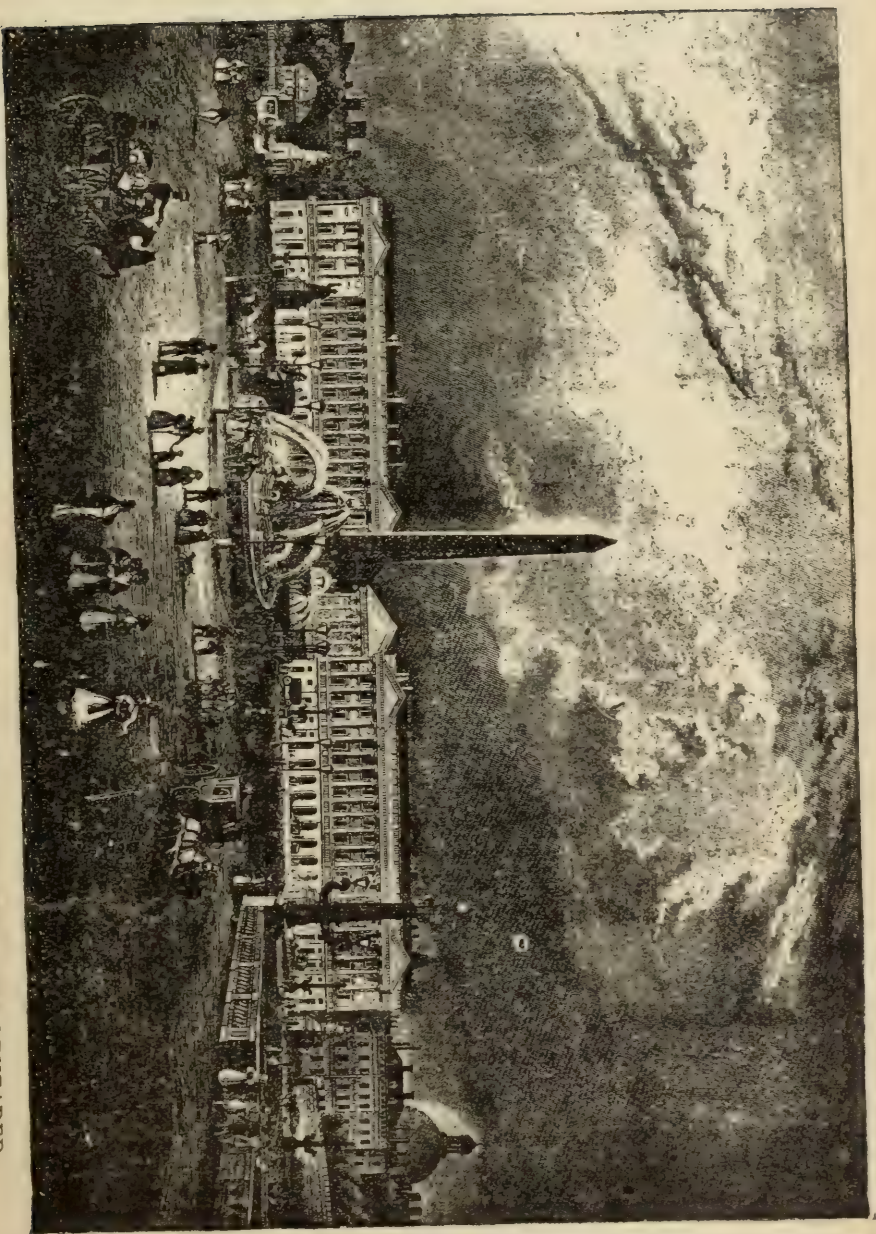
THE EXECUTION OF LOUIS XVI.

WE now approach some of the most intensely pathetic scenes in all human history : the last hours, and the execution of Louis XVI.

It was Thursday morning, the 17th of January, 1793. At nine o'clock, after a sleepless night, the aged Malesherbes and his coadjutors entered the Temple. In a voice stifled by emotion Malesherbes said to Clery, "All is lost; the King will be condemned to death."

Louis XVI. was seated, as they entered, with his head resting on his hands. He arose to receive his faithful defenders and said: "For the last two hours I have been taxing my memory to find whether I have voluntarily given my subjects just cause of complaint against me. I swear to you as a man soon to appear before God, that I have always desired the welfare of my people, and have never formed a single wish against it." Malesherbes, bathed in tears, fell at the King's feet, and could not restrain his intense grief. His voice was choked by violent sobbings. Louis XVI. with a warm embrace raised him. "I expected what you have to tell me," he said resignedly. "The suspense is now over." "Sire," answered Malesherbes, when he had somewhat recovered himself, "all is not lost. There may be an appeal to the nation." But the King knew that the vote would not be changed; that the frightful spectre of the Red Revolution would not withdraw the hand of death it had so remorselessly laid upon him. As Malesherbes rose to retire, "Kind-hearted old man," said Louis, "do not weep for me, I go to the land of the just, and we shall meet in a better world."

During this interview the King, on the advice of Tronchet and as a duty to his friends and family, wrote the following lines to the Convention: "I owe it to my honor, I owe it to my family, not to submit to a judgment that lays crimes to my charge *of which I know myself to be innocent*, and therefore I declare that I appeal to the Nation itself from the sentence about to be given by its representatives."



THE OBELISK OF LUXOR, PLACED OVER THE SPOT WHERE LOUIS XVI. WAS BEHEADED.

As Tronchet received this protest tears were in his eyes. "I regret," said Louis, "to leave such friends as you. As you go out of my room command yourselves, for you will be observed. Adieu ! adieu !"

Malesherbes, overwhelmed with grief, parted from the King, convinced that he should never see him again. He never did.

The King's request for an appeal to the people was defeated, and the voting for his death went on. On Sunday, January 20, 1793, the King said to Clery, "I do not see M. de Malesherbes." "Sire," replied his valet, "he has presented himself several times at the gates of the Temple and has been refused admission." The King was much afflicted. The Commune, three days before, had closed the doors of the prison and excluded the monarch's counsel. These unfeeling men, embruted by fanaticism, had obtained the sanction of the Convention to this step, from which in the pagan past a Caligula might have drawn back with generous horror.

Two o'clock of this eventful day had just struck, when the tramping of footsteps was heard on the outer stairs. The door opened, and some fifteen officers entered. There were present Garat, Minister of Justice ; Lebrun, Minister of Foreign Affairs ; Chambon, the Mayor, and several officials of the Convention and Commune. Santerre, who preceded them, said sternly to Clery : "Announce the Executive Council." The King arose, and met these haughty officials with dignity and serenity. Garat, without removing his hat, began : "Louis, the National Convention has directed us to acquaint you with the decrees of the 15th, 16th, 17th, 19th, and 20th of January." Then Grouvelle read in a feeble and trembling voice the decree of death, within twenty-four hours. During the reading of this fatal document the King did not change his color. He seemed entirely unmoved. The paper read as follows :

DECREES OF THE NATIONAL CONVENTION, ON THE 15TH,
16TH, 17TH, 19TH AND 20TH OF JANUARY.

ARTICLE I.

The National Convention declares Louis Capet, last King of the French, guilty of conspiring against the liberty of the Nation, and of assailing the general security of the State.

ARTICLE II.

The National Convention decrees that Louis Capet suffer the punishment of DEATH.

ARTICLE III.

The National Convention declares null and void the act of Louis Capet, brought to the bar by his counsel, in the form of an appeal to the nation from the sentence pronounced against him by the Convention ; and decrees that any person whatsoever attending to the same be prosecuted and punished as guilty of assailing the general safety of the Republic.

ARTICLE IV.

The Provisional Executive Council will notify the present decree in the course of the day to Louis Capet, and will take all measures of police and precaution necessary to insure its execution within twenty-four hours of its notification ; and will give an account of the whole to the National Convention immediately after the execution.

The monarch now addressed the officials, and handed them a document in which he requested a priest of his own choosing to administer to him the last rites of his church, a free permission to see his family without witnesses, and a respite of his execution for three days to better prepare to meet his God. This request we insert here in full :

“ I demand a delay of three days, to prepare myself to appear before God. During that time I request permission to hold *free* communion with the person whom I shall point out to the Commissaries of the Commune, and that the latter be not exposed to fear or molestation for this act of charity to me. [The King does not say *Priest*.]

“ I request to be freed from the constant watch kept over me for several days by the Commune. During this period I request to see my family whenever I wish and without witnesses. I am very *anxious* that the National Convention should take their ultimate destiny under their immediate consideration [alas ! poor Louis, could he but have foreseen the future], and permit them to retire *unmolested* to whatever place that Assembly may think proper to direct.

“ I recommend to the kind care of the Nation all the persons who were attached to me. Many of them had invested their whole fortunes in their places, and now having lost

their situations must be in actual want, as must be others who had no means of support beyond their salaries. Among those who were allowed pensions, there are many old men, women, and children, who had no other subsistence whatever.

"At the Temple, 20th January, 1793.

"LOUIS."

Garat, softened, took the paper, assuring the King that he would convey it at once to the Convention. As he was departing, the monarch handed him another message. "If the Convention grants me my requests," he said, "here is the name and address of the priest whose services I wish." It was the Abbé Edgeworth. The infamous and hardened Hébert, who was present, gave a striking testimony of the grandeur of the King's manner at this moment. "There was," he says, "so much unction, so much dignity, grandeur, and nobleness in his words, that I could not contain myself. In his glance and manner was something visibly *supernatural*."

Being alone, the King walked up and down his apartment, and then entering the room of the deputies, the door of which was now always opened, he requested to see his family. "We have no orders," replied Mercereau, the deputy. Clery had remained with arms folded leaning against the door, as though struck insensible. Louis XVI. approached him, and requested his dinner. When Clery appeared before the Municipals they informed him that henceforth "no *knife nor fork* nor sharp instrument of any description would be allowed to the King." The Republic, judging by its own atheistic despair, trembled for fear its victim would commit suicide, and a monarch's last moments were vexed with these shameful restrictions.

As Louis sat down to his final noonday meal he said, "I have no knife." When the deputy, Monier, informed him of the decree, "Do they think me," said Louis indignantly, "so cowardly as to take my own life? No; being innocent, I shall die without fear! Would that my blood might secure the welfare of France, and prevent the misery which I foresee." The King ate but little, breaking his bread with his fingers, and cutting his meat with a spoon.

The Convention in answer to the requests of Louis permitted him to have the priest whom he desired, and to see

his family alone, but refused any further delay. Some time before, in certain premonition of his coming death, the King had solicited Malesherbes to call on the Abbé Edgeworth, and to request his presence in case the monarch was condemned. The stoic philosopher had faithfully executed the desire of the Christian King, and the Abbé held himself in readiness for the cruel event. He has left us, in his little work on "*The Last Hours of Louis XVI.*," a touching memorial of the submission and piety of the monarch.

While in their rooms below his Queen and sister were overwhelmed with anguish, weeping and pleading to see the husband, brother, father ; while his infant son was running among the officers and begging them, in the tender pleading tones of childhood, not to "kill his fathèr" ; while beyond the dismal Temple walls in many homes hearts were frozen with terror, and thousands of Royalists were prostrated with grief, the solemn shadows of the last winter night of the life of Louis XVI. threw their gray grimness into the courts of the Temple, now filled with armed and silent men.

It was a tremendous moment. The Baron de Batz, that invisible, indefatigable conspirator against the Republic, was busy among bands of young men, whom he met in profound secrecy, and who pledged themselves on the next day to rescue the King on his way to the scaffold or to perish in the attempt. The Commune with fevered energy had surrounded the Temple with triple guards and heavy reserves of cannon and cavalry, to prevent any rescue during the night.

Within the Convention existed gloom and remorse. In the Temple the sobs of the Queen and royal family touched even the obdurate hearts of the most fanatical Jacobins. Tison, the keeper of the Temple, was more subdued in his manner than ever before, and his wife, often so bitterly abusive, was now gentle in her tones to the royal captives.

In the latter part of the day a carriage entered the court of the Temple. It contained the Abbé Edgeworth and Garat. On the way to the prison Garat had said to the Abbé : "What a man is the King ! What resignation ! What courage ! Nature could never give that courage ; it must be superhuman." It was ! He who standeth among the golden candlesticks was there to fill with peace the soul of the martyred Louis.

The Abbé was rudely searched in the vestibule of the

Temple before he was permitted to ascend into the Tower, and to see the King.

The instant the Abbé entered the afflicted monarch's apartment, Louis XVI. drew him into the inner room that they might be alone.

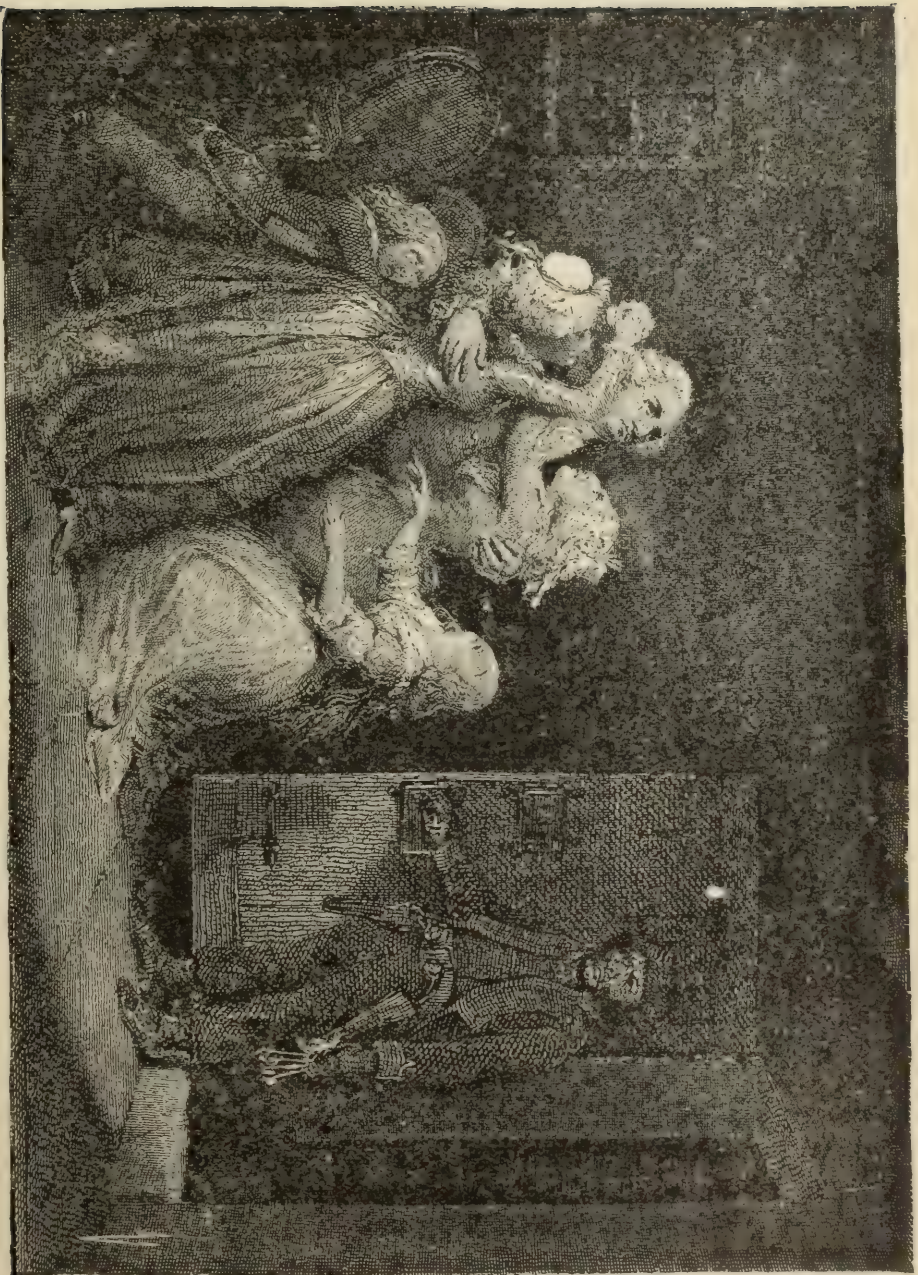
The priest fell at the King's feet, and wept. The King mingled his tears with those of his confessor. "When I think," said Louis, "of the situation in which I leave my good, my affectionate family, and when I hear your voice of kindness, pardon me if, for a moment, my self-command deserts me." They were in a little turret chamber which served the monarch for a study. A table, two chairs, a small earthenware stove, a few books, and an ivory crucifix constituted its only furniture. The confessor heard the King's aspirations for a heavenly life, that he might appear before his God with a pure heart and a pardoned soul. He testifies to the devoted humility, the forgiving spirit, the calmness and fortitude of the dying prince. "It is only by the *strength of religion*," said Louis, "that I can bear with such fortitude the trial before me."

Finally, as night came, and its darkness, the King prepared for his most agonizing duty, the parting with his wife, his sister, and his family. There in that dreadful prison, amid cruel jailors, and exposed to every privation and abuse, he was about to leave them. The possibilities of their frightful fate afterwards, with one exception so fearfully realized, overwhelmed the pious Louis, and for a moment shook his soul. Then he turned to Christ in his agony, and obtained strength from contemplating the sufferings of his Redeemer.

The Queen had heard of the refusal of a respite to her husband, but that a last interview would be granted.

The piteous group awaited in feverish anxiety the moment when the beloved one, from whom they had been so many days separated, could be seen again. Presently the King appeared. His wife flew into his arms with sobs and cries, and pressed him to her heart. All the pride, courage, and firmness of the Queen seemed for a season to be lost in the terrible distress of that hour. His sister clung to his arm. His little son seized his hand, and kissed it repeatedly and fondly, while his daughter, yet ill, embraced his neck. Seated in a group of love, anguish, despair,—the door closed, but two sentries watching them through a glass window,—

LOUIS XVI. HOLDING HIS LAST INTERVIEW WITH HIS FAMILY, JANUARY 20, 1793.



amid sighs, prayers, tears, embraces, and piteous screams from his wife in moments of overwhelming agony, the King passed two dreadful hours. He tenderly comforted this devoted family, pointed them to the reunion in Heaven, and exhorted them to cherish entire forgiveness for their enemies and his murderers. Where in modern history is there a more sublime scene of Christian resignation than then seen in the good Louis XVI. At length the King arose to depart. He clasped them all in a long, fond embrace. His wife fell at his feet, bedewing his hand with her tears, and begged for another interview. The King seemed to consent. His daughter fainted upon the floor. His sister and son wept in uncontrollable agony. "Adieu, adieu," he said, in mournful accents of heart-rending tenderness, and tore himself away. The door closed, and they were separated only to meet in the reunion above.

All through that fearful night the screams of the Queen could be heard in the court below, as she wept, raged in despair, and refused to be comforted. Her children and the Princess Elizabeth lost their own sense of overwhelming sorrow, in the grief of the devoted wife and mother. The thunder of the cannons announcing the execution of the King, rolling the next morning over Paris, revealed to her that she was a widow. Filled with desperation she cried out, "The rascals, they have accomplished their crime."

That evening in sullen, silent Paris, one of the deputies who had voted for the King's death was seated in a café. His name was Lapelleteur de Saint Fargeau. Suddenly, Paris, an old-time life-guardsmen of the King, entered the café with a sword by his side. Approaching Lapelleteur he said fiercely, "Art thou the villain who voted for the death of the King?" "I am no villain," replied the deputy boldly. "but I voted for the tyrant's death." Paris instantly drew his sword, and crying furiously, "Take that then for thy crime," he thrust his weapon into the deputy's heart. Lapelleteur fell dead, and Paris temporarily escaped, though the most intense excitement was displayed by the people. About to be arrested, he blew out his brains.

And now the King had returned to his room. "Alas!" he said, "how terrible that scene! How much I love, how fondly I am loved." As the King retired to his couch he said, "Clery, you will awake me at five o'clock." He slept calmly, the sleep of the just. The faithful valet remained

sitting by his side all through that dismal night and constantly weeping. At five o'clock on the morning of the fatal 21st of January, 1793, Louis XVI. awoke and immediately arose. Being dressed and his hair arranged, the King prepared for the last religious rites of the Roman Catholic Church.

A chest of drawers was arranged and covered with a white cloth. Upon this was placed a silver crucifix and two wax candles. The former master of Versailles and of France was reduced even in religious needs to such abject poverty as this! The Abbé Edgeworth performed the solemn mass for the dying, while a deep and even mournful silence reigned throughout the beleaguered Tower.

The King arose from this service immensely strengthened in his soul, refreshed in his mind, and serene in his heart. Already he was looking to his heavenly reward, to the new Jerusalem, and to his eternal inheritance. He charged Clery to continue with his family and son, and to seek to help and comfort them while in that dreadful place, in every possible and available way. The weeping servant promised, amid his sobs and groans, to obey, as he was able, to the letter all the commands of his dying sovereign. Clery, going into the back room, met the Abbé Edgeworth praying by the King's bedside. "What a prince!" said the priest. "With what resignation and courage he goes to death."

When the Abbé rejoined the King, "My God," said Louis XVI., "how happy I am in the enjoyment of my religious principles. Without them what should I be now? but with them death appears sweet. There dwells on high," he continued, "an incorruptible Judge from whom I shall receive the justice refused to me on earth."

The day had dawned gloomily over the great and agitated city, in which every heart was a prey to the most varied emotions of rage, fear, hate, or despair.

At an early hour the forces of the Commune were astir. The tramp of thousands of armed men, the rumble of the cannon, the clatter of cavalry, gave sinister terrors to the day. A fog hung over a portion of the city, and added to its sombre gloom. The windows of the houses were almost universally closed. Paris appeared smitten by conscience and remorse, and to look with affright on the crime about to be committed. In Royalist abodes whole families were

either prostrated by sickness over this cruel event, or in fervid prayer.

At nine o'clock Santerre and his attendants entered the King's room. Louis demanded from them shears that his valet might prepare his hair for the guillotine. He was brutally refused. "The executioner," said an officer, "is good enough for him." The monarch took his hat and great-coat, bade adieu to his devoted servant, who freely wept, and then turning to a Municipal said, "Will you hand this package to the Queen—I mean my wife? It contains only a lock of my hair." The surly patriot refused. "We are here," he said, "to conduct you to the scaffold." Another, however, more humane, taking the package promised to deliver it as desired, and kept his word. Turning to Santerre, the King said calmly, "Let us set out."

He descended the stairs amid gens-d'armes, followed by the Abbé Edgeworth. As he approached the gate he met Mathey, a jailer, with whom on account of that person's insolence he had a few days before had some hot words. "Mathey," said Louis XVI. kindly, "we have had some words. Forgive me for the sake of this hour." The brutal jailer scowled, made no reply, and retired. In the court below were a body of cavalry and cannons, and bands of pikemen. The King entered the carriage provided for him, the Abbé Edgeworth took his place by his side, and two municipals occupied the other seats facing the doomed monarch.

The cortège of death commenced its march. Sixty drums in front beat revolutionary music. An army of infantry of the line, cavalry, artillery, and pikemen completely surrounded the carriage. The streets were deserted. The markets were silent. The lowering sky and fog permitted nothing to be seen from the Place Bastille to the guillotine in the Place de la Revolution but a forest of bayonets, cannons supplied with grape-shot and gunners standing ready. Their matches were lighted, and they guarded the main streets with vigilant eyes. The muskets of the soldiers were loaded as on a day of battle.

The King, insensible to his surroundings, fixed his eyes on his prayer-book, and occupied his moments in reading the breviary for the dead.

In the Place de la Revolution a vast multitude had assembled. In its center towered in the white mist the blood-red

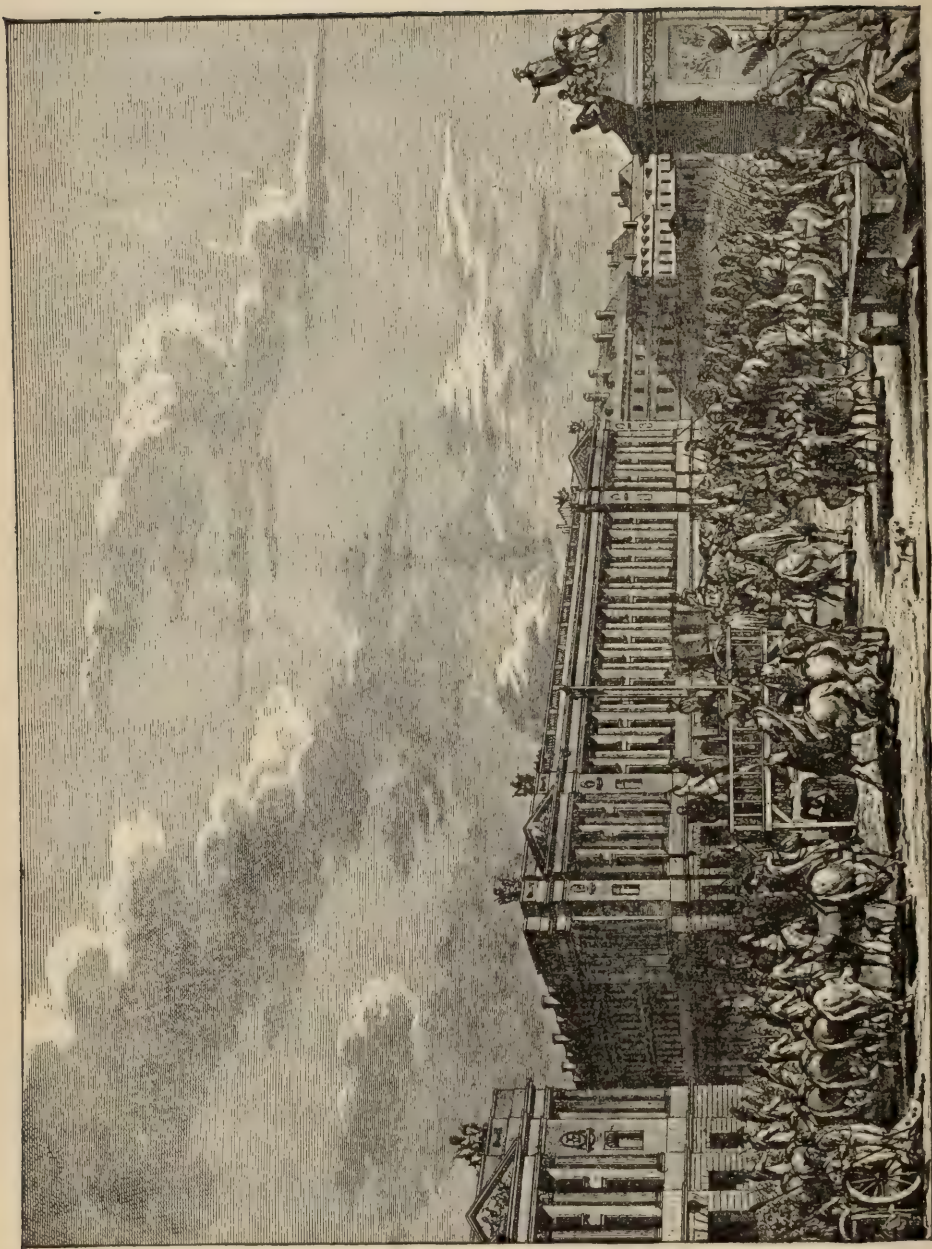
posts and gleaming knife of the guillotine. As the cortège approached the quays a band of young men—a few of those engaged by the Baron de Batz—rushed forth from a side street, sword in hand, crying, “Save the King!” They were not supported, and turning they fled. A body of cavalry pursued them, and they were, with a few exceptions, hacked down and cruelly massacred.

The carriage rolled slowly on its course, every passing moment shortening the life of the King. At length it paused. They had reached the fatal spot.

The municipals descended, the Abbé Edgeworth followed and then the King. Louis XVI. looked without dismay upon the suspended knife of the instrument of death.

Taking off his coat and waistcoat, the King turned down his collar and prepared to ascend the scaffold. The executioners rudely interfered and told him that his hands must be bound. “What,” cried Louis XVI., strong indignation swelling in his heart and with the old pride of ancestral royalty, “*bind ME! never.*” A struggle was about to ensue. The King turned in distress to the Abbé Edgeworth. “Sire,” said the priest, “in submitting to this last indignity you imitate more completely the example of our Saviour.” The King at once became calm. “Be it so,” he said, “I will drink the bitter cup to its dregs.” His hands were bound behind his back with his handkerchief, and his hair fell under the shears of the executioner. He ascended the scaffold at first so weakly that the spectators believed his courage about to fail, while the Abbé Edgeworth gave his parting benediction, “Son of St. Louis ascend to heaven.”

But the moment that he reached its fatal platform the King strode forward, raised himself imperiously, and with a motion of his head stopped the beating of twenty drummers. “Frenchmen,” said Louis XVI., in a voice so loud and clear that it could be heard over all the immense space by the mighty multitude, “I die innocent of all the crimes laid to my charge. I pray God my blood may not rest on France. And you, unhappy people—” At this moment Santerre ordered the drums to beat. The executioners seized the King, struggling violently, and bound him to the plank of death. The heavy knife of the guillotine fell, cutting through a portion of the monarch’s jaw, and the King’s head dropped into the basket below. An executioner seized it, flowing with blood, and carried the mutilated member



THE EXECUTION OF LOUIS XVI., JANUARY 21, 1793.

three times around the scaffold, amid cries of "Vive la République." Fanatical Jacobins rushed forward, dipping their pikes and swords in the King's blood, and even tasting it in their fiendish rage. The Abbé Edgeworth turned away in horror from the dreadful scene. The ranks of the soldiers and pikemen opened silently before the faithful and afflicted priest. Through a lane made by the people he safely departed and buried himself, to weep and pray, in the solitude of his own home.

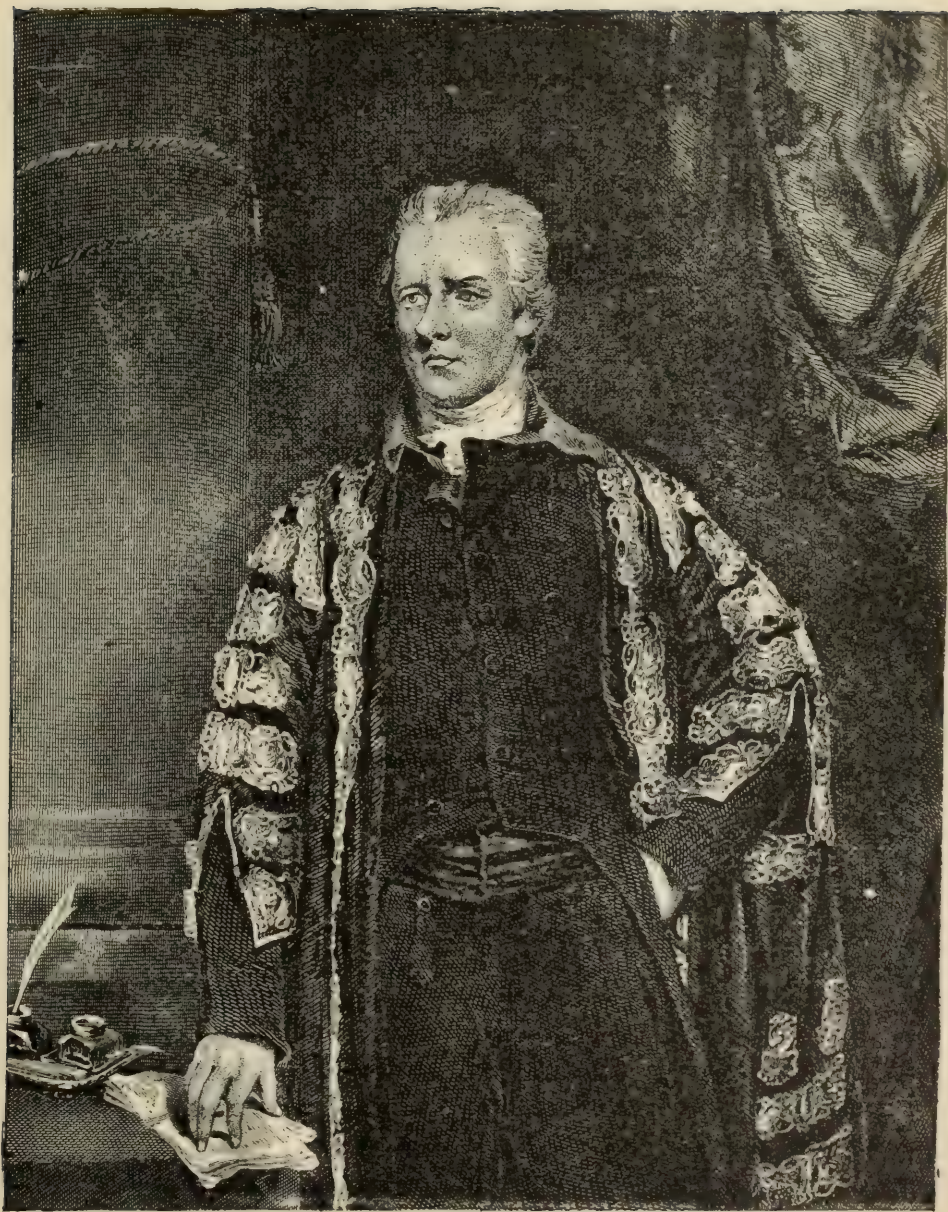
Revolutionary hate, not extinguished by the death of the King, desired to obliterate his remains. The decapitated body of the monarch was placed on an open bier in the midst of quicklime and covered over with that corroding and destroying substance. Upon the quicklime the earth was cast in and beaten down hard, and the last resting-place of Louis XVI. was left without a mark. Years after, in 1814, when his brother, restored to the throne of France, sought for the bones of the murdered King, Louis XVIII. could only find a mere remnant. These, with all the impressive rights of the Roman Catholic Church, were transferred to the Pantheon, in Paris, which had then become the Church of St. Genevieve, and there they found a final resting-place.

CHAPTER XXXI.

THE DEFECTION OF DUMOURIER.

THE cruel and wicked murder of the pious Louis XVI. filled Europe with horror, and aroused its fiercest antagonism against the "Regicide Republic." The feelings of the nations of Europe became intense. England itself partook of the horror of the Continent, while the story of the awful tragedy was heard by La Vendée and the west of France with shuddering fury. Within a few weeks that whole section became ablaze with the fires of insurrection.

The effect in England was immediate. The whole island was filled with grief. All classes but the English Jacobins put on mourning. The Court was clothed in sable hues, such as those with which Elizabeth had attired her nobility, when she heard in 1572 of the massacre of St. Bartholomew. The friends of French liberty, realizing the character of the bloody and assassinating anarchy which now triumphed, rapidly changed into enemies. Fox was left with Sir James Mackintosh almost alone to stem the reactionary tide, and Burke and Pitt triumphed. M. de Chauvelin, the French Ambassador, was immediately notified by the British Government to leave London within eight days. It was with difficulty that he could escape the wrath of a noble-minded, murder-hating English mob. France responded to the dismissal of her envoy, by declaring war against Great Britain upon February 8, 1793. It was Brissot who made the motion which plunged his country into a strife, at first successful, but which did not end until the Consulate of Bonaparte. William Pitt from this moment became the most determined enemy of Revolutionary France. With indomitable energy he formed coalitions against the regicide nation. As Prime Minister of Great Britain he subsidized States, raised armies, sent fleets, and never intermitted for a moment the most persistent efforts either to destroy or control the French Republic. The name of Pitt, like that of Richard Cœur de Leon during the Crusades, became a terror to the French Jacobins, and a bugbear to French children.



WILLIAM PITT, PRIME MINISTER OF ENGLAND DURING THE FRENCH
REVOLUTION.

Charles IV. of Spain received the tidings of the execution of his kinsman with a species of stupefaction. He did not hunt for a week, and this fact marked to every Spaniard the intensity of his grief. Madrid wore black, and the Esquival resounded with funeral masses for the departed Louis. Godoy, the Prime Minister, awoke from his follies and dreams, and being a true-hearted royalist, even if a licentious and feeble statesman, he summoned Spain to arms. A Spanish force of fifty thousand men was assembled on the Pyrenees, and it prepared to invade the Jacobin Republic.

The indomitable Convention replied to these hostile acts by immediately declaring war against the Peninsula. "We cannot go back," cried Marat. "Our position is such that we must conquer or perish." The Stadtholder of Holland expressed his deep sympathy for the royal family of France, and on the 8th of February, 1793, the Convention replied by war, casting down before him the gauntlet of hostility. On every side the new Republic was hemmed in by hostile armies. Of all western Europe, only Sweden, Denmark, Switzerland, and Venice remained at peace with France.

In March, the Republic responded to these dangers with the sublime resolution of a mighty nation, determined to be free or perish. However much we may detest their crimes, we cannot but admire the almost supernatural energy and courage of the Jacobin element of the nation. Stirring times had come. Drums were beating along the flat landscapes of Holland, and resounding through all the romantic and half Saracen, half Gothic cities of Spain. Drums were echoing on the Rhine and Alps, and armies were hurrying to conflict, north, south, and east, in France itself. The "meteor flag of England" was unfurled to the breeze, and her great line-of-battle ships began furbishing at the Nore, on the Thames, and at Portsmouth, for the tremendous conflict. Nelson was leaving his home at Merton, and Trowbridge entering the vessel which was to carry him to immortal fame. Sir John Jervis was parting from his wife and children, to dare the Jacobin French on the seas, and Lord Duncan gathering his fleet to blockade all the French ports. France itself flamed anew. "Arm, citizens, the country is in danger!" rang out from every belfry, sounded from the tocsins in cities, and pleaded by the thunder of cannons. Uniforms were everywhere; militia in England;

volunteers in France ; regulars in yet martinet Germany ; and undisciplined soldiers in Spain and Sardinia. It was in a reveille of preparation, of organization, and conflict, that the year 1793 advanced from the scaffold of Louis XVI.

It is essentially necessary, as a key to the immediately following conflicts of parties in Paris, which would not have been as they were, had Dumourier been a continuous victor, that we fully describe at this time the whole brief movements of that General, and their sudden and traitorous termination.

It was the acts of Dumourier, which created the new frenzy of France. Had he continued faithful and victorious, the Girondists might have triumphed. Dumourier, it must be apprehended, was in no sense a Republican. He was a man of the most brilliant genius, and of a profound and searching mind, but he possessed no confidence in the capacity of the French people to organize and carry on a successful Republic. The events of French history, from that period until the later chastenings of 1870, have proved the almost seer-like correctness of the General's opinion.

He was truly patriotic, and he would have desired Louis XVI. to have continued to reign as a Constitutional King. But when he saw that monarch degraded and discrowned by rabid and violent factions, his soul revolted. Yet the danger to France from the advance of the Duke of Brunswick made him—let his motives have been even what his enemies asserted—the careful strategist and military conqueror. After Jemappes in January, 1793, he visited Paris. He endeavored to stay the slaughter of the King, but he failed. After a few days of grief and meditation, pent up in an obscure part of the city, he returned to his army. He was a disaffected man; he was totally opposed to the Republic, the Convention, and every effort which they could make for a Democratic France. His heart was wedded, not to Louis XVI. nor Louis XVII., but to a Constitutional Monarchy.

In this state of feeling, and while the French armies were spread over Belgium, that never-discouraged Austria—which is often defeated in battle and wars, yet ever comes again to the front—gathered new armies, and with more determined energy prepared to invade her ancient territory, She assembled fifty-two thousand men,—with whom was the afterwards celebrated Arch-duke Charles, the best soldier

the imperial family ever produced,—and prepared for a stern strife.

Meantime Dumourier had conceived so extraordinary a plan, that was it not proved historically true, it might be stigmatized as the scheme of an insane brain. The plan was meditated by Dumourier during the whole winter of 1793.

It was his infatuated purpose to invade Holland, and revolutionize that Stadtholdership; to unite its government with the southern Netherland Provinces; to raise an army of eighty thousand men, and then to march on Paris, overthrow the Convention and restore the Constitutional Throne. The chaos of the times never could be revealed more fully, than in such a purpose. It was more absurd than when Don Quixote charged upon the wind-mills.

The Convention, and even Jacobin France, as yet believed in the fidelity of Dumourier. He was leaned upon as the great military prop of the Republic. It needed the most overt acts to awaken suspicion, and the affection of his large army was as great for the General, as that of the Tenth Legion for Cæsar, or that of the Imperial Guards for Napoleon. Yet this immense difference existed, that with the Republican army the country was, after all, the paramount object of affection, and no discovered traitor could long hold the devotion of those fervid levies of a fervid Revolution.

But the blinded Dumourier did not delay carrying into execution his purposes from any of these considerations. Early in February, 1793, he collected twenty thousand soldiers at Antwerp, preparing to attack Rotterdam, as the first step toward the realization of his foolish scheme. His warriors rapidly assembled, and he entered the Dutch territory between Breda and Bergen-op-Zoom, both places memorable for the heroism of the Dutch in their tremendous conflict with Philip the Second of Spain, at the close of the sixteenth century. A fierce siege of three days resulted in the surrender of Breda and three thousand Dutch troops. Gertruydenburgh hoisted the tri-color flag, and the attack on Dort, famous for its celebrated Theological Synod, was about to commence, when Dumourier was suddenly recalled to sanity by disastrous news from another portion of the Netherlands.

It was now the 8th of March, 1793. When Dumourier had invaded Holland, he had left a portion of his forces in command of that General Miranda, so unsuccessful in the

wars of the French Revolution, but so celebrated, under happier circumstances, in the efforts of Spanish South America for freedom. Miranda laid siege to Maestricht, but was compelled to withdraw by a new and mighty army of Austrians, fifty thousand strong, with the young Arch-duke Charles in their midst.

On the first and second days of a blustering March, the French lines were everywhere attacked with great fierceness by the Austrians, and driven in. A panic ensued. The cry was raised, "Treason!" and "Sauve qui peut." Some of the French volunteers were so terrified that they broke and fled over hill and champaign countries, as far as Paris itself, lugubrious messengers in threnetic voices proclaiming their own defeat and disgrace. Miranda in this engagement lost over seven thousand troops by death or wounds. He sent in haste his heavy guns to Brussels, and retreated on Liege. This city, forever famous to the American reader, as connected with the vivid scenes of Scott's "Quentin Durward," was fortified, and Miranda there endeavored to make a stand, but was driven out by the furious attacks of the Austrians, led on by the Arch-duke Charles.

This great military captain, afterwards fated to cope with Bonaparte, was then just beginning his mighty career. He pursued the fleeing Republicans, took Tongres and Tirlemont, and drove Miranda to Louvain. To that city Dumourier, filled with chagrin and rage, immediately hastened.

The news of these Austrian successes was welcomed by the people of Belgium with great joy. Despite their protective agreement with Dumourier, that general had been overruled, and after its conquest a horde of needy, brutal French robbers under Danton had poured into the Netherlands. They had stolen money, and had taxed the people shamefully. They had abused women, and murdered men, and everywhere they had striven by enormous plundering to render helpless the opulent burghers of Antwerp, Bruges, Liege, and the other cities of unfortunate Flanders. Danton was at the head of this infamous swarm, and that selfish Tribune had himself become rich with the spoils of war. "Liberté, Egalité, et Fraternité," had become a stench in the nostrils of the despoiled and misused Flemings.

Dumourier by gigantic efforts rallied his army. The Convention had sent the delegate Camus to endeavor to discover what the plans of Dumourier might be. That austere Jacobin

appeared in the presence of the General. He was accompanied by several other haughty commissioners. A quarrel immediately ensued, and the excited Dumourier freely expressed his mind. He reproached the Convention with both having authorized and permitted the cruel plunder of the Flemings. This, he asserted, had caused all the ferment which led to the present disasters. The commissioners, unappalled by being in the center of his army, declared that he himself was a *guilty man*, and that he entertained designs which, if they succeeded, would lead to the destruction of the Republic.

Although this was a truth, Dumourier concealed his agitation and calmly met the attack. "General," said Camus, "you are accused of wishing to become a Cæsar. Could I feel assured of it, I would act the part of Brutus, and stab you to the heart." "My dear Camus," replied Dumourier, unmoved, and with a smile of contempt, "I am neither Cæsar, nor are you Brutus, and the menace you have uttered is my passport to immortality."

Dumourier possessed as yet, despite his various detachments, some forty-five thousand men. He re-organized his army, endeavored to infuse into them the ardor of Jemappes, and on the 18th of March, 1793, assaulted the Austrians at Neerwinde. He fought bravely, and was assisted by Louis Phillippe and Miranda, but the Austrian forces, led by the Arch-duke Charles, General Clairfayt, and the Princes of Coburg and Würtemberg, attacked the French with surprising ferocity and courage. The battle raged for several hours with varying success, but finally, despite his utmost efforts, and the despairing assaults of his troops, who struggled with desperation for victory, Dumourier was compelled to retreat.

This disaster was most discouraging to the plotting General. And now hundreds of soldiers left his ranks. The volunteers, so enthusiastic in victory, declared that they were only enlisted to defend the soil of France, but not to enter a foreign land, and began to break up, and drift toward their homes. Dumourier had in no sense abdicated, though he had adjourned his plans. He constantly looked to the re-establishment of the Constitutional Monarchy, and while he would not have resisted the enthronement of the beautiful little captive Prince, then in the Temple of Paris, as Louis XVII., a title by which he was now recognized

throughout Europe, yet he was willing, and really anxious, to substitute on the kingly chair the intrepid and talented Louis Phillippe. But the time of that heroic Prince had not yet come. It was only after thirty-eight long years, and when he was a matured man, that the Duke of Chartres, then the Duke of Orleans, was to become in 1830 the second King of the French, as Louis Phillippe the First.

The story of the retreat of the French, and the surrender, one by one, of the various cities and citadels of Belgium, may be found in the pages of Jomini, and other military historians of the Revolution.

The defeat and retreat of the "Sword of France," that "Child of Victory," threw the whole French nation, outside of La Vendée, into consternation. The Girondists were for a moment confounded, and the Jacobins sullen and fierce. Danton, who had been so persistent a friend of the French General, returned, from one of his expeditions for plunder, to Paris, and, totally estranged, he declared Dumourier to be "a traitor to the Republic." *This was a truthful accusation.*

The Convention understanding the strong attachment of the soldiers of the recalcitrant General for their chief, and fearing as yet his great military abilities, while it was arousing France to resist, as in 1792, a second invasion, yet temporized with the traitorous commander. However, in order to sound him, it again sent to his camp three commissioners, Proly, Pereira, and Dubuisson. These officials entered Dumourier's head-quarters at Valenciennes, to which place he had retreated, and were received and greeted as a courteous General should greet the messengers of a great Republic. They began without delay to arraign his military failures, ungratefully forgetting Jemappes, and the many former successes of Dumourier. The General blazed up immediately. "The Convention," he said violently, "is an assembly of seven hundred and forty-five tyrants. While I have *three inches of steel* by my side, that monster shall not exist. As for the Republic it is an idle word. I *had faith in it for three days*. There is only one way to save the country, and that is by restoring the Constitution of 1791, and a *King*." "What! a King!" cried one of the deputation. "Surely you cannot mean it! The French regard royalty with horror; the very name of Louis is an abomination." "What does a name signify?" replied Dumourier care-

lessly; "it matters not, *if he be a King*, whether his name be Louis, or Jacques, or Phillippe." "What are your means to effect so great a revolution?" asked one of the anxious ambassadors. "*My Army!*" replied Dumourier, infatuated by entire confidence in its loyalty to himself. "From my camp or some fortress, it will soon declare for a *King*." "But your plan," expostulated a commissioner, "will imperil the existence of those who are alive of the royal family." "If the family of Louis XVI. perish," said the General, "both in Paris, and out of it at Coblenz, there is still a *chief*, but if Paris adds to her other crimes this murder, I shall immediately march upon the guilty capital."

The deputation, frightened and discouraged, returned to the Convention. Dumourier vacated the camp at Valenciennes, and retiring within the inner French boundary, pitched his tents and awaited events. His busy brain was now in constant traitorous intercourse with the Austrians. The National Convention, at length sadly but thoroughly aroused and awakened to the treachery of its favorite General, hurriedly sent commissioners to arrest him at the head of his army, and to bring him back to Paris for trial.

Because Dumourier *was* actually a traitor to the Republic, neither the Girondist nor the Plain dared to remonstrate. All parties in the legislature alike recognized the seemingly formidable power of Dumourier, through the ardent affection of his army for their commander; and even the Girondists had doubts as to the success of any effort to hinder him from marching on Paris with his soldiers and foreign auxiliaries, and destroying the Republic.

Nevertheless the deputies were sent, and the firm and indomitable Camus was their interpreter. To him was added Drouet, who had discovered Louis XVI. at Ste. Menchould, during his flight to Varennes, and there were also several others. The camp of Dumourier was soon reached. The deputies had associated with themselves, by a craft common to politic men, Beurnonville, who was so faithful to the French General in the campaign of Valmy. Arriving in Dumourier's camp, the commissioners avoided the curiosity of the soldiers and hastened into the presence of their commander.

It was the evening of the 2d of April, 1793. The astute Dumourier had drawn up the Berchiney Hussars in front of

his tent. They were in formidable squadrons, and every man of them was devoted to him to the death. The commissioners of the Convention, with Camus at their head, entered. Dumourier received them with respect. The General stood, attired in a blue Republican uniform laced with golden oak-leaves. He wore a heavy tri-colored sash, and held in his hand his chapeau, surmounted by a tri-colored plume. Dumourier greeted Beournonville affably, and asked the Deputies, in conciliatory tones, what might be the object of their mission. Camus, in a rude manner, refused to give it publicly, declaring that it was for the General's ear alone, and should be heard without witnesses. He requested Dumourier to step with the Commissioners into an adjoining room.

The officers of Dumourier were present, and with anxious and scowling faces gazed on the stern Commissioners. A loud murmur issued from their ranks at the words of Camus. "Do not fear," said Dumourier smilingly. "I will go in, but the door can remain open." He proudly and confidently stepped in. The Commissioners followed. Camus immediately drew forth the decree of the Convention, summoning Dumourier to its bar, to answer for his asserted treason, and read it to the silent General. "The tigers of Paris demand my head," replied Dumourier, "*but I will not give it.*" He haughtily and scornfully refused to obey the command of the Convention.

The Commissioners were calm and firm. Camus again and again besought him to yield, assuring him that nothing but justice would be his fate. But Dumourier was not an applicant for justice. He urged the commissioners with a high, a haughty, and a threatening voice, not to drive him, in the very midst of his devoted soldiers, to extremity. He retreated into his public reception room, which was filled with his officers, and looked outside at his fifteen hundred Berchiney Hussars, who seemed extremely enraged and agitated for fear that some danger might befall their adored General.

But the delegates proved themselves of Roman firmness and iron courage. Unappalled by the formidable array of devoted lieutenants within, and a great force of hussars without, and a faithful army, seemingly, of thousands of infantry engirdling Dumourier, they approached the General, now in the center of his staff, and Camus said loudly :

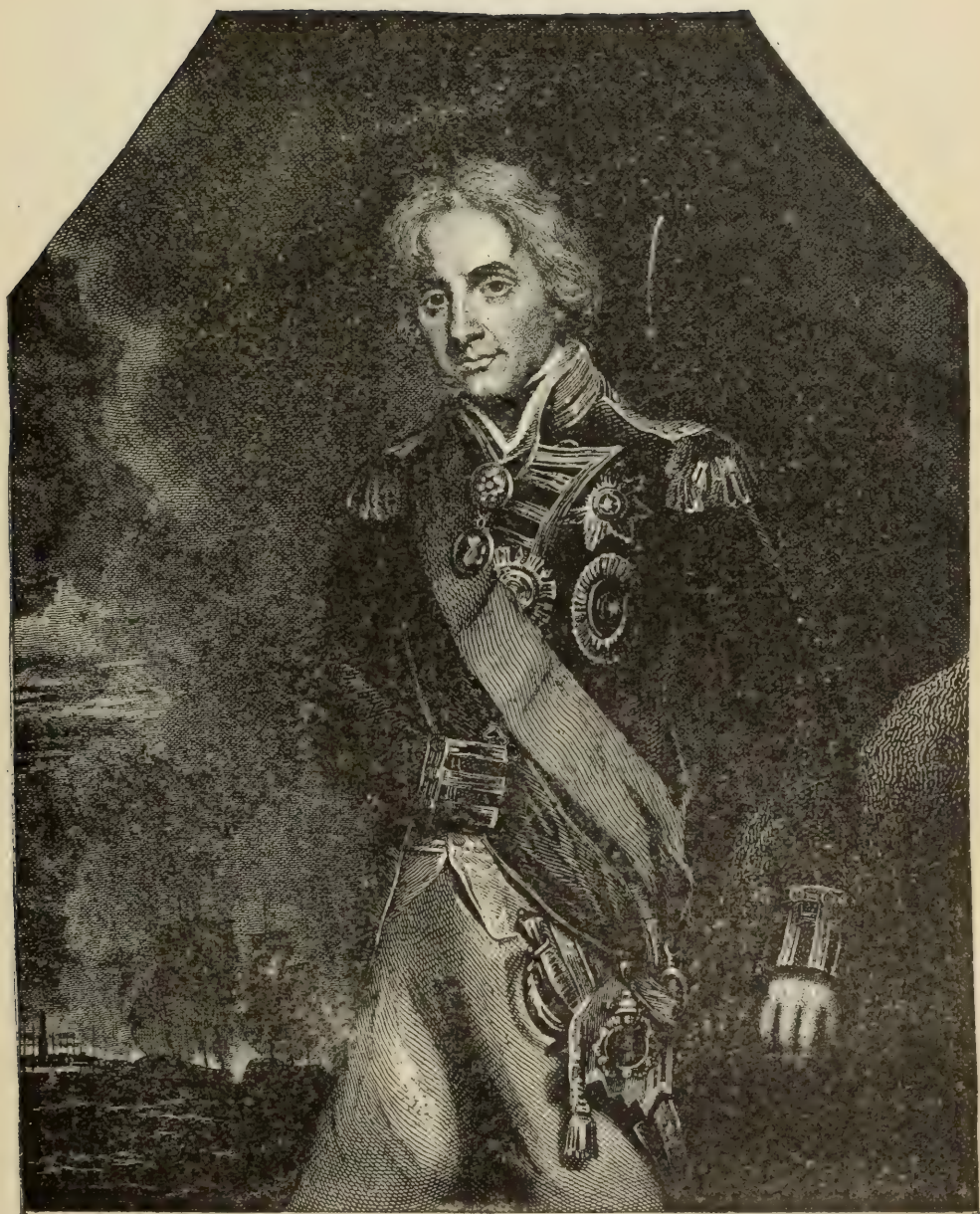
"Once for all, Citizen General, will you obey the Convention?" "No, I will not," replied Dumourier decidedly. "Well, then," continued Camus, "I declare you suspended from your generalship. Your papers will be seized, and you *arrested*." Dumourier turned red with rage. "This is too much," he cried. "Ho there, Hussars!" An officer and several soldiers of the Berchiney Hussars heard the cry and immediately rushed into his presence.

"Arrest these men," said Dumourier, "but do them no harm."

Beournonville requested to share their fate. "I agree," answered Dumourier calmly. "I am keeping you from the knife of the Revolutionary Tribunal." "General Dumourier," said Camus bitterly as he was led away, "*you murder the Republic*"; but the General made no reply. Dumourier sent his captives under a strong guard to Tournay, and delivered them as prisoners into the hands of the Austrians. It was three years before they returned to France, and then they were exchanged for Madame Royale, who was the only survivor of the "Temple victims."

But this was the last "watery sunshine" of the summer success of Dumourier. He had taken a false step and thrown off his mask. He could not fight fate and the mighty French Revolution. As Bouille had failed and fled in 1791, as Lafayette had failed and fled in 1792, this was the fate also of the hitherto all-powerful Dumourier. The army, which so adored him, forsook him the moment that he turned *against France*. All his efforts to bring them into revolt against the Convention or Republic were in vain. Finally, with 1500 Berchiney Hussars and other devoted troops who were faithful to the last, and accompanied by Louis Phillippe, Duke of Chartres, he fled from his enraged and threatening armies to the Austrians. General Dampierre immediately succeeded to his command, and placed the army in a prepared position to withstand any alien assault.

Dumourier, unlike Lafayette, was received kindly by the Austrians. He soon retreated into England. Here in 1794 he wrote an elaborate Memoir of his life and services, which is of great use to the historians of his career, but which must be guardedly studied. Dumourier never recovered his popularity. The French never forgave him. He was shunned by the Directory, and by Napoleon, both in his Consulate and Empire. The restored Bourbons in 1815 were cold and



LORD NELSON.

forbidding to a General who had declared that a Duke of Orleans might be a *King*. He lingered on in exile, misery, obscurity, and discontent, until his grateful death in 1823.

At this time the British fleets began to enter upon their wonderful career of victory, and under Lord Duncan, Sir John Jervis, and Nelson, to encounter and capture the ships of France. The ocean swarmed with cruisers and frigates ; great fleets of seventy-fours sailed from Portsmouth and the Nore ; and the British flag waved triumphantly over the blockading squadrons which lay off Ushant, Bellisle, and along the whole French coast.

CHAPTER XXXII.

THE FIERCE STRUGGLE BETWEEN GIRONDISTS AND JACOBINS.

THE week succeeding the execution of Louis XVI. was one of amazed horror in Paris. The people were stupefied at what they had done. The Convention itself was struck with a temporary remorse. One member declared that, in a dream, the severed head of the King had appeared to him, "murmuring words of pity and forgiveness."

But the bloodthirsty Jacobins did not share in the sentiments of regret and sorrow common among the masses of the nation. They rejoiced in the destruction of the "tyrant," and prepared for yet more revolutionary acts of violence.

The Republic was engirdled by the smoke and thunder of war ; its favorite General about to commit the treason we have already described ; and to all these agitations and dangers was now added a grievous famine. The destitution of the city became something appalling. Bread of the most ordinary description was excessively dear. The farmers, terrified and robbed, in the constant disorders and excesses of the times, refused the depreciated assignats, or only received them at an enormous discount, and so held back their grain.

There was then none of the equalization of want and supply wrought by steam in the nineteenth century. Lumbering vehicles drawn by animal power, or barges floating down the Seine, were the sole modes of carriage. Crowds of famished men and women thronged around the bakeries. Dealers in breadstuff were threatened with death. The rich laid in provision, but the poor thronged the streets in the fury and anguish of famine.

The *wealthy* were charged with producing the scarcity. The people laid the depreciation of the currency, not to inexorable financial laws, but to the machinations of the aristocrats and royalists.

The air resounded with malignant invectives in which the passions of the starving masses were yet more inflamed,



ASSIGNATS OF THE REVOLUTION.

while the people raged around the Hôtel de Ville and the Convention, loudly demanding immediate relief. The Commune, to do it justice, exerted itself to the utmost to alleviate the misery of the starving city. They placed a maximum price on all articles of food, and decreed death against all who should transcend, in selling, the legal limit. The Commune threatened the farmers, merchants, and storekeepers, with instant destruction if they dared to charge more for their goods than this law permitted. Defying every rule of political economy, and despising the laws of trade, they met all resistance by the efficient though temporary remedy of the guillotine.

They arbitrarily forced also the seller to receive at par the assignats, now depreciated 33 per cent. Several recusants were executed, and for a moment, like a ravaging army, the Commune gathered by force the food existing in the provinces and temporarily relieved the capital. Every social and financial student can realize the insanity of this course.

Marat, that storm-bird of Revolution, constantly appeared wherever the clouds were the darkest. Chafing under the bonds of the influence of Danton, he began to free himself from his chains, and to dominate in the sections, and he even dared to rival the influence of Robespierre himself. In his paper, the *Ami du Peuple*, he enlarged upon his own merits, his patriotism, his poverty, and secretly or openly inspired the frantic populace to new deeds of violence. "While Robespierre," says Lamartine, "restrained them by his reason, Marat carried them away by his madness." Marat bitterly abused the Gironde. "They were," he said, "the secret agents of the foreigners, the friends of a new Royalty." This wild and bloodthirsty iconoclast now began those sarcastic invectives against the loyalty, respectability, and culture of the Girondists which he never ceased until they were driven from the Convention.

Famished bands continued day by day to ask the authorities for bread. The women who earned their support by cleaning in the river Seine the linen of a large city came rushing before the bar of the Convention, and cried aloud for the legislators to reduce the prices of soap and wood, oil and candles, the essentialities of their labors.

Marat boldly advocated *the wholesale pillage of the rich*. The fierce socialism of the French Revolution, like that of Chicago in 1886, recognized no property in anything. Marat

was the herald of the coming Nihilists of the nineteenth century and the dynamite bomb-throwers of our own land. "The capitalists, the usurers, the monopolists," he said in his paper *L'Ami du Peuple* for February 23, 1793, "the agents of chicanery, the ex-gownsmen, the ex-nobles, are with a few exceptions the serfs of the Ancient Régime. They are the enemies of the people. I see nothing but the total destruction of this accursed brood which can restore tranquillity to the nation. The pillage of the stores, at the gates of which some monopolists should hang, would put an end to those frauds by which five million of men are reduced to despair, and thousands perish from starvation and misery." The people read sympathetically this advocacy of pillage, and rose the next day.

They baptized one of their legions the "Company of Marat." The starving mob broke into the wealthy part of the city, levied contributions from the rich, and carried away vast quantities of bread, oil, candles, coffee, sugar and cheese, robbing provision stores of hams and pork.

The Convention was indignant at this wholesale plundering. Barrere and Salles made earnest speeches for the preservation of property and order. The Convention was assailed by the demand of many deputies appealing for a decree of accusation against Marat. That Anarchist immediately rushed to the tribune of the Convention. He dared accusation and defended himself with words that ran fire, like lava from a volcano. He spoke of the starvation of the people and boldly and arrogantly confessed that he *had* recommended to hang the monopolists. The whole Assembly was filled with horror and indignation. "The imbeciles!" said Marat with disdain, and the man of the people triumphantly left the tribune.

Marat had defied the Convention. The efforts of the Girondist orators Vergniaud, Brissot, and Lepaux were but as the breath of an autumn breeze against a hoarse and assaulting tide. Marat retired as Marius might have done from the Roman Senate, and exalted himself that evening in all the Revolutionary clubs.

It was but a few days after this event that the great insurrection burst forth in La Vendée which will be fully detailed in succeeding chapters. Once more, as Dumourier fled from the armies of the North, and Dampierre fortified his camp at Famars, to which he had finally withdrawn, the

tocsins pealed over France, and the *rappelle* was beaten in the windy March streets of all her cities, while strolling orators collected crowds as in the previous August, and the cry arose, "To arms, citizens!" "To arms!"

Danton, the flame of the Revolution, as Marat was its volcano, was everywhere. He could be seen in the camp of Dampierre, in the cities of the North, in the Convention, and in the clubs, organizing resistance to foreign domination. At his voice legions sprang as from the ground, and new swarms of volunteers hurried to the defeated North.

The Army of the Rhine under Custine, retreating from Mayence, was reinforced and halted.

The conflict between the Jacobins and Girondists, in the midst of military disasters, internal insurrection, and famine, became yet more intense and furious.

The people of Paris were in a state of frenzy. In March, 1793, a decisive struggle commenced. A conspiracy was inaugurated against the Gironde. It was resolved to attack them in the Convention upon a certain night. Unfortunately for the plan of the Jacobins that very evening it began to rain. Petion gazed out of his snug abode upon the threatening clouds, calmly returned to his room, and said with French *sang froid*, "There will be *no émeute* to-night." There was none.

These words of sarcasm and wisdom, spreading among the people, increased a hatred against the once popular Girondist leader which had been long engendering.

Roland was at length worn out with the Revolutionary turmoil. He had resigned his ministry on the 22d of January, 1793, and could not be induced to continue. Madame Roland, anxious and depressed, began to show under her brilliant and beautiful eyes those marks of anxiety and distress, which witnessed of sleepless nights and vigils of deep anxiety, and even tears. The stern, bloody, frenzied Revolution was scattering before it, as a hurricane scatters a bed of flowers, the orators of refinement, sentiment, and patriotism. Its gory voice was heard, hoarse and threatening, and its hands were extended to clutch and destroy its enemies. Engirdling flames of war were wrapping the borders, and La Vendée had now advanced to battle. The supreme moment which decided the fate of the Girondists rapidly came.

The Jacobins had cleared their way by many notable arrests. They had imprisoned the Duke of Orleans and his

sons in a gloomy fortress on the Mediterranean Sea. They had separated this faithless Prince from his children, and he now was compelled to endure an anguish similar to that of Louis XVI. "Whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap." His eldest son, Louis Phillippe, had escaped and was a wanderer in a foreign land. The Duke of Orleans was at least an affectionate father. When the unhappy captives had reached the Fort of la Guard, and he saw his sons, he embraced them. On the fourth day of his imprisonment he was entirely separated from his children, except the youngest. Bathed in tears the Duke of Montpensier was removed from the father whom he so tenderly loved, despite the earnest remonstrances of Phillippe Egalite.

The Duke of Orleans was placed in the dark and sad dungeons of Fort St. Martin, and here with his youngest son, the Count de Beaujolais, he remained for several months. One day the Duke heard the voice of his elder son on the stairway: "Ah!" he cried, "is it thou, Montpensier? is it thou, my child? How much good the sound of thy voice does me!" A few months before, in the Palace Royal, the Duke had reveled with his harlots and brandy, while his cousin and his King, Louis XVI., tortured and abused, was rent from *his* family and only son, and found no rest but in death. Constantly, again and again, in the course of this history will be seen the stern retributions of God: "With what measure ye mete it shall be measured to you again."

Meantime the pressing starvation of the people of Paris constantly precipitated catastrophes. Hunger was a factor in every mob and in every riot. The suffering was frightful. The wail of famished families filled the air. The people would not realize that it was the Revolution that produced the want. They ascribed it to the moderate men of order in every party. They stigmatized them as traitors and demanded their heads. Every night long files of these destitute beings could be seen, standing before the bakeries and waiting for a pittance of bread to be doled out. The coercive efforts of the Commune failed, and the law of maximum, even with the guillotine behind it as a threat to the disobedient, was but imperfectly kept. Neither the Convention, the clubs nor the Commune could apply the remedy, which only lay in a *settled government* and the reign of just laws.

The people constantly filled the galleries of the Convention, and were clamorous and furious. They would howl down Robespierre, St. Just, and Chaumette as well as the orators of the Gironde the moment that they attempted to speak. The Royalists in secret referred to the peace which had existed under the Monarchy, and said: "Behold the fruits of a Republic of Regicides." "Behold," responded the Jacobins in public, "what the Girondists, Royalists, and partisans of Lafayette are accomplishing. The people can do no wrong. It is the same traitorous party who endeavored to save Louis, which now seeks to destroy liberty by starving the people."

Paris became a camp. The alarm because of the famine, the treachery of Dumourier, and the second advance of a foreign army, awakened anew Revolutionary rage. The Girondists, armed with concealed weapons, began to meet for counsel in each other's houses. Aroused by this state of public feeling the sections gathered at their posts, and everywhere the mobs debated the necessity of a new insurrection in order to purge the representatives and save the Republic. The Jacobins soon developed great power. They commanded the National Guards; they influenced the Commune and sections; but they were not yet prepared to directly attack the Girondists. However, they employed to their utmost the defection of Dumourier, and proposed a series of terrible measures which the Gironde were unable to resist.

On the 9th of March, 1793, by a motion of Danton, "THE REVOLUTIONARY TRIBUNAL" was established. The Girondists protested in vain. The people were blind to its sanguinary possibilities, and resolute to employ its energies against their enemies. Robert Lindet read the proposal to regulate, as well as constitute, this formidable body, which was to prove itself more terrible than the proscriptions of Tiberius and Nero, than the Inquisition of Spain, or Alva's bloody court.

The new Tribunal was to be liberated from all legal forms; authorized to convict on any evidence; divided into two prominent divisions; and either by order of the Convention, or on its own responsibility, empowered to prosecute and condemn those whom it arrested. *Any evidence, moral or actual, was sufficient.*

When the Girondists heard this ferocious ordinance read,

they broke out into cries of indignation. But their voices were drowned by the applause of the Mountain, and the yelling multitudes crowding the galleries. "I would rather die," cried Vergniaud, "than to establish a tribunal worse than the Venetian inquisition." "Choose," shouted Amar, "between that and insurrection." The turmoil became tremendous. The shades of night fell on the battling Assembly. At length Danton arose, and with a loud voice he said: "Let us be terrible to prevent the people from becoming so; let us organize a terror, not which shall do good, but which shall do the least harm. Better this than new massacres. To-day let us complete the 'Revolutionary Tribunal'; to-morrow the executive power; the next day the departure of the commissioners to raise the departments of France. Slander me if you will, but let my memory perish, if the Republic can be saved." The affrighted Convention passed all the laws proposed by Robert Lindet, only adding a trial by jurors.

The National body answered the treason of Dumourier by denouncing him as a rebel and traitor, and threatening him with instant death if captured. It banished forever the Duke of Chartres and all the emigrant Bourbon Princes from the soil of France, threatening them with immediate execution if discovered and captured upon the territory of the Republic.

Urged on by the Jacobins it reorganized, with increased powers, the terrible Committee of Public Safety, and made Fouquier-Tinville, never to be mentioned without a shudder, the prosecutor of the new Revolutionary Court.

These tremendous changes and inaugurations paved the way for the quick overthrow and ruin of the Girondists, and all the moderate elements in the National legislature. But the Gironde did not fall without a struggle. They were yet formidable and powerful in the city of Paris, had many official positions in the metropolis, and possessed upon a vote yet, when they dared to use it, a majority in the Convention.

Reckless through desperation the Girondists succeeded in creating a Committee of Twelve to investigate the affairs of Paris. The committee were all from the Gironde. This imprudent body of men at once announced their determination to *destroy the Commune*, abolish the new Revolutionary Tribunal, and to restore Paris to the condition in which it

was before the Convention of 1792 ; but without a monarch or monarchy. " If Paris resists," cried its most fiery orator, Isnard, in the Convention, " we will burn it to the ground." These words only intensified the wrath of the Jacobins and and Cordeliers, and were used by the aroused Danton to insure his own success in his efforts against them.

During these discordant scenes of party strife drums were beating in the city for volunteers against La Vendée. A ragged and dissipated band, five thousand strong, induced by the prospect of plunder and opportunity for debauchery, were ranged under the banner of Santerre, who immediately left at their head for the western provinces. In his place the Commune appointed a general who was half his time intoxicated, the ferocious Henriot.

At this exciting and dangerous moment France was like a cauldron which burns and boils, and seethes and overflows. In the northeast and center the people, made loyal by their danger from the invading foreign armies, were faithful to the Republic. In the west, in olden Poitou and Anjou, the whole peasantry had sprung to arms for their God, their King, and the white lilies of monarchical France. In the southwest, Bordeaux and the entire region enthusiastically supported the Gironde. In the south, Lyons was preparing to revolt from the Republican rule, and Marseilles and Toulon were ready to hoist the white banner of the Bourbons and surrender their ports to the British.

Roused to frenzy the Commune made desperate efforts to carry out its measures, resolved to succeed or to perish in the attempt. A series of antagonistic and determined movements began between the Committee of Twelve and the Paris Commune. An insurrectionary authority was established in the Hôtel de Ville, supported by the military power of the sections. It prepared to march on the Convention, and to overthrow the Girondist power by violence.

In the heat of this factional contest a decree was passed which was afterwards used with fatal effect. It was that, without regard to the inviolability of members of the Convention, they might be placed under accusation whenever they were strongly suspected of being in league with the enemies of the State. The Committee of General Security was created anew and greatly increased in power. Such a committee had existed *en potence* since the preceding September. It was now thoroughly reorganized, and the police,

of Paris and practically of entire France, was placed in its hands under the supervision of the Commune of the Capital.

The month of May was spent by the Terrorists in preparation. They seduced all the members of the city committees, gathered secretly the military resources of Paris, and prepared to capture the Convention. The insidious Danton, animated by the utmost hatred of the Girondists, loaned them his entire skill, and influence. Pache, a bitter Jacobin, had been elected Mayor of Paris.

On the evening of the 24th of May, 1793, there was a great uproar in the Commune because one of the sections had sided with the Gironde against their body. Two other sections joined the revolvers. These bodies were in the wealthy sections of the city. "If reason," said the section Buttes des Moulins, "cannot regain control we will strive to make it possible by arms." The Girondists succeeded in having a decree passed by the Representatives, placing the Tuileries and Convention under the safeguard of good citizens. If threatened, the loyal sections were to be summoned to its protection by the beat of drums in the different quarters of the city. The Convention also caused Hébert, the foulest and most persistent of all the Jacobins, to be arrested.

This infamous man had never known shame. He was insensible to pity, and at that very moment in the Temple, where he was a Commissioner, with savage brutality he was torturing and abusing the royal family. He published a vile paper filled with atheism and blasphemy called *Le Père Duchene*—"Father Duchene." It was a cesspool of obscenity and frenzy. The newsboys of Paris shouted it through the streets with the apostrophe: "The Father Duchene is in a devil of a rage"—*en bête colère*. Hébert ran to the Commune at the Hôtel de Ville, before the arresting officers reached him, and showed to those sanguinary tyrants the order for his apprehension just issued by a Convention ruled by the Gironde.

He said with mock meekness that he would submit and perish if need be. He was not disturbed for himself, he avowed, "but for his country." The Commune greeted him with frenzied applause. He was embraced and kissed in the French style by the Atheist Chaumette. The sitting of the Commune was declared permanent, and they parted

with Hébert as the Romans parted with Regulus on his return to Carthage.

Hébert appeared before the Convention in an ecstasy of sentimental devotion, and was immediately sent to the prison of the Abbaye, on the south side of the Seine. Chaumette hurried to that prison, and tried to interview his friend, but was refused admittance.

The sections now fell into a state of great confusion and fury. Some were for the Commune and some were for the Convention and the Gironde, and they evinced their hesitation by the instability of their actions.

On the 28th of May, a petition approved by the majority of the sections was presented to the National legislators demanding the punishment of the Federalist deputies.

A brief hour succeeded of turmoil and plotting. The Girondists assembled at the houses of Roland and Valèze; the "patriots," as the Jacobins termed themselves, gathered at Pache the Mayor's, at Danton's chambers, in Robespierre's rooms, and in Marat's den. Paris was stirred as it had not been stirred since the 21st of January when the King's head fell.

If the Gironde succeeded there was only the hope of a federal Republic, which was an impossibility. If the Terrorists were triumphant, then people dreaded the dark-red avenues of blood and death which such a triumph would reveal.

But while the Girondists scolded, talked, quoted reason, Greek republics, law and duty, their enemies were at work. The thunders of the cannons of the Austrians in the north, who were now advancing, and of the Royalists in La Vendée, who were driving Santerre and his "night crew of terror" before them, added to the intensity of the fervor of the "Patriots'" efforts. It was a supreme moment. To be defeated now was to lose the kind of Revolution which the Jacobins believed to be necessary for liberty and France. The sections of radicalism were applied to once more, and the drums of the Sans Culottes were sounded through all the dark dens, devious ways, and narrow streets of the Faubourgs St. Antoine and St. Marceau. Henriot gathered his bands of pikemen, radical National Guards, and cannoneers of the sections. The Commune issued stirring proclamations denouncing all the leaders of the Gironde, and demanding that the Convention should give up for immediate

imprisonment twenty-two of its most gifted and eminent members. They fixed their fatal fingers on Vergniaud and Barbaroux, on Isnard, on Brissot, on Petion, on the grace, the learning, the intellect, the genius, and the eloquence of France ! It was as if that mob of Athens, so satirized by Aristophanes, had elected for destruction, not simply philosophers like Socrates, but Demosthenes, Pericles, Euripides, Epaminondas, men of a hundred years of wisdom, genius, and patriotism, could we suppose that all these had been illustrious and powerful during a single twelve months.

The Convention was appalled by the threatened insurrection, but Danton urged the Commune to consummate its purpose. The Convention rallied around its Representatives. On the 25th of May a furious mob had invaded the Tuileries, and had swarmed before the doors of the Convention. They had cried loudly for the liberation of Hébert. The heroic Isnard, at this moment President of the Convention, refused. With Roman resolution he addressed the Legislators. "Hear me," he said. "France will rise, if its delegates are abused and threatened." Danton, who was in the outer room, pressed in. He encouraged the tumult and the demand of the mob. As he spoke, a crowd of members of the Mountain rushed from their seats to drag down the faithful Isnard from the presidential chair. "Let there be," roared Danton, in a stentorian voice, "no truce any longer between the Mountain and these base Girondists who design to be tyrants." The Girondists courageously gathered around the President and maintained him in his chair.

The mob withdrew, and the inflammatory conspirators of the Commune for a moment were baffled. But, undiscouraged, for two days the Jacobins employed their time in haranguing the populace and in exciting insurrections. The city resounded with cries of "Death to the Girondists !" "The twenty-two or we perish !" as it had resounded five months before with "Death to the tyrant !"

The three conservative sections who obeyed the Convention prepared to defend it.

On the 29th of May an immense crowd assembled. These faithful troops of the Gironde immediately marched to the palace of the Tuileries. They ranged themselves around the hall of the legislators with their guns and cannons. They were pressed against by a vast surging mob inflamed

with demoniac passion, and who cried out with such constancy, "Death to the Traitors!" that the troops, few in numbers, brave and devoted as they were, began to tremble. At this moment Garat, one of the Girondists, entered the Convention. Deceived by Pache the Mayor, one of the most dangerous and deadly of the Jacobins, he made such a report to the deputies as soothed their alarm, and the Girondists temporarily retired from the Convention. Herault de Sechelles assumed the presidential chair, which had been vacated by Isnard, and immediately sent an order to the prison of the Abbaye to liberate the imprisoned Hébert. The order was obeyed without hesitation or delay. At the same session the Convention abolished the Committee of Twelve, and in their absence, like reckless school-boys with their teachers away, undid the whole work of the Girondists.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

THE FALL OF THE GIRONDISTS.

THE Girondists were assembled at the house of Valèze, when they learned that Hébert had been released and carried off by the triumphant Jacobins with cries of "Death to the twenty-two!" They were ashamed of their credulity in believing the report of Garat, and were determined to die if necessary in defense of their principles.

On the next day, May 28th, the first of what became known in history as the *five great days*, they assembled in force in the Convention. They were yet in the majority. They did not hesitate a moment, despite the clamorous opposition of the Mountain, to reverse the work of the preceding day; to restore all their committees; and to take a position of defiance.

It was now that a Girondist orator, not hitherto of extreme prominence, signalized himself, not alone by his fearless eloquence, but also by his supreme courage. The educated Lanjuinais came to the front. Not Vergniaud's silvery tongue, but the trenchant words of this young man, restored the Girondists to courage. In the midst of the tumultuous and menacing Jacobins, he ascended the tribune. His voice could be heard in its distinct enunciation above all the uproar of the Mountain, as the voice of the clear, strong trumpet amid the fire and thunder of Sinai.

"There are," cried Lanjuinais, "over fifty thousand citizens, at this very moment, imprisoned in the departments by the Paris Commune and its commissioners. More terrible and despotic arrests," he cried, with penetrating eloquence, "have taken place under the reign of liberty, equality and fraternity, than under the despotic rules of Louis XIV. and Louis XV. for a whole century. You," he said, pointing fervidly to the Jacobins, "have caused these vast arrests, and yet you have excited this tumult because *we* have consigned to justice a few unworthy men. Your Commune exercises imperial power. It sends its pro-consuls to the army and the provinces. You proclaim murder and indorse pillage.



CAMILLE DESMOULINS.



HENRIOT.



CHARLOTTE CORDAY.



MADAME ROLAND.



DUMOURIER.

FAMOUS REVOLUTIONISTS.

On the past Sunday your Jacobins proposed in their club a general massacre in Paris. This very night this same dreadful proposition will be presented to the Cordeliers, Your conspiracy is evident." The Jacobins listened to the bold orator, and were white with rage. "*You protect,*" Lanjuinais shouted in his supreme anger, "*only assassins red with blood.*"

The Mountain became furious. Legendre arose and yelled: "Let us throw the calumniator headlong from the tribune, as Manlius was thrown from the Tarpeian Rock." Lanjuinais smiled, "I," said he proudly, "am like Manlius, a saviour of my country, but not, as he, awakened by the cackling of geese."

These sarcasms intensified the rage of the Jacobins, especially when they found that through the truth and eloquence of the accusations of Lanjuinais several of the Terrorist decrees had been reversed. "Yesterday," cried Danton,—now assailing for a moment in his fluctuating course the Girondists,—“the Convention did an act of justice in liberating Hébert; let it beware of departing from its purposes. If arbitrary imprisonment is not to be contemned, if the public magistrates are not restored to the exercise of their regular powers, *then* after having shown our enemies that we surpass them in moderation and in wisdom, we will equally prove to them we surpass them in audacity and revolutionary vigor.” The voice was now heard of that Collot d’Herbois, the most reckless of all the deniers of the Bible and Christ, and the most cruel and furious of all the agents of revolutionary massacre. He was next to the supreme leaders, Robespierre and his satellite Carrier, in his thirst for bloodshed. This as yet unfledged Nero rose to his feet, boiling with rage, and vociferated to the Girondist deputies: “You have violated the rights of man. Tremble, ye despots! We will follow your example. We will not shield tyrants. Let us throw a veil over the statue of Liberty, so impudently placed by our enemies in this hall. We are threatened with a new tyranny, that of the Girondists. We reply, we will no longer restrain the righteous indignation of an abused people.” The agitation was now extreme. The Girondists winced, but did not cower under the assaults of their enemies, and the day passed in angry debate.

But the Commune was determined. It was a life-and-death hug with them. Either they or the Convention were

to rule Paris, and whoever ruled Paris ruled the war, the Republic, and France.

The Commune employed the whole of the 29th of May in arranging their armed forces. On the next day, the 30th, the clubs and forty-four out of the forty-eight sections declared themselves in insurrection. The Sans Culottes who thronged, starving, to their ranks were promised forty sous a day. The tocsins in the tower of the Hôtel de Ville and the forty-eight steeples of the city were sounded, and the revolt inaugurated.

But here a first division took place between Danton and Robespierre. Danton was not a man of blood. He yet admired and loved many of the Girondists. All his plans were concentrated in simply overthrowing the Girondist Committee of Twelve. The stern, silent, and ambitious Robespierre had a different purpose. His determination was to enslave the National Convention, which represented France, and place it in bondage to the Commune, which represented Paris. He could more easily dominate over a city than a nation. Robespierre unfortunately had Paris behind him. The forty-four sections began to gather.

The National Guards were, in this crisis, but a cowardly and timid body. Where was the civic devotion of the days of Lafayette? The cannoneers of the sections—those fearful tyrants of the Revolution—rolled out their guns, mounted their horses, put on their rude Sans Culottes uniforms, and defied the citizen soldiers. The urban troops were compelled to follow. The cannoneers cried, "Long live the Mountain!" "Death to the Girondists!" They escorted thousands of turbulent citizens, who pretended that their sole object was to present a petition to the Convention.

In the Faubourg St. Antoine the utmost disorder prevailed. The cry was adroitly raised, "We are about to plunder the rich. The spoils of St. Germain are ours." The idea of capturing the money, goods, and luxuries of the rich inflamed the lower masses of St. Antoine. Hope of pillage was mingled with hatred against the Girondists. Such is the godless dissipation and piracy of urban mobs. These desperados now all rushed to arms.

They gloated in anticipation of the hour when the rich man's money would be theirs, his splendid home in the Faubourg St. Germain or Quartier Mont Marthe their retreat, his wife, his daughter the prey of their fury, and his sons

the victims of their daggers. A more foul, licentious, degraded mob could not issue from any purlieus of the eighteenth century.

The physically timid Robespierre, elegantly attired and safe among his friends, marshaled these Hun-like hordes, and then retired to the Convention. The ruffian bands, as much bent on plunder as on destroying the Girondists, came sweeping down the Rue St. Honore, toward the Palace Egalite, lately the residence of the Duke of Orleans

But a warning had been given, and a guard surrounded that splendid palace and its beautiful gardens. Cannoneers with lighted matches stood ready to fire upon the multitude, and in cowardly panic they passed by intimidated.

As the deep notes of the awful tocsins, clang upon clang, reverberated through Paris, the Convention hastily assembled. The Legislative hall was now in the northern wing of the Tuileries. At one extremity of the palace was installed, by the successful Republic, the Committee of Public Safety. At the end of the Tuileries nearest to the Seine the Committee of General Security held its sessions. Only a block away was the Jacobin Club. All the forces favorable or adverse to the Girondists, forces of Committees and forces of the Mountain, were in their various clubs, almost contiguous to the palace.

The Convention as it entered its hall was exalted and determined. The patriotic men and the cultured orators seemed to realize the gravity of the crisis, and to prepare to fight heroically, conquer grandly, or die sublimely. Barbaux with his splendid person, Vergniaud with his flowing eloquence, the fiery Isnard, and the earnest Brissot, all were there, and Gensonne the thinker, Sillery the wit, Salles the man of artistic taste, and the fearless Lanjuinais.

The sun of a long summer day was just gilding the spires and edifices of Paris, and the early birds were twittering in the gardens near by, as the Convention commenced its session. The double-dealing Mayor of Paris, Pache, appeared, and with a smirking smile worthy of Mephistophiles informed the legislators that he had increased the guards around the sanctuary of the law, and had forbidden the firing of the alarm cannon. At that *very moment*, to his confusion, its loud, deep boom was heard rolling over the city. The Convention became exceedingly agitated. "I demand," cried Thuriot, "that the 'Commission of Twelve' be this

very moment dissolved." "And I," echoed Tallien, "that the sword of the law be turned against the conspirators here." The Girondists were undaunted. United in destiny and in courage, they demanded that Henriot, the commander of the armed forces, should be called before the bar to answer for firing the cannon of alarm without the permission of the National legislators. "If a combat commences," said Vergniaud, "whoever conquers, the Republic is lost. Let us swear to die at our posts." The Convention took the oath, but insurrection and terror soon caused it to be nullified.

The fluctuating Danton at this crisis hurried to the tribune. "I exhort you," he said earnestly to the Girondists and Moderates, "to dissolve the Commission of Twelve, The tocsin has sounded ; the alarm cannon you have heard ; the people are in agitation. If you have any political discretion you will take advantage of this excitement to retrace your steps and regain your lost popularity. I address myself to those deputies who have still some sense of their real situation, and not to those insane men who will listen to no voice but that of their own passion. Hesitate, therefore, I adjure you, no longer to satisfy the people." "What people?" cried Vergniaud. "That people," replied Danton hotly ; "that immense body which is the vanguard of this Convention, which hates alike every species of tyranny and that base forbearance which brings it back. Hasten to satisfy them ! Save them from the aristocrats ! Save them from their own anger ! When *this is done*, if the movement still continues, then," added Danton, casting a threatening glance toward the door, "Paris will soon annihilate the factions who shall yet insist on disturbing her tranquillity." The speech of Danton was in reality noble and conciliatory. A man of sudden temper, but capable of lenity, his heart, at first so bitter toward the Girondists, softened insensibly as he perceived their danger. He would have saved them.

The gardens and avenues of the Tuileries were now black with an enormous multitude, and the petitioners who entered were fierce and determined men. Barrere proposed as a compromise the dissolution of the Committee of Twelve. Robespierre sprang to his feet and declared "that the arrest of the Girondists should also be included." "Move it then," exclaimed Vergniaud defiantly and calmly. "Yes," responded Robespierre vehemently, "I do *move it*, and my

motion is against you. *You* who after the 10th of August strove to destroy the men who achieved it. *You* who endeavored to save the tyrant. *You* who conspired with Dumourier to overthrow the Republic, and who have attacked all whom the malice of that traitor has pointed out to you." The Convention trembled at the words of Robespierre. They dissolved the Committee of Twelve, but abstained from decreeing any arrests.

It was a fatal step. They gave, but did not *give enough*. It showed to the Commune and the armed mob of Paris, how easy it was to compel the National representatives to accede to their demands, when the people rose in armed insurrection. This submission soon overthrew the authority of the Convention and made it the bond-slave of the Commune and Committees of Paris; and it was not until it rose against the Terror in July 1794, that it succeeded in regaining either its influence or its power. What rivers of blood were to flow from beneath the busy knife of the guillotine before that day dawned!

The insurrectionary committees were only half-satisfied. They were resolved on the destruction of the moderate party, and that party had its heart and head among the Girondists. Twenty-two of this body were the especial objects of their malice, and they insisted that these deputies must be given up.

On the 2d of June, 1793, came the decisive struggle. All night the drums of the sections could be heard beating the *generale* which gathered the insurgent forces. Through the starlight, and into the dawn, pealed the deep tocsin of the mighty Notre Dame, assisted by the clangorous calls to arms of the bells of over forty churches. Entire Paris was in uproar and motion, while an immense army assembled in front of the Hôtel de Ville, and marched toward the Convention. One hundred and sixty pieces of cannon, with tumbrils of gunpowder, with furnaces to heat balls red-hot, with drawn swords in the hands of the gunners, and lighted matches, according to the method of that time, rumbled on after the infantry toward the Tuileries. Volunteers for La Vendée were stopped as they marched by, and were united to the tens of thousands of insurgents who poured along the quays and down by the Rue St. Honore. By ten o'clock in the morning, all the avenues leading to the palace were blockaded by dense columns of infantry and artillery. Fully

eighty thousand armed men were assembled around the Tuileries, with Henriot at their head and Marat uttering inflammatory harangues.

The Girondists, amid the roar and tumult of Paris, the clang of the tocsins and the beating of the insurrectionary drums, met for the last time as members of the Convention, and secretly in the residence of Valèze. It was at midnight. They seemed, like the Spartans at Thermopylæ, to prepare themselves by special rites for the death which awaited them. They supped in an isolated mansion in the Rue de Clichy. Madame Roland's heart had been rent by torturing emotions all through those threatening and fearful scenes. They did not venture to disturb her sal^{on} with the agony of their last moments of expiring political power.

The Girondists resolved not to flee from their antagonists, but to be all present in the Convention on the morrow, and to maintain the struggle to the last, defying the utmost malice of their enemies. Their attitude was heroic and sublime, but it was like the unavailing courage of a Roman gladiator who knows that he must perish.

They could all have escaped. But no one of them at this moment at least would desert his post. Petion, so traitorous to the King on the 10th of August, 1792, now felt the sting of the people's ingratitude and hate, but was fearless and resigned. Barbaroux showed to his coadjutors the arms which he had concealed beneath his clothing, and with the fervid blood of the sunny Marseilles warming his veins, he declared that he would not die unrevenged. Vergniaud, superb and magnificent even in this hour of his political ruin, relied on his genius and eloquence and did not lose hope.

Grand men, heroes of ideals—alas ! like a flower before a sirocco, or like singing songs on the seashore to abate the fury of a cyclone, so it was with them. Had the Gironde possessed the union and courage on the 17th of January, 1793, in resisting the execution of Louis XVI., which they now exhibited, there might have been a pause in the stormy march of the Revolution, and a possible return to sanity and law.

Early in their seats, the Girondists heard through four noisy morning hours, from six o'clock of June 2d and until ten o'clock, the march of thousands, the roll of drums, the

rumbling of artillery, and they knew that yet other fierce thousands with muskets, pikes, bludgeons, and hatchets were massing around the Convention. Their few defenders were cowed and dismayed and had hidden in their homes. But they did not for a moment lose their exalted courage and contempt for death. They had not read Plutarch in vain. When the Convention at an early hour opened its eventful session, Malliarne took the president's chair, and Lanjuinais mounted the tribune. He was greeted by the howls of the Jacobins, "Down with Lanjuinais!" Perfectly unmoved, he spoke eloquently and fervently. He referred to their shameful situation; with their deliberations being conducted beneath the knife of revolt, and while threatened by a usurped power and insurrectionary force. The Jacobins, stung to the fury by these bold and truthful words, and headed by Legendre and Billaud Varennes, endeavored to tear by violence the heroic Girondist from the tribune, that pedestal of representative rights. The stern President covered his head. "Liberty is at an end," he said, "if such violence continues."

The most frightful disorder now ensued. Thuriot's voice could be heard accusing the Girondists of treason. The loud reply of Lanjuinais was for a moment drowned amid the confusion and cries in the hall. But Lanjuinais was indomitable. His thunder-tones again rose above the turbulent clamor of the Jacobins, while he stood firm as a rock which meets the spray and spume of lashing waves. "I demand," he almost yelled, in his determined courage—"I demand," he repeated with a mighty voice, "that all the Revolutionary authorities of Paris be instantly dissolved, that everything done during the last three days be annulled, and that all who arrogate to themselves an illegal authority be put without the pale of the law" (*Hors à loi*). To do this was to threaten a scaffold to the assaulters of the Convention.

At this moment deputies from the insurrection without forced their way into the presence of the Convention, and loudly demanded the arrest of the Girondists. "The citizens of Paris," they said in brief and stern language, "have been four days under arms. For four days have they demanded from their representatives redress of their rights, so scandalously violated. The conspirators, those twenty-two of the Gironde yonder, must immediately be placed

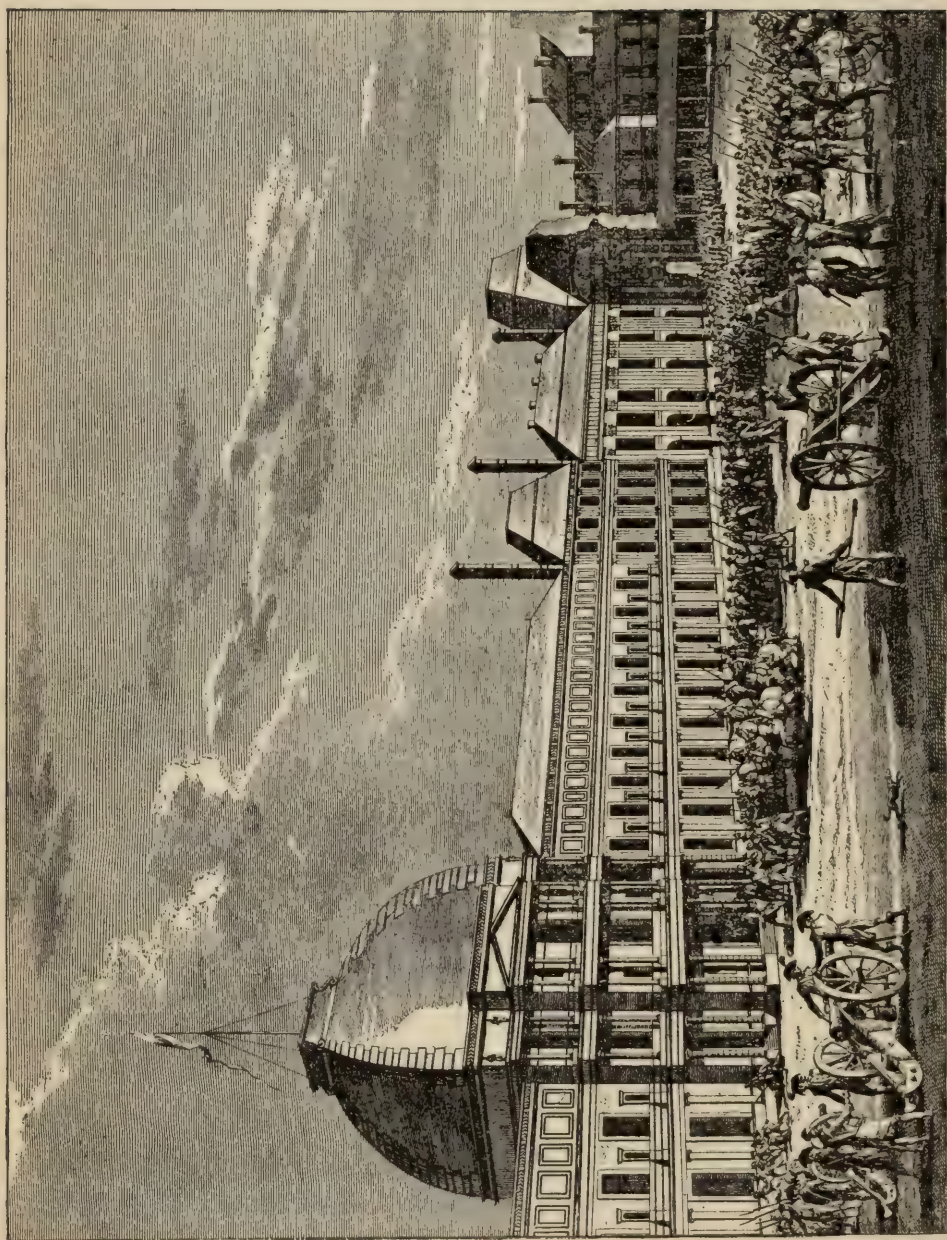
under arrest. If you do not serve the people, they will take their salvation into their own hands."

Some of the Jacobins in the Convention, touched with a last spark of human pity, and headed by Barrere, strove to induce the Girondists to mollify their fall by handing in their resignations. The bravest, worn out and quelled by so tremendous an onslaught, were inclined to do so. Even Vergniaud and Isnard for a moment seemed exhausted. Human nature has its limits. "No," said the immovable Lanjuinais, "I have shown hitherto some courage. I will not retreat now. You need never expect from me either suspension or resignation." He was interrupted by the cries of the Mountain. "When the ancients," he said calmly, "prepared a sacrifice, they crowned their victim with garlands and flowers. They conducted him to the altar, but when he was slain, he was not insulted. You, more cruel than they, insult the victims you would sacrifice."

"I have sworn," added Barbaroux, rushing to the tribune, "to die at my post. I will keep my oath. Bend if you please before the fury of those insurrectionary bands which now surround us, but I will brave their fury. I may sink under their daggers, but I will never fall at their feet." The scenes in Pandemonium, as delineated by the magic pen of Milton, never exceeded the confusion, the outcries, the agitation, and hesitation, which alternately prevailed in the Convention at this supreme moment. The very Mountain admired the courage of the expiring Gironde. Men are not devils, and even the fiercest political hate can be subdued into a momentary admiration for a defeated and dying enemy. Tears even were in the terrible eyes of Danton.

Suddenly Lacroix, a deputy, entered the hall, and announced that the Convention was imprisoned within the palace walls. At this startling intelligence, party strife for a moment seemed forgotten. To the Convention a great truth became manifested. The revolt was rather in the hands of the clubs, the Commune, and Marat and Robespierre, than in those of Danton and his agents in the Convention. "We must instantly," cried Danton, "avenge these insults upon the National representation. Let us go forth and awe the rebels into subjection."

The Convention simultaneously arose and moved to the door of their hall. Their President, now Herault de Sechelles,



HENRIOT DEMANDING THE SURRENDER OF THE TWENTY-TWO GIRONDISTS, JUNE 2, 1793.

headed their march. With signs of distress they appeared at the entrance of the Tuileries which opened upon the Carrousel. Suddenly Henriot on horseback confronted the Deputies. His drawn sword was in his hand, and the most devoted bands of the Faubourgs were by his side. "What do the people wish?" asked the President. "The Convention is occupied by nothing but their welfare." "Herault," answered Henriot fiercely, "you cannot deceive the people by fine words. They demand that now and without delay the twenty-two Girondist traitors be given up." The Convention behind the President cried indignantly, "Demand rather that we should be given up." "Gunnars," cried the stern Henriot, "to your pieces!" Two cannons charged with grape-shot were pointed directly against the members of the Convention, who fell back in terror.

The distressed deputies vainly endeavored to find an avenue of escape and liberty, at the other gates of the Carrousel. Everywhere they were met by armed men. Finally, in dismay and agitation they returned to their hall. The fiery Marat followed them with a host of brigands. "Legislators," he cried insolently, "I order you in the people's name to re-enter your hall; to deliberate, and to obey."

The members once more became seated, while the vast insurrectionary army, 80,000 strong, sternly and impatiently awaited outside for the desired vote. Couthon instantly arose, and in a voice that seemed to copy the sarcasm of Satan, he said: "You have now had a convincing proof that the Convention is *perfectly free*. The indignation of the people is only pointed toward certain unworthy members. We are surrounded by the force, affection, and homage of the faithful people. Let us obey our consciences and their wishes. I move the immediate arrest of Lanjuinais, Vergniaud, Sillery, Gensonne, Le Hardy, *Gaudet*, *Petion*, *Brissot*, Boileau, Birotteau, Valèze, Gomaise, Bertrand, Gardieu, Keveriegan, Mallevant, Bergoin, *Barbaroux*, Ledon, Buzot, Larsource, Rabaut, *Salles*, Chambon, Gorsas, Grangueneve, Le Sage, Louvet, Vigie, and Henry Lariviere." He adroitly mingled in this list great names and their obscure satellites. With the very dagger at their throats, the Convention passed the decree. Many deputies refused to vote. The Mountain alone, and a few outside helpers, made this unjust decree a law.

A mighty hurrah went up from the great army without, when they learned that the decree for the arrest of the obnoxious deputies had at length been passed by the Convention. The pikemen and sectionaries were satisfied and began to disperse rapidly to their homes, boasting as they passed through cheering multitudes that they had won a bloodless victory. They cried, "Vive la Commune ! A bas les Girondists !" as they marched along the streets.

Thus by violence the Paris municipality had outraged the inviolability of the supreme power, had lifted itself into its place by successful insurrection, and now held a sword of terror over its trembling representatives. It absolutely ruled from this hour in its own precincts, but its power as yet did not extend throughout France. That power, however, was soon to be bestowed.

The Girondists were immediately arrested, but placed under guards in their own homes. Barbaroux, Petion, Gaudet, Louvet, Lanjuinais, Isnard, and several others escaped. They hurried to the center and south of France to awaken revolt, and to lead an army if possible against the usurping Jacobins of Paris. The others were soon transferred to the various prisons of the city. As a political party in the Convention the Gironde had been destroyed.

Threatened by a revolted and royalist La Vendée, by a moderate Republican south ; by rebellious Lyons, Toulon, and Bordeaux ; by gathering forces at Caen, and armies of advancing English, Austrians, and Prussians from the north, the desperate Jacobins now, as the purged Convention and Commune of Paris, rose with such a gigantic energy, such a vast sagacity, and such a stupendous cruelty to meet the environment of five hundred thousand armed foes as could but win the reluctant admiration of the horrified world. With a frenzied patriotism never equaled since Jerusalem resisted Rome—but about to conquer, not to be destroyed—the Republic raised a million patriot soldiers, and hurled itself upon its invaders and its domestic rebels with desperate fury and courage.

Immediately after the overthrow of the Girondists, the Commune of Paris sent an agent to the bar of the Convention and demanded a decree of arrest against all suspected persons, and a general levy of the whole people to meet the

foes of the Republic. "Very well," cried Danton, now returning to the Mountain, his momentary sympathies dissipated. "I agree. I demand a decree which shall empower the Primary Assemblies to make requisitions throughout France for the armies, the government of the mandatories, and for the subsistences of the nation." It was passed and led to the arrest of sixty-three more of the Girondists. "Let us again," continued Danton, "take a new oath that we are ready either to die or overthrow tyrants." The oath was taken amid shouts of "Vive la République!" Barrere in the name of the Committee of Public Safety announced the most sweeping changes. That Committee was immediately solidified into a body of nine men, and the absolute authority was bestowed upon it of ruling the nation, in conjunction with the Commune of Paris and *ostensibly* the Convention.

All the men of France, from eighteen to forty-five years of age, were summoned to be ready to march against the foes of the Republic. The aged were appealed to to aid in manufacturing munitions of war; the middle-aged were called upon to fabricate arms; the women were exhorted to aid in hospitals and in camps, among the sick and the wounded. "In hatred against Kings," said Barrere, "and for the unity of the Republic, let France become one vast camp." Forty thousand smaller communes, with the power to arrest all suspected persons, soon filled the French departments with sorrow and terror. The prisons everywhere, which were within the control of the Jacobins, became filled with victims.

All strangers, all partisans of the Constitutional Monarchy of 1791, all moderates, all royalists, were alike arrested, to be *guarded*, it was declared, until the declaration of peace. Hundreds fled, and thousands hid themselves, but the prisons of France and Paris soon held two hundred thousand captives.

"The bourgeois, the commercial, and middle classes," says Mignet, "furnished the prisoners after the 31st of May, 1793, as the nobles and clergy had furnished them after the 10th of August, 1792." So rapid was the increasing and fearful sweep of the French Revolution.

The Convention created a revolutionary army of six thousand men, and a force of a thousand gunners, to be placed under the control of the Paris Commune and Com-

mittees. They were to be paid forty sous a day, and to arrest suspects in the city and suburbs, and escort them to the scaffold. All the functionaries were placed under the surveillance of the clubs, and a Revolutionary committee was formed in each section. The guillotine was erected permanently upon the Place de la Révolution, and in July, 1793, heads began rapidly to fall, and paralyzing fear to crush out all opposition in the capital.

The Reign of Terror had commenced.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

THE FATE OF THE ROYAL FAMILY UNTIL THE REMOVAL OF MARIE ANTOINETTE TO THE CONCIERGERIE.

WE must now return to the 21st of January, 1793, the day of the execution of the King.

After the Queen's night of tears and anguish, the morning sadly dawned. We left her hearing the thundering and rolling of the cannons at ten o'clock of that fatal day, which announced to her anguished ears the King's death, and wrenched from her bitter words of indignation and despair.

The little Dauphin, although personally a helpless prisoner in the Temple, was politically an important character. His uncle the Count de Provence, afterwards Louis XVIII., immediately after the death of his father proclaimed him monarch of France. The Count dated his proclamation from the armed camp of Coblenz. He bestowed upon the child the title of Louis XVII. "We declare," he said in his pronunciamiento of January 28, 1793, "that the Dauphin Charles Louis, born on the 27th day of the month of March, 1785, is King of France and Navarre under the name of Louis XVII.; and that by right of birth as well as by the provisions of the fundamental law of the kingdom, we are, and shall continue to be, Regent of France, during the minority of the King our nephew and lord." The whole proclamation was of the most irritating character to the regicide Republic. By this paper the "Regent" calmly ignored its existence, the whole revolution, and all it had wrested from feudal power and ancient tyranny in the past four years; and coolly returning to the status of 1788, claimed in the Dauphin not a *King of the French* such as the Constitution of 1791 had recognized, but a King of France and Navarre, such as was known in the most absolute portion of the reign of Louis XVI.

All the courts of Europe at once acknowledged the sovereignty of the imprisoned child, and the regency of the Count of Provence.

During all the day of the 21st of January, the little Prince

was constantly by his mother's side. He bathed her hands with his tears. He kissed her repeatedly and affectionately. He sought to console her by his caresses rather than by his words. "Let him weep," said his mother, "the torture is for those who cannot weep." All that night the Princess Elizabeth and the Queen mingled their grief, and tried to console each other. Their voices were heard by their jailer, Tison. He arose and came to the door. Madame Elizabeth opened it and said gently, "Pray let us weep in peace undisturbed." Tison retired, abashed.

The next day Marie Antoinette took her son into her arms. "My child," she said tenderly, "we must turn our thoughts to God." "Mamma," said the angelic Prince, "I have turned my thoughts to God, and whenever I recall the thoughts of God, my father is present before me."

The Queen's power of endurance was finally exhausted. She became quite ill. She lay on her bed for several days, looking with apathy yet anguish upon her devoted children. A silence as of death reigned around her, while all wept.

Madame Royale now began to droop, and disease again seized her. The needs of her child recalled the heart-broken mother to herself, and in the distress of her daughter this sorrow-sanctified woman forgot for a moment her bereavement as a wife.

The Commune, not totally embruted, granted to the bereaved family mourning dresses. They were brought on the 27th of January. The unfortunate, imprisoned, and helpless Queen wept bitterly when she saw her children and sister attired in black.

About the 6th of February, an event occurred which was to seal the fate of two men, Toulan and Lepitre. Devoted royalists at heart, they obtained the position of Commissioners of the Commune by affecting the most rabid Jacobinism and detestation for Louis as a tyrant. They were clothed in the blue uniforms and adorned with the tri-color plumes and sash of the Revolutionary government. The moment they were alone with the Queen they expressed the most fervent loyalty. They knelt at her feet. They kissed her hand and vowed to devote to her their life. Lepitre wrote a beautiful funeral ode upon the untimely death of the King and secretly presented it to the royal widow. The words of the poem were placed in the mouth of the young Dauphin, now recognized by the Royalists as King.

Toulan and Lepitre entered into an earnest project for the escape of Marie Antoinette. She was to flee alone, attired in male garments. The plan might have been possible but the Queen at the last moment refused to leave her children in captivity. Soon after Toulan was denounced, and after a long imprisonment he perished under the knife of the guillotine.

The infamous Hébert constantly vexed and tormented the royal widow and her sad family. He insulted the Princess Elizabeth with gross abuse on his visits as a commissioner, and used ribald language to Marie Antoinette.

In April, under pretense of a conspiracy, he burst into their apartments at midnight, searched their clothing, dragged the Dauphin half-naked from his bed, investigated the rooms, and did not leave his pitiful and helpless victims until half-past two in the morning.

About the time of the arrest of Toulan, a dentist named Boucker, denounced by Tison, was condemned by the Revolutionary Tribunal to the scaffold. His rage as he ascended the platform of death was extreme. When his sentence had been pronounced he had cried out, "Long live Louis XVII. ! To the devil with the Republic !" On the scaffold he shouted, "It is very curious to see a man perish for saying you need a King. You do need one. Hurrah for Louis XVII. !" Then he cried to his executioners, "Guillotine me," and so died.

The triumph of the Jacobins in May and June only added to the insults heaped upon the unfortunate Marie Antoinette and her children. Tison, the jailor of the Temple, and his wife annoyed, abused, and insulted the captives in every possible way. The wife of Tison saw day by day the celestial patience and gentleness of the Princess Elizabeth, and the increasing submission and resignation of the Queen, who though haggard, hollow-eyed, and pale, began to cling to the cross, and find comfort in the holy and blessed Gospel. The spectacle of oppressed virtue and of heavenly calmness, especially in the saintly Elizabeth, soon wrought a change in the hardened heart of Tison's wife. She became the victim of melancholy and remorse. Her self-accusations were severe. On one occasion she threw herself at the feet of the Queen and of Madame Elizabeth, and while she wept implored forgiveness. Her grief became unsupportable. The Queen and the Princess did all they could with tender

solicitude to alleviate her disease, but vainly. The repentant woman went incurably mad, and died in that condition. "How fearful a thing it is to fall into the hands of the living God."

The condition of the royal prisoners, through the increasing madness of the people, went on constantly from bad to worse. Privileges were curtailed and decencies ceased to be observed. Common earthenware now took the place upon their table of the former china and silver. Their food and delicacies were abridged, and the ruffian Commune, atheistic, treacherous, bloody, and horrible, seemed to delight in all the degradations it could heap on kingly blood, and on the helpless Queen. The Jacobins were made more remorseless than ever by their victory over the Gironde, and increased the surveillance of the royal family in the Temple.

Within a month after the fall of the Girondists on the 3d of July, 1793, the Convention passed two decrees presented by the Committee of Public Safety. They ordered the arrest of Dillon, the friend of Dumourier, and also "that the son of Capet [Louis XVI.] should be separated from his mother and committed to the charge of a tutor, to be chosen by the Council General of the Commune."

It was ten o'clock at night when the agents of this cruel and unnecessary decree appeared at the Temple. Let the Christian, the decent, the humane American, ponder over the pages in which I give a correct and minute account of the horrible scene. That same cruelty would be enacted to-day by the infidel socialists and communists of America in any prominent household or family, were they in the power that they possessed in Paris in July, 1793. Only twenty-three years ago, and hardly that, the successors of these men, a Raoul Rigault and a Delescluze, shot the innocent Archbishop of Paris, heaped up the prisons with dead, burned the palaces, the temples, all they could of Paris, and died fighting like enraged tigers amid the broken headstones of the cemetery of Père la Chaise in Paris.

It was ten o'clock at night, July 3d, 1793. The poor widowed, tortured Queen had blessed her son, and placed him in his bed. Her daughter Marie Theresa was reading to her from the book of Psalms. The Queen and Madame Elizabeth were mending the ragged clothes of the family. Suddenly there was the tramp of many feet on the staircase, the lock and bolts were moved, and six deputies of the

Commune entered. "We have come," said one of them unceremoniously and brutally, "to inform you of an order of the Committee that your son must be separated from you and your family."

The Queen was stunned by the shock of these dreadful tidings. She turned pale. "Take away my child from me!" she cried. "No, no! it is not possible." Marie Theresa stood trembling by her mother and speechless. Madame Elizabeth's hands rested on the sacred volume, while her anguish was too deep for tears. "Gentlemen," said the Queen, shuddering, "the Commune cannot think of separating me from my son; he is so young, so weakly, he needs my care so much."

"The decree has been made by the Committee, and the Convention has ratified the measure, and it is our duty to carry it out immediately," was the stern reply.

"I never, never can resign myself to such a separation!" cried the Queen in agony. "In the name of Heaven do not lay this terrible trial upon me." Her sister and daughter mingled their tears and prayers with hers. They were standing in front of the young King's bed. They defended the approaches to it, sobbing, clasping their hands, and praying. Their lamentations and supplications might have touched a tiger's heart, but the envoys of the Commune remained unmoved. "What is the need," they said, "of all this outcry? We are not going to kill the child. You have already abused our patience. Give him up peacefully, or we shall take him by force." At this moment the Prince awoke and comprehended the purpose of those strange men in the apartment. He threw himself into his mother's arms, and clung to her with desperation. "Mamma, Mamma!" he cried, "do not let them take me from you. Do not leave me." The Queen pressed his trembling form to her heart, and clung to the bedpost, soothing and defending her child. "Let us not fight with women," said a deputy. "Citizens, let us call the guard." He turned to the door. "Do not do that," cried the Princess Elizabeth. "Give us time to breathe. The child needs sleep now. He shall be given up to you in the morning. Will you let him sleep here through the night." The officials did not answer. "Promise me," said the weeping mother, "that he shall at least remain within the Tower, and that I may see him at meal-times." The depu-

ties replied haughtily, "that they had no account to give to her," and refused her any satisfaction.

The poor weeping women, seeing that resistance was useless, slowly dressed the affrighted child. They baptized every article with their tears. At length the Queen, now calm, seating herself in a chair, and with dry eyes, gathered her son for the last time to her fond maternal heart, and placing her hand upon his trembling head she blessed him. "My child," she said, "we are about to part. Always remember your duty, and when I am no longer present to remind you of it, never forget the good God who tries your faith, nor your mother who loves you. Be good, be patient, be true, and your father will bless you from heaven above." She kissed him on the forehead, and delivered him to the jailors. The child broke forth from them, ran to his mother, embraced her knees, and clung to her dress with all his strength. "My son," said the Queen, restraining her emotion, "you must obey." "Come," cried the Commissioners, "no more delay." They dragged the struggling and crying child from the room. "Do not trouble yourselves any more about him," they said. "The nation, always great and generous, will provide for his education." The door shut, the locks and bolts were fastened, and the beautiful, tender child was separated from his mother forever in this world.

When they were alone, the Queen's fortitude gave way. She gnashed her teeth, she wept, she raved, she rolled on her son's bed in despair. Nerved to endure many forms of insult and suffering, she had never conceived that she would be separated from her child. The Princess Elizabeth endeavored with the voice and comfort of religious hope to sooth the maternal anguish of Marie Antoinette. The helpless mother began to look to the cross of Christ and to hear that voice, "Come unto me, all ye who labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

From this time the soul of the Queen seemed directed to the one object of obtaining a glimpse of her boy. The walk on the platform above for the exercise of the prisoners was so divided by a wooden partition that, through its cracks, they could see each other, even if at a distance. The Queen endeavored to be on the platform when her child was walking there. Some human officials connived at her efforts. She spent hours watching at the little holes in

the partition, and wept with joy when she could obtain a glimpse of her son.

She learned that he was under the tutorship of Simon the cobbler, a ruffian of the Terror. Rumors came to Marie Antoinette of the abuse and degradation that marked the unhappy existence of the little Prince. On the 30th of July she caught a glimpse of him for the last time. She saw him with a red cap upon his head, his mourning suit removed, and she heard Simon cursing and harassing him. Simon had just heard of the capture of Valenciennes by the Duke of York, and was in a paroxysm of rage. Shuddering and horrified the Queen staggered back, and clasped Madame Elizabeth in her arms.

Tison the jailor found her leaning against the partition, and almost fainting. He spoke to her respectfully, and promised to bring her what news he could of her son. From Tison she learned the deplorable condition of the little King, and wept in helpless grief.

The condition of France was such at this hour that the hearts of the people were increasingly inflamed against the innocent victims in the Temple. La Vendée was marching to victory. Lyons was bursting forth into insurrection. Toulon and Marseilles were preparing to open their ports to the English fleet. The commander of the allied forces in the North, the Duke of York, had crossed the borders of the Republic and taken the strong fortress of Valenciennes. The Jacobins were terrified and infuriated. Victorious in the city and Convention, it seemed as though in a few months they would be surrounded by enemies and the Revolution destroyed.

The infuriated people turned toward the helpless Marie Antoinette as the inscrutable and secret agent in all these disasters. They did not reason. They only gave way to blind passions and insane fury. On the 31st of July, after an inflammatory speech, Barrere moved in the Convention that Marie Antoinette be sent to the Conciergerie. The decree was passed and immediately put into execution.

At two o'clock on the morning of the 1st of August, 1793, the rattling of chains and the drawing of bolts announced to the afflicted woman some new trial. The Queen was in bed. The officials of the Commune entered. They read her

the decree of the Convention. She heard it in silence, and did not utter a word. They compelled her to arise, and to dress herself in their presence, while her weeping daughter and Madam Elizabeth hastily prepared a small bundle of clothing and necessaries. The officials searched the Queen's pockets, and then roughly commanded her to follow them. Marie Antoinette embraced for the last time her speechless daughter, who was fainting from terror and grief, and her devoted sister. She commended her children to the continued guardianship of that angel of goodness, Madame Elizabeth. Once more she embraced her daughter and turned to the door. It was low, and as she passed, it struck her forehead. "Are you hurt?" asked one of the Commissioners. "Oh no!" she replied, in heart-rending tones, "nothing can hurt me further."

The fated Queen entered a carriage with two officers and a gen-d'arme. It immediately rolled out of the court and away in the black night to the terrible Conciergerie.

This subterranean prison is situated on an island of the Seine, under the Palace of Justice. It is a series of dungeon vaults. The daylight struggles amid high walls and narrow courts to enter, and it is continually filled with foul smells. The percolations of the River Seine render it damp, and the air is always heavy with a species of mist. Its arcades, its corridors, its cells were then ever wet and unwholesome.

The hapless Queen was conveyed down into this dungeon. She was conducted through several corridors, to a small subterranean cell. In its back part a kind of sepulchral vault existed, several feet lower than the floor of the cell itself.

A barred window looked out into a little court, and the light of heaven flickered through this opening unable to fully penetrate the gloom within. In the vault was a miserable pallet, without curtains, and covered with a coarse cloth. A common deal table, two straw chairs, and a box constituted the rest of the furniture. Into this horrible place Marie Antoinette was thrust.

She had fallen grade by grade from Versailles, with its splendid court and pomp, to this wretched cell. Two gens-d'armes with naked swords were placed on duty in the outer chamber. The door of the Queen's cell was kept open day

and night, and the soldiers were commanded not to lose sight of her for a moment. Sleeping or waking, the vigilant eyes of her guards, who were relieved at intervals by others, were fixed upon her.

The Queen, in her widowed garments, threw herself upon the wretched pallet. She uttered no word. Separated from all she loved, there was but one more step of sorrow to take, and that was to the blood-red guillotine and to death.

CHAPTER XXXV.

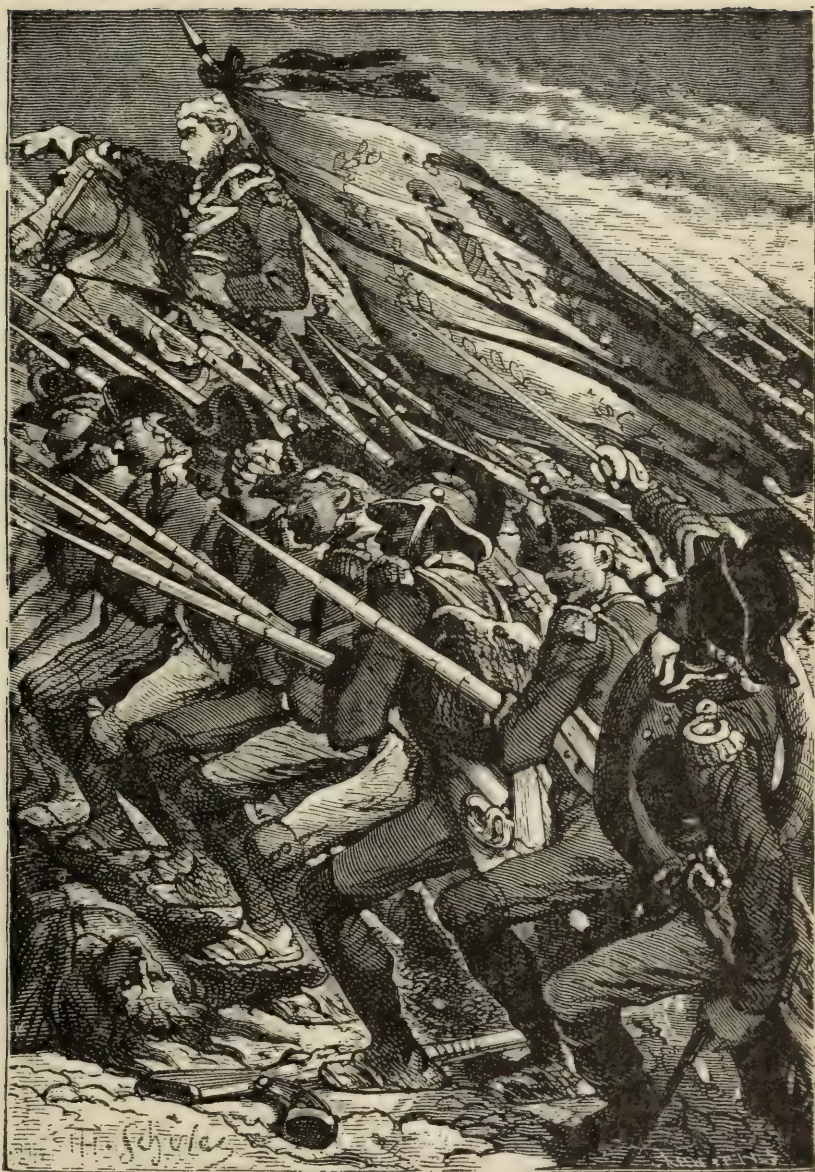
THE REVOLT OF LA VENDÉE.

THE inhabitants of the western portion of France had never been cordial to the Revolution. The relations between the people and the nobles of that section had been friendly and kind. A patriarchal simplicity characterized their lives, and they were devoted to the Catholic church, and to their priests.

The district of La Vendée proper extended from the river Loire along the coast of the Atlantic Ocean. Immediately north of it was Brittany. The interior of the country was called the Bocâge, or "Thicket." The shore was termed the "Marais" or marsh. La Vendée was covered with hedge-rows, and checkered by irrigating ditches. It possessed for a hundred miles but one regular road, all others being mere lanes. The country was enriched with old-fashioned picturesque châteaux, farm-houses, where rural plenty abounded, villages of contented farmers and laborers, and mediæval churches which were thronged on the Sabbath and Saint's Days, with crowds of both humble and lordly worshippers.

The landlords were kind to their tenants, and the tenants faithful to their superiors. The nobles attended all the village festivities, the weddings and the funerals, visited the sick, helped the indigent, and led the lives of agriculturists and hunters. The Vendéans loved the open air. The nobles would gather together, among the young farmers, and they would have a grand *batteau*, in which gentry and people engaged in the hunt with almost the relations of equality.

They were a nut-brown, hardy, and fearless race, and devoted to their seigneurs, the church, and the King. The spirit of atheism which had penetrated so many parts of France had but little influence in La Vendée. Voltaire, Rousseau, and other infidel philosophers of the eighteenth century had not destroyed the simple trust of the Vendéans in God and in Christ.



KLEBER LEADING A REPUBLICAN CHARGE IN LA VENDÉE,
SEPTEMBER, 1793.

The inhabitants of La Vendée viewed the outburst of the Revolution with hatred and distrust. But as long as the King ruled and their clergy were free, they remained tranquil. The first revolt was when the Assembly decreed that the Constitutional oath should be taken by all the clergy. The priests of La Vendée almost unanimously refused to obey. They were protected by the people, and in defiance of the Assembly they held their parishes. The government at Paris resolved to force submission to its laws. They issued a more stringent decree on the 20th of November, 1791. They ordered peremptorily all priests to take the civic oath, on penalty of forfeiture of their pulpits and incomes, and of imprisonment. The local authorities of La Vendée were stringently commanded to execute without favor these new laws, and to put down by force any insurrection. A flood of infidel literature was demoniacally poured into the district, in the vain effort to change the loyalty of the Bocâge, and to reconcile its inhabitants to the Revolution.

The whole of 1792 was passed by La Vendée in a state of great disturbance. The local authorities endeavored to obey the decrees of the Assembly. The priests were driven from their churches, but they fled to the woods and fields, and there they continued to minister to their devoted flocks. Accustomed to firearms from childhood and being a race of hunters, every Vendean possessed a gun. The peasants came to the services armed with these weapons and stood guard against the Revolutionary soldiers, while the sacred rites were held of their beloved church. Under the mild blue sky of the West, on the green uplands, or in the shade of the verdant woods, they would assemble, nobility and people alike being present, and listen with profound reverence to the discourse of their persecuted pastors.

But La Vendée did not rise until after the execution of Louis XVI. This terrible event sent a shudder through the whole of the Bocâge as it did through entire Europe.

On the 24th of February, 1793, the Convention decreed a levy of three hundred thousand men throughout France. Every parish in the nation was to supply so many conscripts according to its population. Sunday, the 10th of March, was the day fixed by the Republican authorities for the drawing of the lots in La Vendée.

In the town of St. Florent on the Loire the Republicans

had taken great precautions against an insurrection. They realized that La Vendée was a smouldering fire of rage and indignation, ready at any moment to burst forth into the flames of civil war. Some disturbance took place in that town, and in consequence a cannon was fired upon the inhabitants by the Republican officials. This rash act was the spark that set La Vendée on fire. A young man named Rene Foret rushed forward with some of his companions, seized the gun, and dispersed the civil and military authorities. They captured all the papers in the hall of the municipality, and burned them in the open square, amid shouts of laughter. Then they dispersed into the Bocage and each returned to his home.

That very evening the intelligence of this event reached the ears of a hawker of woolen goods in the small village of Pin named Jacques Cathelineau. He was a devoted Catholic, an exemplary man, and a good neighbor. He had a youthful look, and a remarkably handsome and spiritual



CATHELINEAU.

face. He was greatly respected in the Bocage. He was a man of intelligence and some reading, strong and hardy in body, and thirty-five years of age. Prayerful and silent, attached to his wife and children, and inoffensive in his relations to the district in which he resided, he had yet the courage of a lion. His heart burned within him as he heard of the capture by the Vendéans of the cannon at St. Florent. As soon as the news came from St. Florent, Cathelineau told his wife he could not sit there longer and be idle. "This cause," he said, "is that of our God, our King, and our Religion." He seized his gun, left his home, went from house to house among his neighbors, and exhorted them with flaming words to rise and resist the cruel despotism of infidelity and Republicanism which was now crushing France and its liberties into the dust. Twenty-seven men sprang to arms. The war in La Vendée had commenced.

With this small band Cathelineau marched rapidly, ringing the church bells on his route as he passed to the village

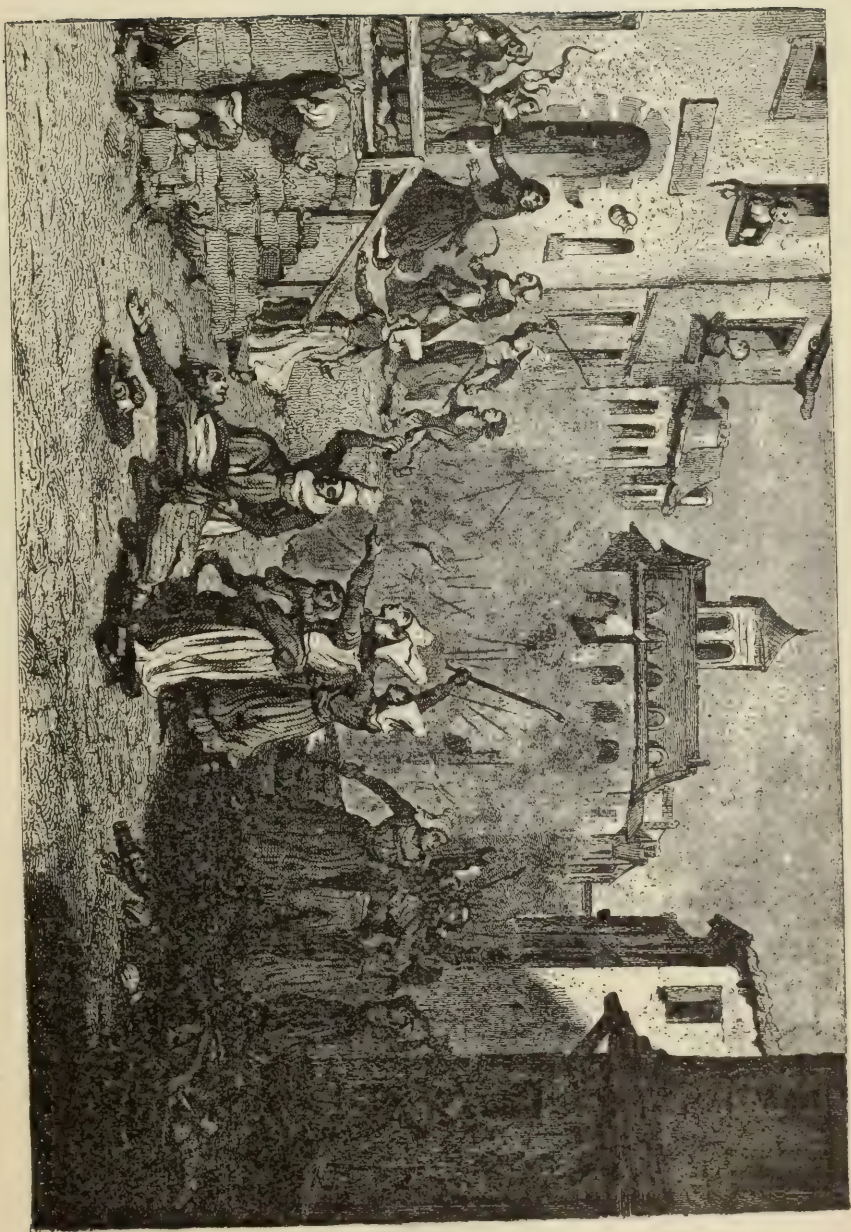
of Poitevinière. His band had now increased to over a hundred men, armed some with guns, others with pitchforks and clubs. The château of Tallais was garrisoned by one hundred and fifty Republican soldiers. Cathelineau led his peasants with ardor against it. "On," he cried, "for God and the King!" The Republican defenders fired a cannon. The fierce Vendéans dropped on their faces as they saw the flash, and then with the rapidity of lightning rushed upon the foe. They beat back the Republicans, and dealt their blows with almost supernatural fury. The Republican soldiers fled in dismay, the cannon was captured, and Brosseau, their General, was also taken prisoner. The simple Vendéans delightedly hugged the cannon and baptized it as "The Missionary."

They obtained by this victory arms and ammunition, and now, greatly increased in numbers, they marched upon Chemille. Here they were again victorious, capturing many muskets and driving the Republican soldiers before them like chaff before a storm.

Other parts of La Vendée now sprang to arms. Nicholas Stofflet, a gamekeeper, a man forty years of age, led this new revolt. He had served for a number of years in the army of the old Monarchy as a common soldier. He was a man of swarthy complexion, herculean vigor, a stern voice, and strongly marked features. His manner was blunt and harsh. He spoke with a German accent, was learned and sagacious, and had the soul of a tender man but a heart of heroic courage.

When a body of National Guards appeared at the château of Maulévrier in his neighborhood and carried away twelve cannons, Stofflet burned with rage. He immediately roused the people, and on the 11th of March, 1793, he had a force of two hundred volunteers. On the 14th of that month he united this band with that led by Cathelineau, and on the 16th their combined forces assaulted Cholet. The infuriated Royalists drove the National Guards in terror and dismay before them. They entered the town in triumph, and captured arms, money, and ammunition. Cathelineau and Stofflet without pause hurried to meet a formidable body of National Guards advancing from Vihiers. The moment these Republicans observed the large peasant hats of the Vendéans and saw their white royal banner, they broke into confusion, and casting aside their arms and deserting their

ROYALIST PEASANT WOMEN SLAYING REPUBLICANS AT MACHECHOU, LA VENDEE, 1793.



cannons, they fled in panic and disorder from the field. Saturday night had come after this week of astonishing victory. Cathelineau dispersed his little army in order that they might worship in their homes, and prepare for future action. They scattered in the intricate and narrow labyrinths of the Bocâge, and on the Sabbath were attendants on the solemnities of their religion.

On the following Monday, so rapid was the spread of the revolt, that over fifty thousand men were in arms. The people rose *en masse*. The insurrection everywhere assumed the same form. The outrages upon their priests, the fierce persecutions of these dear pastors by the atheists of Paris and the atheistic Republic, were its chief inciting cause. The higher classes in La Vendée also took up arms. One of the most heroic of these heroic nobles was Henry de la Rochejacquelin. He was a young man but twenty-one years of age. His person was handsome, his heart pious, his life noble and pure. He was a Bayard in courtesy and courage. Animated by the noblest purposes to rescue his country from the cruel tyranny of the Jacobins, he assembled the peasants of the neighboring parishes. "My friends," he said to them, "I am but a youth, but I hope to show myself worthy to command you by my courage. If I advance, follow me; if I retreat, kill me; if I fall, avenge me."

The mode of fighting of the peasantry was at first that of ambush and surprise, a guerilla warfare. They gathered and dispersed with rapidity. They were acquainted with all the sinuous and winding paths of the Bocâge and Marais, and from behind hedges, leaping out of ditches, and in narrow lanes they would unexpectedly pour their deadly fire into the Republican ranks. The Blues, as the soldiers of the Convention were called by the Vendéans, were strangers in the country. They pursued a regular if ferocious warfare, and soon found themselves to be no match for their active and ubiquitous enemies.

M. de Lescure, a prominent Vendean noble, was made the commander-in-chief of the Royalist troops. Under his able leadership the courage of the revolted peasantry became irresistible. They had taken up arms for their country, religion, homes, and captive King. They believed that they were fighting the battle of salvation, and that if they fell in the Holy Cause, they would be certain of Paradise. Superstitious as they were, and deluded on many facts of true

THE VENDEANS AMBUSCADING REPUBLICAN TROOPS, JUNE, 1793.



religion, their generosity, purity of motive, and heroic courage cannot be denied.

Many leaders soon arose to prominence. Charette and D'Elbee united with Stofflet and La Rochejacquelin and displayed infinite resources and the greatest valor. The Vendean army now divided itself into three divisions. The first, the army of Anjou, was twelve thousand strong, and was commanded by Bonchamp. The second was called the grand army; it was twenty thousand strong, and in two days it could be doubled. The valiant D'Elbee was its general. A third army of twenty thousand fought under the fierce Charette.

Other forces were scattered as scouts and guerillas throughout La Vendée.

The Convention was amazed at these thousands of armed men springing from the ground, as it were, in a single night, and began to hurry volunteers forward to the scene of strife. The bands of Santerre, the division of Quintenien, and many other battalions marched for the battlefield.

The Royalist army now advanced on Thouars. Seven thousand Republicans under the tri-color standard held the bridge over the river, and occupied the town. M. de Lescure seized a musket, placed himself at the head of the peasants, and rushed toward the enemy. He was met by a fearful discharge of grape-shot that filled his path with smoke, and strewn the ground with his dead and dying followers. His clothing was riddled with balls. The Vendean army under La Rochejacquelin pressed forward. They rushed shouting upon the bridge, swarmed over the barricades impeding their way, and drove the Republican soldiers pell-mell into the town. The Vendean army stormed the walls, flowed over into the place like a torrent, rearing aloft their white banners, and captured, by this memorable victory, six thousand prisoners and twelve cannons.

On the 16th of May, 1793, they appeared under Lescure before Fontenay. A number of the peasants had returned to their homes to cultivate their fields, and to place their families in security, intending to return in a few days, and the ranks of the Vendean army were for the time much depleted. With ten thousand men Lescure assaulted Fontenay and was driven back, while several of his cannons were captured. Undismayed the Vendean chiefs retreated. Their pious

hearts saw in this repulse, the anger of Heaven for some disorders and pillage in their ranks. They sent orders to the priests of La Vendée to rouse all the fighting-men in their parishes, and send them forward without delay. The priests eagerly obeyed. The reinforcements soon poured in, and thirty-five thousand warriors were assembled under the white banner of the Bourbons. The beloved Bishop of Agra appeared in their midst (not then known to be a deceiver), led their devotions, blessed their banners, and chanted with them their litanies.

The Vendean army again marched upon Fontenay. Falling upon their knees as they drew near to the city, they implored the blessing of God upon their arms. M. de Lescure cried, "Let us forward, my sons," and rising, the Vendean rushed like a tornado upon their foes. The Republican troops were protected by cannons, and the fire of these pieces was terrible. But on rushed the furious Royalists. Lescure raised his hat upon his sword and cried above the roar of the cannon and musketry, "Vive le Roi!" His brave and devoted soldiers, pressing close behind him, bowed a moment before a cross which they saw erected on a hill, and then with the butt-ends of their muskets, with clubs, and staves, they assailed the battery of cannon. The Republican artillerymen and infantry fled in dismay, and the whole battery fell into the hands of the Royal army.

Without entering into a minutiae of detail, suffice it to write that the war now assumed wide proportions, and involved all Western France between the Loire and the Garonne. The Vendean took thousands of prisoners and captured many towns and villages, constantly defeating the troops of the Republic.

On the 10th of June, to the number of forty thousand they surrounded the important city of Saumur, on the river Loire. The Republicans had concentrated in this place sixteen thousand veterans, and a hundred pieces of cannon. They had fortified the old castle, and had completed a chain of formidable redoubts. The Vendean chiefs surveyed the almost impregnable city, and deliberated. Suddenly they were startled by a shout from their army. The peasants, without a word of command, with fiery enthusiasm had rushed to the assault. For a moment they were driven back, but with renewed cries of "Vive le Roy!" and now led on by their chiefs, the brave Vendean again advanced. Stofflet

assailed the heights. La Rochejaquelin passed the meadows of Varins to storm the city on that side. Lescure attacked the bridge of Fouchard, but La Rochejaquelin was the first to enter Saumur. Sword in hand and followed by his ardent troops, he rushed forward, and flinging his hat into the fosse of the redoubt, he cried: "Who will get it for me?" The soldiers of the Republic fought with desperation, but as the thousands of infuriated Royalists swarmed in from all sides, they were overwhelmed.

The Republican General Coustard ordered forward a regiment of cuirassiers. "Storm that Vendean battery," he cried, pointing to the one placed on the bridge. "Where are you sending us?" answered the cuirassiers. "To *Death!*" replied Coustard, "the safety of the Republic requires it." The brave cuirassiers cried "Vive la République!" swept down on the guns, and for a moment captured them. But they were soon wrested from their grasp, and they were driven back in confusion.

Stofflet had now broken into the city. He rushed forward, sword aloft, while ten thousand Vendéans, shouting "Vive le Roi!" followed close upon his footsteps. The rolling fire, the shouts of the victors, the mingled cries of "Vive le Roi!" and "Vive la République!" the falling soldiers, the shaking walls, trembling under the thunder of the cannons, the crowded streets, and exploding tumbrils of powder, made a scene upon which the Genius of War alone could gaze unmoved.

The Republicans, outnumbered, began to retire in confusion. Their retreat soon became a disorderly rout, and they fled in every direction for safety. Eighty pieces of cannon, ten thousand muskets, and eleven thousand prisoners were the trophies in the hands of the revolted peasants of La Vendée as the result of this great victory.

It is confidently asserted that had they marched in full force, after this mighty triumph, upon Paris, the Vendéans might have captured the capital. But instead of such a vital attempt the Royalist army now moved toward Nantes. On the 28th of June, 1793, the Vendean armies of Bas and Haut-Poitou united. They marched on Nantes, the largest city of Vendée, and there made a desperate assault. Cathelineau, as well the Prince of Talmont, led the attack. They were resisted with courage by the Republican General Beysser. The fight was fierce and bloody. The Vendéans

penetrated into the suburbs and the Blues began to retreat. But rallying under the glorious tri-color, they again attacked the Royalist forces. Cathelineau gathered his warriors and made a new and terrible charge upon the Republican troops. Victory seemed to attend his steps ; the enemy began to waver. At this critical moment a shot from a window above him entered his breast, and he fell, mortally wounded. The cry rang through the Vendean ranks, " Cathelineau is wounded ! is dead ! " Dismay filled every heart, for the " good Cathelineau," as he was called, was greatly beloved. The Royalists fell back, the Republicans regained their advantage, and only the heroic courage of Charette saved the Vendean from a route. They had lost many soldiers and officers, and above all the great and virtuous Cathelineau, who soon afterwards died.

It must be ever borne in mind that such was the peculiar composition of the Vendean army that the peasants began to desert temporarily their banners in their simple-hearted anxiety to return to their homes after each great victory, and a general who commanded twenty thousand one week, on the next might not have ten thousand around his standard. The ruin of La Vendée may be ascribed to this fact. All these men intended to return. But after a triumph they would scatter, and Lescure, who at Saumur had forty thousand soldiers, in a few days could number but fifteen thousand warriors in his camp. Cathelineau as he expired exhorted his soldiers to conduct the war to the last, and never desert the " white standard of their God and King."

The Convention, now thoroughly alarmed, gathered seventeen thousand of the army of Mayence, fierce, ugly, demoniac veterans, who were hurried into La Vendée. The bands of Santerre had also reached the front, and many combats and battles ensued. Sometimes the Royalists and sometimes the Republicans were successful. The summer months of 1793 wore away in assaults and in repulses, and in an infinite multitude of minor conflicts in which the two armies of Charette and Lescure were sometimes united but more often acted separately. The Republic had called out in June, as we have seen, a levy *en masse* of a million men. The National Guards of all the departments bordering on the fields of strife hurried to battle, and the experienced Kleber, aided by Westermann and

Thurreau, took command of the Republican forces. Over two hundred thousand soldiers were soon swarming in upon La Vendée. After every success, they perpetrated indescribable atrocities. Wherever they took prisoners they put them mercilessly to the sword. They spared neither male nor female, noble nor peasant, child nor maiden. Though stained by some atrocities in the south, the Royalist army as a whole had been humane and merciful to its thousands of prisoners. Many had been freed on a parole not to combat in La Vendée again, others had been placed in fortresses, but were well fed, and none abused. The armies of La Vendée considered themselves combating for the cause of Christ, as well as of the King, and were largely animated by the humane spirit of the Gospel.

On the 19th of September a great battle took place at Torfou. Two hundred thousand Republicans were advancing into La Vendée. The chiefs of the royal forces determined to repel this invasion at all hazards. Divided into four armies under Charette, Bonchamp, Lescure, and La Roche-jacquelin, they performed miracles of valor. The excited peasantry again swarmed to their standards, and they confronted the Republican forces with an army of a hundred thousand men.

It was Charette who, with a portion of these soldiers, met the shock of the veterans of General Kleber at Torfou. His troops were broken and thrown into confusion. M. de Lescure was desperate. "Are there not," he shouted, "four hundred men brave enough to die with me?" Seventeen hundred peasants rallied, and answered with loud cries, "Yes, yes! Vive le Roi!" They held their ground like an iron wall. Soon the troops of Bonchamp came rushing up to the rescue, and the Republican forces, despite all the efforts of Kleber, were driven from the field.

Victory declared for the Vendéans at Coron and at St. Lambert, and everywhere the invading Republicans were forced back in confusion. A hundred thousand of the best soldiers of the Convention were baffled and defeated.

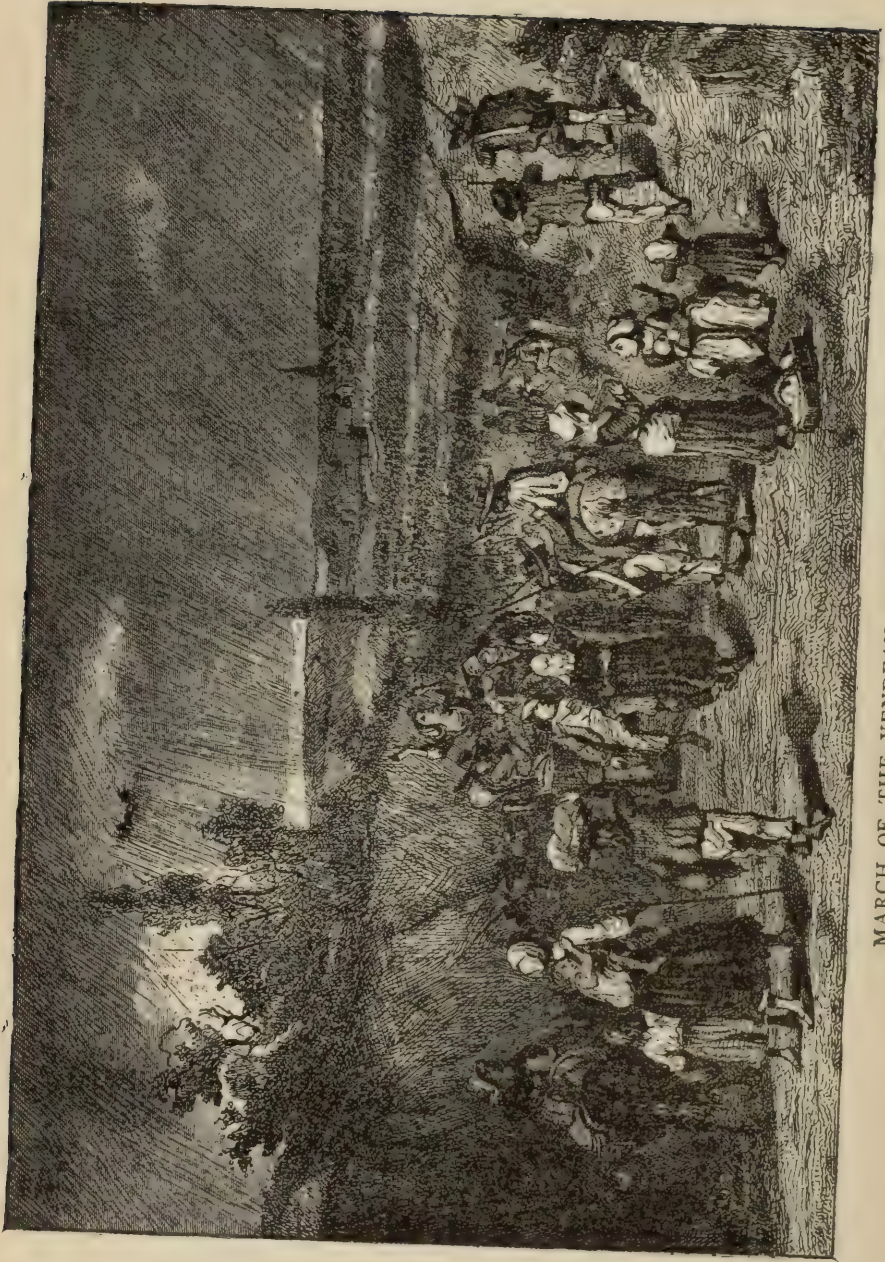
The Convention, resolutely and grimly determined to stamp out this rebellion (which had become more terrible than the invading armies on its frontiers, and which threatened to carry the white flag to Paris), immediately called out yet greater forces, and taxed all the energies of Republican France.

They issued, impelled by the Terror now ruling in Paris, the most atrocious commands. They declared that La Vendée should be destroyed, by the extirpation of its population, if it could not otherwise be subdued. It was a decree as horrible as that of the Catholic Philip the Second of Spain, when he condemned all Protestant Holland to death.

Unfortunately divisions sprang up among the Royalists ; not divisions of feeling, but of policy as to points of attack. A portion of the peasants occupied Chatillon. Many of them became inebriated with wine. The Republican General Westermann assaulted the Royalists in this helpless condition early on October 12, 1793, and a scene of massacre, horror, and death ensued, which no pen can adequately describe. The town was set on fire, and amid its flames the work of destruction went on. The Royalists lost many men by the butchery. No more powerful temperance sermon could be preached than by this event. The Vendean chiefs now took the fatal step of determining to cross the river Loire, and carry the war into Brittany.

Before marching to the north it was determined to make one desperate effort to stay the tide of invading Republicans who were pouring into La Vendée on every side, and threatening total ruin to the whole land. The Republican forces were met on October 17, at Cholet. The Vendéans heard a grand mass from the curate of the village. The priest besought them to combat bravely for their God, their King, and their families. It was early morning and dark. He gave them a parting blessing, the whole army kneeling, while near by they could hear the ominous thunder of the enemies' cannons. The Republican forces, like those of the Vendéans, were about forty thousand strong. The troops of the Convention were arranged in three divisions, the garrison of Mayence and the cavalry being in reserve.

The Vendéans, with snowy tokens in their hats, advanced under their white banners. Stofflet commanded the left, D'Elbee and Bonchamp the center, and La Rochejacquelin the right. It was ten o'clock in the morning when the conflict commenced. Without cannons, and now in close columns, the Vendéans began the battle. La Rochejacquelin and Stofflet hurled their forces on the center of the enemy, and such was the fury of their attack that the Blues were driven



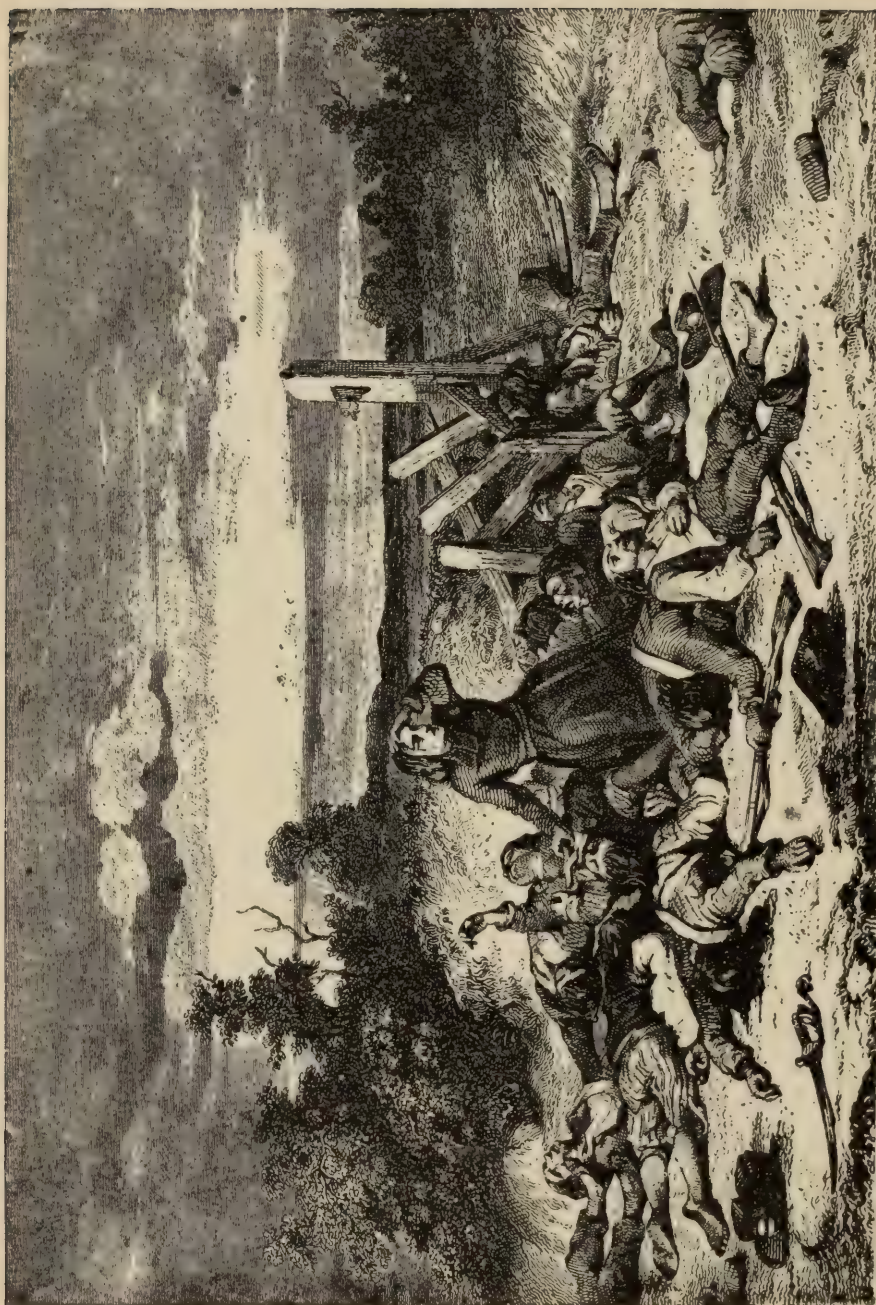
MARCH OF THE VENDEAN ARMY, AUGUST, 1793.

back in confusion to Cholet, and their artillery captured. Confusion began to spread among the Republicans. They were dismayed and depressed, but at this critical moment their reserves advanced. The iron veterans of Mayence and the disciplined cavalry rushed forward, and restored the battle. D'Elbee and Bonchamp fell mortally wounded, and were borne by their soldiers from the field.

This terrible disaster completed the defeat of the Vendéans. They began to waver, and finally fled toward the Loire. The heroic La Rochejacquelin gathered four thousand brave peasants in the rear, and retreated, facing the pursuing Republicans, beating off their attack, and protecting a host of fugitive men, women, and children. But many noble and beautiful ladies and tender babes fell into the hands of the fierce and cruel garrison of Mayence. They endured every horror that could be inflicted on delicate females, and were butchered in such indescribable and shocking ways as these pages cannot recite. The ferocity of these soldiers of liberty was that of tigers and wild beasts, for they were without a God or any feelings of humanity. The pleadings, the shrieks, the cries of these women, as their blood flowed under the swords and knives of the ruffian soldiers, arose above even the roar of the cannons in the pursuit, but all their wails did not touch the hearts of their destroyers. It was a scene of infinite terror and death. The little child and innocent maiden could be seen weltering in gore beside the Vendean peasant who had fallen in the slaughter of the battle.

The retreating Vendean army, recovering from its panic, now moved toward St. Florent. They were roused to a pitch of madness by the cruel slaughter of their wives and families, and the ravages of the Republicans. Five thousand Republican prisoners were shut up in that town, who had in previous combats been captured by the Vendéans. The enraged Royalists demanded that they should all be immediately massacred, in repayment for the cruelties of the Republicans. The dying Bonchamp was borne along on the guns of his weeping soldiers, and placed, feeble and fevered, in a room in the town. His officers gathered around him in tears. When the news of his wounds reached the Vendean garrison, they trained their cannons upon their helpless captives.

Bonchamp heard of the tumult. He ascertained with



AFTER THE BATTLE, LA VENDEE, 1793.

horror the slaughter that was threatened. With his expiring voice he commanded an officer to hasten and at all hazards to stop the impending butchery. The soldiers heeded the command of their dying general, and the prisoners were saved. The last words of the departing hero were addressed to his dejected officers, who stood by his side. "Yes," he said calmly, "I dare to hope for the Divine mercy. I have not acted from pride, nor the desire for a glory that perishes in eternity. I have tried alone to overturn the rule of impiety and blood. I have not been able to restore the throne, but I have at least defended the cause of my God, my King, and my country; and he has in mercy enabled me to pardon—" Here the voice of the expiring Christian soldier failed, and, amid the sobs of all present, his spirit took its flight to the throne of God.

A great army of fugitives was now encamped around St. Florent and by the Loire. Fully eighty thousand persons were there assembled in every condition of misery. Forty thousand only were armed men. Ladies of the most refined past, accustomed to opulence and ease, tramped by the side of the peasant women, exhausted with hunger. The groans of the sick and dying could be heard in all parts of the distracted camp. The Vendean chiefs in great anxiety endeavored to gather barges and boats, and to place the river Loire between the helpless multitudes and the advancing and ravaging Republican armies. Behind that city were burning villages and demoniac ruffians, butchering and destroying constantly, while terrified and fleeing multitudes swarmed into the only camp of refuge.

After the victory of Cholet the Republicans burned that town and soaked the streets with the blood of its entire population. Thureau formed what he termed an "infernal column." These murderers traversed the Bocage in every direction. They tossed infants upon their bayonets and carried their bleeding bodies upon their guns held aloft in the air. They cast the despoiled bodies of noble women whom they had destroyed to be devoured by gangs of hungry wolves which traveled in their path. The skulls and bones of these poor victims were everywhere to be seen. Thureau heated ovens red-hot, and drove in screaming men, women, and children, and roasted them alive. "This is the way," he said, "that the Republic bakes its bread."

The Mayence ruffians were incarnate demons, and their

cruelty to their prisoners has never been surpassed. Some they hung, some they beheaded, some they flayed alive, some they cast alive into wells and then filled up the wells with stones and earth. They burned down every house and barn which they encountered, and they set fire to the very grass, hay, and leaves. They laughed at their crimes. "A profound solitude," wrote the Jacobin envoy Bourbotte to the Convention,— "a profound solitude reigns in the country recently occupied by the rebels. You may travel far in those districts without meeting either a living creature or a dwelling. We have left behind us nothing but ashes and *piles of dead.*"

CHAPTER XXXVI.

THE VICTIMS OF NANTES.

WE will yet pursue, for the sake of historical unity, the story of La Vendée to its close. On the 18th of October, 1793, the Vendean army, embarrassed by a multitude of fugitives, commenced the passage of the river Loire. "So terrible was the spectacle," says Madame La Rochejacquelin in her memoirs, "so vehement the agitation of the multitudes, that numbers compared it to the awful scenes which await the world at the Day of Judgment." Only a few barques could be obtained to ferry across the river the swarming and terrified mass of trembling women and children. The air resounded with lamentations, and each unhappy Vendean sorrowfully sought his children, his parents, his wife, or his relatives. Many crowded the river banks, and piteously stretched out their hands toward the opposite shore.

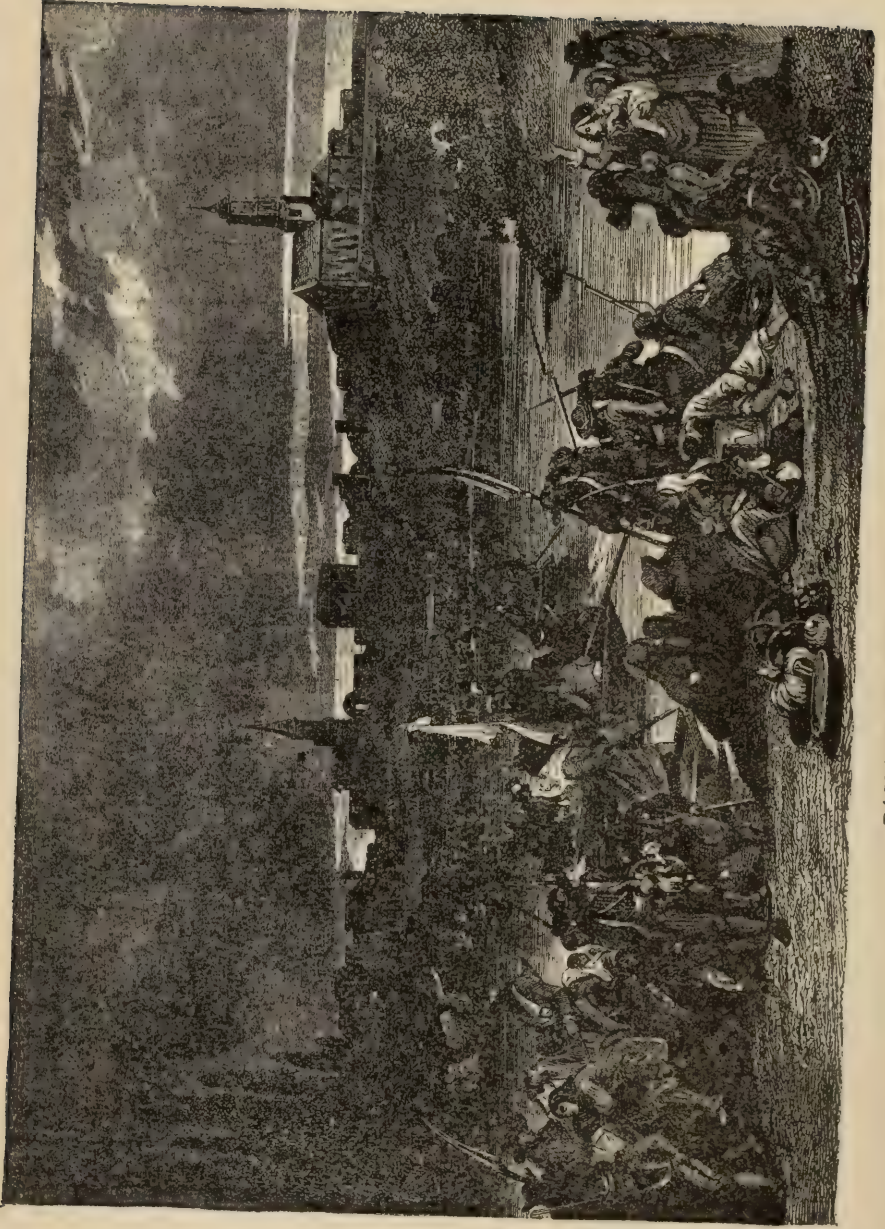
The Vendean generals labored incessantly. Twenty-five boats were procured, and by sturdy and continuous ferrying, the great body of the army presently stood upon the opposite shore. Two days and night had been occupied in their transportation. Unfortunately they possessed only a remnant of their baggage.

As the last of the fugitives quitted the town the advanced guard of the pursuing enemy entered St. Florent.

The distracted Royalists commenced again their sad march. M. de Lescure, who had been mortally wounded, was borne along by relays of devoted soldiers.

The army now made choice of the noble and heroic Henri de la Rochejacquelin to take the place as their leader of the dying Lescure. The campaign had been fearfully fatal to their officers. Bonchamp, Cathelineau and many other chiefs had perished, D'Elbee was wounded, Lescure fast failing, but Stofflet, Charette, and Rochejacquelin yet remained.

After a varied campaign in Brittany, in which several skirmishes and conflicts were fought, but in which they were



PASSAGE OF THE LOIRE, 1793.

bitterly disappointed by the apathy of the Bretons, and the small numbers who joined their ranks, finally they engaged the Republicans in a great battle at Château Gonthier. The heroic and desperate Vendéans were once more victorious, and the garrison of Mayence, which had so fearfully abused their women and children, was almost entirely cut to pieces by the revenging Royalists. The Vendéans pursued the Republicans through the town, inflicting great slaughter. Twelve thousand prisoners, and much ammunition, with a number of cannons, were the trophies of this stupendous success. So total was the defeat of the army of the Convention, that but *seven thousand* could be rallied after the battle.

Barrere had announced in the legislative body the destruction of La Vendée, only a moment before the news reached the Convention of this tremendous disaster. The representatives were dazed by the tidings of the utter overthrow of their army. This great victory completely restored for the time the affairs of the Vendéans. But they did not profit by it. They were yet peasants, and not trained soldiers. They did not understand the vital importance of remaining around their standard, and again some began to scatter.

M. de Lescure, after a long period of suffering, lay dying in the midst of his triumphant forces. His weeping wife was soon to become a mother. "Open the windows, dearest," said the departing hero. "Is it clear?" Yes," sobbed his afflicted wife, "the sun is shining." "I have then," said Lescure, "a *veil* before my eyes. I always thought my wound was mortal. My dearest, I am about to leave you. I regret that I have not been able to place our young King Louis XVII. on his paternal throne. I leave you in the midst of a civil war, with one helpless infant, and another in your bosom, and that is what distresses me. For myself I have no regrets. I do not fear to die, and I hope to go to heaven. It is you alone that I lament, but I carry with me the presentiment that the Almighty Love will watch over your days." These were the last words of this Christian warrior and devoted husband. How do the cruel Marats, Dantons and Robespierres appear beside this valiant, noble, and patriotic Christian Saint? With a smile of benevolence wreathing his lips, and a tender pressure of the hand of sanctified and holy matrimonial love,—while his officers

were weeping and his soldiers, so brave, so victorious, stood without bowed in lamentations, the great and pure soul of their General passed upward to God.

The death of Lescure was greater than the death of Socrates. His body was buried with the strictest secrecy, to prevent its profanation by the devastating armies of the Republic. His widow has told us the whole event in her long, mournful, vivid story of that war of La Vendée, which wrung such praises even from the pen of Jeffries and the scathing *Edinburgh Review*.

The terrified and enraged Convention, stern and determined, hounded on by the Commune of Paris, again hurried forward a great army of new volunteers under the able General Kleber. They issued yet more relentless decrees. Kleber was a great officer. He had shunned the war of La Vendée, deeming it a disgrace to fight against Frenchmen, but he was a stolid, gifted, loyal French German, and submitted to the commands of his superiors. He, who afterwards was to display his magnificent abilities in the government of Egypt and in the glorious victory of El Arish, was now the leader of troops who only fought faithful and loyal countrymen.

Kleber carefully prepared his soldiers for battle, while the Convention decreed exterminating acts. That ferocious body, swayed by their masters, the cruel and godless Paris Commune, now passed laws of such atrocity as Milton's Moloch or Shakespeare's Richard the Third would have trembled to read. "Every city," it proclaimed, "which shall receive the rebels, give them succor, or fail to repel them with all the means in its power, shall be treated as a city in revolt; shall be razed to the ground and the whole property of its inhabitants be confiscated to the Republic." It was fortunate that the weakness of their armies on the southern bank of the Loire prevented at this hour these sanguinary decrees from being carried out. But they were soon obeyed by the soldiers doing such deeds of blood, torture and fearful massacre, as history turns pale to contemplate, and decent humanity must hesitate to reveal.

And now, after a depressing effort which presaged total destruction, the weary Vendéans turned once more to the Loire. The Republican army was enclosing them as in a net. The soldiers of the Royal force refused to march further away from their homes, and asserted that they would

again return to La Vendée and to the Bocâge. In that familiar country, among its hedgerows and labyrinthine lanes, which were streams in winter and ditches in summer ; hid by its foliage, which was so high that even autumn's naked stems formed an impenetrable forest to bodily egress, there they believed that they could live, conquer, and be free. The Vendean chiefs could not resist the pleadings of their soldiers, and a backward movement to the Loire commenced. A series of frightful battles ensued. The stern army of the Republic fought with fury, as it recalled its former defeats, and the Vendean with the desperation of men leading a forlorn hope, and seeking a last avenue of safety.

Rossignol, the Republican commander, occupied Dol. As the despairing Vendean approached it, he fell back, and placed his army behind the town, blocking the route of the Royalists to the river Loire.

The Vendean, encumbered by twenty thousand fugitive women and wounded combatants, entered the narrow streets of the place. At first the Vendean were successful in the assaults which they made on their enemies. But reinforcements coming up, Rossignol drove them back with great loss into the narrow streets of Dol.

A scene of indescribable confusion and horror immediately ensued. The wives and children of the Royalist warriors were huddled together behind the Vendean. For them there was no escape, except in the valor of their husbands and fathers. Night was falling. The rattling of the cannons, the gleam of the sabres of the horsemen as they rode into the battle, the shrieks of the shells as they fell bursting among them, filled this helpless multitude with terror. The retreating Vendean, forced back, came full upon this vast assemblage. Some in an insane panic forced their way over women and children, but others, ashamed, formed again into line. Stofflet and La Rochejacquelin hurried to the front and prepared to conquer or die. The generals, moving from rank to rank, infused into the Vendean renewed courage. The very women seized weapons and running to the front exhorted their protectors not to destroy them by retreat. Two thousand men fell on their knees, received priestly absolution, and crying, "Vive le Roi ! We will meet again in Paradise," hurled themselves upon the enemy. So desperate was the conflict that the contending forces tore each other with their hands. The

Vendeans fought as dying men fight when victory or destruction is alone before them. Their furious valor prevailed. The Republicans began to waver, retreated, broke into flight and evacuated the field. But the forces around the town of Artrain were still strongly fortified and barred the passage of the Vendeans. Another tremendous conflict immediately ensued, and the Royalists, bursting over the barricades, put their enemies to final rout.

With sick, with wounded, bearing along thousands of women and children, the exhausted army once more approached the Loire. Winter had descended in all its severity upon the wandering and destitute royalists. The frightful roads, the cold, the hunger and want, the weeping women surrounding them, unnerved the brave Vendean warriors. The misery and despair became heart-rending. The chiefs, searching the banks of the river, found no boats, and in consternation halted, not knowing what to do.

At length they resolved to march toward the east upon Le Mans. The fugitives sadly followed in their rear. For six months that heroic army had incessantly battled until it was worn out. All its leaders but four had perished. As it approached Le Mans a Republican army of forty-five thousand men confronted it. Their commanders were Kleber, Westermann, and Marceau. Stofflet and La Rochejacquelin prepared the Vendeans for the battle which must be fought, and which might be overwhelming ruin. The conflict was again terrible. The Vendeans had occupied the city. They had pushed their cannons into the streets, and placed their musketeers in the windows of the houses, and they fought with all their ancient courage. The Republican soldiers advanced into battle singing the Marseilles Hymn. Kleber raised his hat on his sword and urged his warriors onward. The meeting of the determined armies was like two cyclones. The uproar was terrific. The roar of the cannon and musketry was incessant, and above all these direful sounds could be heard the shrieks of ten thousand women awaiting their doom. The Vendeans were finally forced back. The Republican cavalry, shaking their bloody sabers, rode furiously into the streets and assaulted their retreating foes. The Royalist troops broke and fled toward the rear. The cavalry advanced, hewing down men, women and children in their bloody path. The victims fell in heaps. The pavements ran gore. Cannons were brought

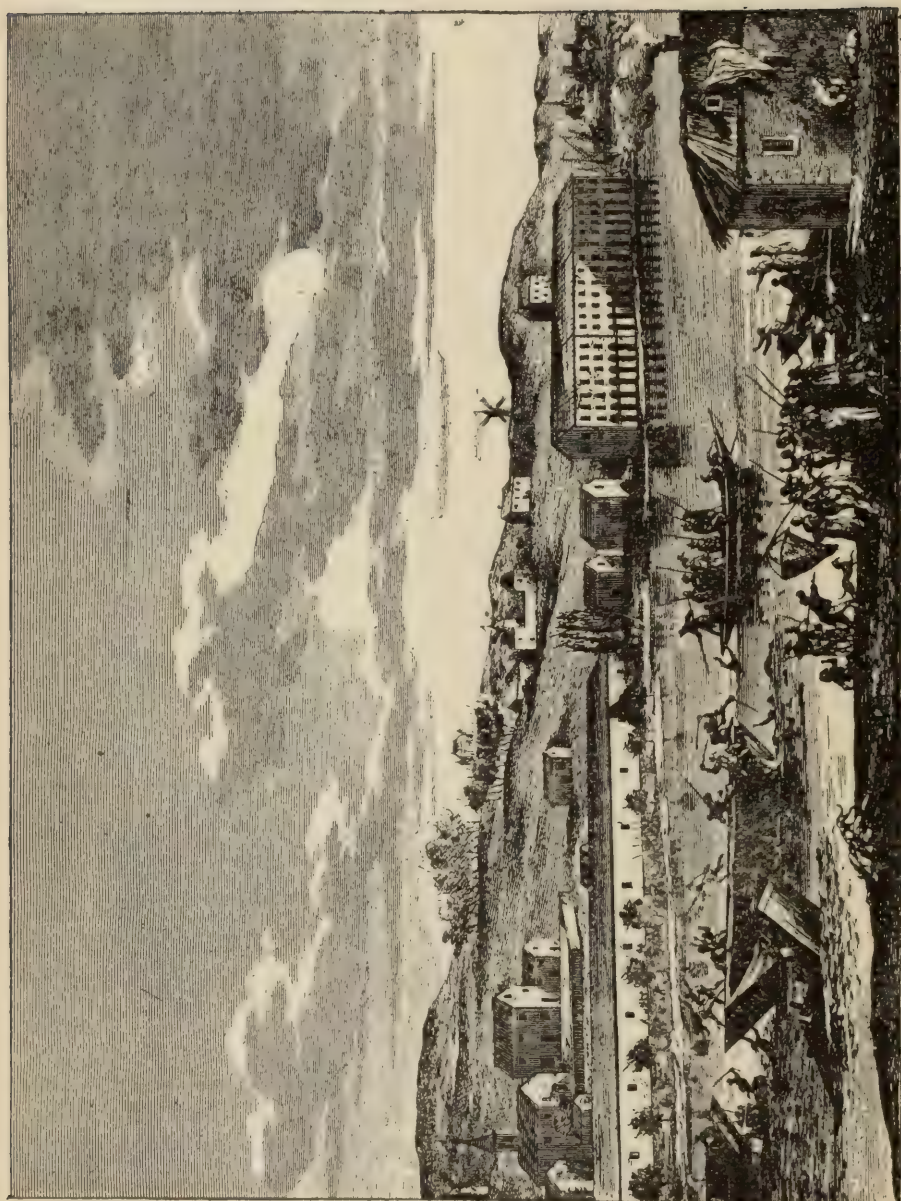
up, and storms of grape-shot searched and swept the streets. The earth never witnessed a more dreadful massacre. The rank, the virtue, the loyalty, the loveliness, the heroism of La Vendée bit the dust. Ten thousand soldiers, women, and children lay dead, piling in heaps with their gory bodies the ensanguined road.

The fugitive Vendéans in utter confusion retreated on the Loire. A portion of them, in a few skiffs which they had found, reached the southern shore. Multitudes, remaining, fell expiring of hunger and want in every dreadful form, and the sick, the cannons, and the baggage were abandoned.

La Rochejacquelin was forced with a few hundred followers into the woods. A few days after he was treacherously shot by a Republican soldier whose life he had spared,

The Vendéans entered into Savenay laden with the dying, the sick, and the dead. There they made a last despairing stand. The vast Republican army assaulted them. The Vendéans stood firmly for some hours, but finally were forced into a confused retreat. They endeavored to protect the remains of their host of women and children, now only a few thousand, but with impotent valor. The woods, the fields became full of fugitive females, and the Vendean army, reduced to hardly three thousand men, finally scattered. Into those dark winter woods rode the pursuing and savage Republican hussars. The brutality, violence, and death which they inflicted on the helpless and beseeching women huddled there, the eye of Heaven alone shall reveal. They returned laden with spoils, gold watches, rings, necklaces, bracelets, valuable handkerchiefs, dresses, and fine clothing. They left on the bitter earth the stark and despoiled bodies of hundreds of gentle maids, tender babes, and innocent women and many ladies of rank, the duchess, the countess, the marchioness. There they lay, those who a year before had enjoyed the comforts and many the opulence and refinements of human life ; their bodies to be torn to pieces by wolves, and their bones and skulls to be scattered over the stony ground. The atheists and hardened soldiers, more dreadful than wild beasts, reveled in murder.

And now the Convention at Paris and the insatiable Commune, not satisfied with the carnage already committed, resolved to glut themselves still further with the blood of the remaining Vendéans. While many escaped and successfully

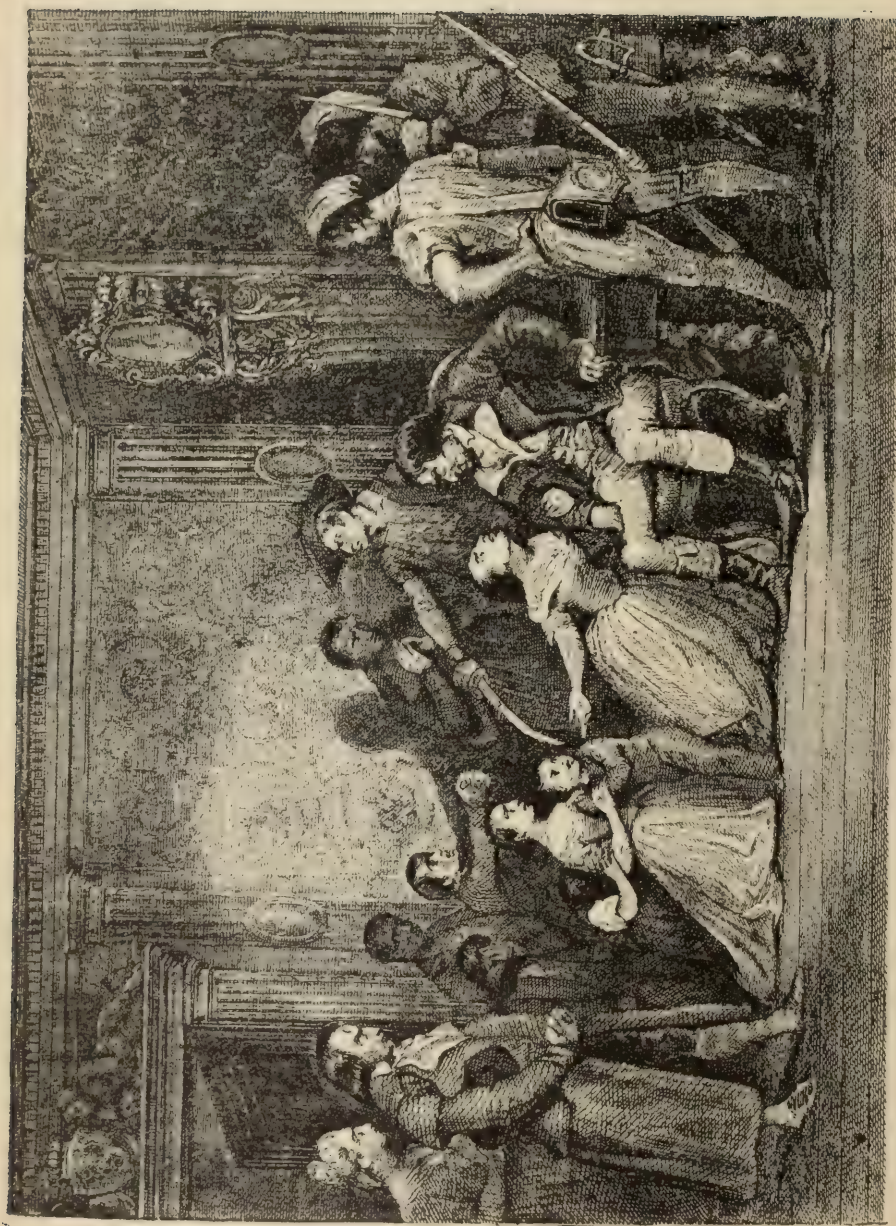


DROWNINGS IN THE LOIRE, BY ORDER OF THE FEROCIOUS CARRIER, DECEMBER, 1793.

hid themselves, and while a few determined bands, reaching the Bocâge, renewed there a guerilla war, yet thousands of prisoners were taken by the Republican army. The victors took a fearful vengeance upon their captives. Long files of Vendean men and women of every rank, bound and despairing, were dragged like cattle into the prisons of Nantes. The Convention sent the cruel Carrier, one of the most sanguinary and un pitying of all the monsters of that monstrous time, to work its cruel will and his own upon the thirty thousand prisoners there gathered. Thurreau swept part of La Vendée. He captured D'Elbee lying wounded and dying. He dragged the Vendean General from his bed, and mercilessly caused him to be shot. The next day he beheaded the beautiful and agonized wife of the butchered general.

The guillotine was erected in Nantes. Up and down went its fearful blade day after day, and heads fell like the leaves from a wind-swept tree in autumn. Six hundred men and women thus perished in a few weeks. But the sanguinary Carrier, and his satellite and aid the fierce Lamberty, found this means of destruction now too slow. Before them rushed the deep and rapid Loire, and they resolved to utilize it for murder. The pen shudders to recount the frightful massacres that ensued, and decency hides her face wet with pitying tears. Such a saturnalia of obscene forms of butchery was never before exhibited, in all the bloody records of ancient time. Amid all the cruelties of Nineveh and Babylon, and Rome and Carthage there will be found no such foul tragedies as now daily defiled Nantes. Priests by hundreds were stripped, and tied, and beaten down into the holds of barges prepared for their destruction. The vessels of death were towed out into the Loire, and sunk, while the dying groans of the chained ministers of religion rose like a mighty wail upon the air. The noblest and tenderest females were robbed of their attire, and being bound were ruthlessly hurled into the river.

Growing bold as they increased in crime, Lamberty and Carrier made a mockery of death. They hung, suspended from blocks on these deadly vessels, a young man and girl, or a priest with a nun, entirely despoiled of clothing, and after mocking their cruel agonies, they cut the rope, and the victims were precipitated into the waves below. This was to these tigers a favorite amusement, as amid harlots and satellites, quaffing brandy and wine, they reveled on the



A MOTHER PLEADING WITH THE MONSTER CARRIER FOR HER DAUGHTER'S LIFE, NANTES, 1793.

deck above. They called it "Republican marriage." As they cast their shrieking victims into the river, and cruelly beat the drowning heads of delicate ladies, they called this "Republican baptism." The *noyades* were repeated day by day, until the river was polluted by rotting dead bodies, and even the fish were poisoned. "Cruel is the panther," utters Carlyle, "the she-bear bereaved of her whelps! But there is in man a crueller hate than that." Dumb, out of suffering now—as pale swollen corpses, the victims tumble confusedly seaward along the Loire stream, the tide rolling them back; clouds of ravens darken the air, wolves prowl on the shoal places. Carrier writes, "*Quel torrent Revolutionnaire!*" "What a torrent of Revolution!" The reader is not to be agonized with a full record of this terrific scene of murders wrought by depraved infidel hate, and totally impossible in a true follower of Jesus Christ. Here is where the natural man, without God, reveals himself, in his inhuman thirst for blood; in his sporting with human suffering; in his outrages and tortures on tender females by hundreds; and in his inconceivable vileness and ferocity. All the acts and crimes of this fearful period have been fully exposed in the trial of Carrier, which took place soon after the fall of Robespierre.

In vain mothers pleaded for their daughters and grandchildren—in vain they groveled at Carrier's feet. As well call for mercy to the Egyptian Sphinx. The testimony taken during the awful trial of this fiend is preserved, and would seem to be incredible was it not fully attested. Madame La Rochejacquelin in her memoirs recounts also many affecting scenes at Nantes. Madame Jourdan was led out to die with her three daughters. The youngest, a girl of exquisite beauty, fell on a heap of floating corpses. "Push me in," she cried heroically, "the water is not deep enough." She perished. A party of three hundred women, many with child, were dragged into the barges. They were despoiled of were despoiled of their attire, cruelly bound, and cast into the holds of these vessels. By a series of springs the bottoms of the barges were opened, and the whole shrieking mass of females were precipitated into the river Loire. Their screams could be heard on either bank of the river, and curdled the very blood of the people of decimated Nantes.

Young girls were driven to the quarries of Gigon, shot, and their dead bodies left to the wolves, while their cloth-

ing was sold by the soldiers to the second-hand dealers of Nantes. When these purchasers objected to the blood on the attire, and the holes made by the bullets, the other batches of shrieking females, who were dragged there to death, were first deprived of all attire *before* they were shot. This is the testimony of an eye-witness, Bourdon, in the trial of Carrier in October, 1794.

The *noyades*, the executions, the murders continued under the stern direction of Carrier throughout the entire winter of 1793-94, and on into the spring. It is computed by credible historians that in these frightful massacres thirty thousand men, women, and children, including hundreds of infants, were butchered. It is only as a solemn lesson to our civilization of what is possible in a country which has abandoned God and is convulsed by the throes of Revolution, that even the record of these dreadful scenes becomes tolerable.

La Vendée, overwhelmed, hid for a moment its head in dust and ashes. But it was not conquered nor dead, despite the ravaging armies that swept its territories with fire and blood. It soon again sprang to arms, and under new leaders and with new bands once more began the long struggle for its religion and its King.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

THE FUGITIVE GIRONDISTS AND THE RISING IN THE SOUTH.

OUR history returns to the month of June, 1793, and to the fugitive Girondists. On the second of that month, the day the Sections conquered their antagonists, Madame Roland proceeded to the Tuileries. It was near evening, and the palace had been deserted by the triumphant insurgents. A cold and drizzling rain was falling in the gardens.

The unhappy and anxious woman approached a sentinel. "Citizen," she nervously said, "has everything gone well to-night?" "Oh! wonderfully well," replied the sentinel; "the patriot deputies and people embraced, and sung the Marseilles Hymn under yonder tree of Liberty." "And what has been the fate of the twenty-two deputies?" asked Madame Roland. "Oh! they are all arrested," replied the sentinel. Madame Roland turned away, stunned by the dismal tidings, and overwhelmed by despair hurried back to her home.

She walked in anguish her silent sal^{on}. The brilliant Girondists were there no longer. They were all confined in their own residences under surveillance and guard.

The next morning armed men burst into Madame Roland's house and she was arrested. Her servants wept bitterly as their mistress was unceremoniously hurried away to prison. "How much you are beloved!" said one of the deputies who had aided in her arrest. "Because," she replied, "I love."

After the disastrous issue of the struggle of the 2d of June, Roland had concealed himself. His wife was now taken to the gloomy Abbaye, which had been stained during the September massacres by so much innocent blood. After a brief period of detention, she was permitted to return to her home, but her release was only a cruel mockery on the part of her enemies. She was arrested again that very day, separated from her only child Eudora, and cast into a cell of the prison of St. Pelagie. Here she remained many

weary and gloomy months, until the hour for her trial and execution drew near.

The Jacobin orators in their clubs claimed that the 10th of August saved liberty, but that the 31st of May and the 2d of June saved the nation. The mob of Paris was now willing to be obedient to the Convention in what the Commune sanctioned, if the Convention traveled in the line of their savage and revolutionary ideas.

The Jacobins made use of their victory to reinstate all the committees disbanded by the Girondists. They decreed a forced loan of a million francs upon the rich ; they pressed forward with amazing energy the recruiting of the army ; they deposed all the ministers suspected of attachment to the Gironde or moderate party, and sent a number of their enemies to be tried before the Revolutionary Tribunal. From that memorable day the Convention hardly discussed. Its orators had been driven forth. It sat like the slaves of the East, almost mute, and passed, with hardly an opposition, the decrees demanded by the Commune, the Committees, and the mob of Paris.

The Girondists began to escape from the city, but many disdained to save themselves. Buzot, Barbaroux, Petion, Lanjuinais and others of the Gironde hurried to Normandy. They established in the old Norman town of Caen a center of insurrection. Others reached Bordeaux and the South. Lyons and Bordeaux revolted. Toulon admitted the English fleet. Marseilles raised the royal standard, and sixty departments sprang to arms against the tyranny of the Paris Commune and Convention.

The Jacobins were confronted by La Vendée on the West, England and Austria, Spain and Prussia on its borders and in its territory, and by the whole South. But never did these terrible men show themselves more formidable and energetic. They concentrated and dispatched troops in all directions. Paris became an armed camp, and the whole country was alive with soldiers. A million men as we have seen had been called to arms, and thousands responded. The Convention published a new Republican Constitution, and prepared to conquer or perish.

The revolt of the Girondists in the center was quenched in blood, and the deputies who had originated it were hunted as fugitives, when captured to be mercilessly slain. Those in Paris were sent to various prisons. The Revolu-

tionary Tribunal was reorganized, and, composed of fierce Jacobins, prepared to enter upon its bloody mission.

Bordeaux after a vain resistance submitted to a revolutionary army. The Commissioner Tallien entered the city like an ancient Roman pro-consul. He erected a guillotine, and many of the richest and noblest citizens expiated their antagonism to the Republic by their death. A hundred heads fell in a few days.

Marseilles sent ten thousand men to the assistance of Lyons. The Republican force, six thousand veterans, met them and drove them back. They retreated on Toulon, then held by the English fleet and Lord Hood, and joined their forces with those of that insurgent seaport. The Convention appointed a new Committee of Public Safety, who held its sessions at this critical time at night as well as by day. These men for the next twelve months swayed France in the most stern and despotic, the most pitiless and determined manner. Barrere, Robespierre, Carnot, Billaud, Varennes and Collot d'Herbois, all terrible and destructive men—except Carnot,—were its principal members, and the rulers of both the army and the people.

In August the Convention hurled defiance at all its foreign foes, by denouncing every monarchical nation and reiterating the Revolutionary propaganda. The Committee of Public Safety sent its pro-consuls into every camp of the Republic. They were clothed with absolute power. They could arrest any officer from the general down, and hurry him to Paris and before the Revolutionary Tribunal. Under the spur and terror of these energetic and dreadful officials, the armies cowered, the generals in the shadow of the guillotine became more active, and a new spirit was engendered in the French army. These pro-consuls seized Custine in the midst of his soldiers, Biron before his troops, Houchard in his camp, because of misfortune, defeat, or remissness, and hurried them all off to Paris.

The Convention indicted all the fugitive Girondists and carefully watched those now in the Paris prisons. A terrible energy to succeed, or perish, animated all the movements, the laws, and ministrations of these desperate and tremendous Republicans.

The Revolutionary police of six thousand Sans Culottes troops and twelve hundred gunners were constantly active in arresting the enemies of the Terror.

On the 17th of September, 1793, the Convention decreed that all suspected persons, including Royalists, Federalists, relatives of emigrants, and those who by word or act had antagonized the Republic, should be arrested, and cast into the prisons of Paris. That determined law was not a dead letter. Arrests were made by thousands. The Luxembourg, the Abbaye, La Force, and indeed all the prisons of Paris, became crowded with the rank, wealth, culture, loyalty, refinement, and moderation which yet existed in the city. Elegant ladies and great nobles of the ancient régime were placed in fetid dungeons, side by side with prisoners of humbler rank.

The whole army, the constitutional bodies, the executive and the generals, were placed by decrees of the Convention under the control and order of the new Committee of Public Safety. Such was the frenzy and energy of this fearful Committee that in four months the enemies of the Republic were driven back on every side, and its internal foes mostly subdued.

The defeated Girondists were among the first pursued. Gaudet, hunted by the bloodhounds of Tallien, endeavored to conceal himself among his friends in the South. He provided a subterranean place of refuge and brought to it his companions. It was almost a catacomb. There the once powerful and popular Petion, the elegant and handsome Barbaroux, Buzot, Louvet, and Salles existed in terror and semi-starvation for several weeks. In the house above the cellar, the devoted Madame Bouquey sought to procure them food and to bring it to them without discovery. With a cave on one side, and the cellar as their resting-place, they for a time eluded pursuit. When the daily searching parties had passed, they sought for a few moments the starlit night or the sunny day. This place of refuge was near St. Emilion.

At length, on the 12th of November, 1793, a rumor spread abroad that a number of Girondists were concealed at Madame Bouquey's. The fugitives were obliged to disperse. It was a cold, stormy, freezing day when they set out. The icy rain fell and a bitter blast wailed over the land. The despairing Girondists directed their course to the house of a rich friend, six leagues away, but they were repulsed with selfish terror from his door.

Louvet, in complete desperation, fainting and exhausted,

bade farewell to his companions and set off alone for Paris. The other persecuted deputies retraced their steps to St. Emilion, and hid once more in its cellars. The bloodthirsty Tallien, aided by his Cordeliers and Jacobins, sent a detachment to St. Emilion to more thoroughly search the place. The fugitive Girondists were warned. Gaudet and Salles escaped to the residence of the father of Gaudet, which was built above the cavern of St. Emilion, and were concealed in a wall. But their pursuers were at their heels. Dogs were let loose in the cavern below, and traced the trembling Girondists to their hiding-place. The walls were sounded with the butt-end of muskets. The masonry, under heavy blows, crumbled away, and Gaudet and Salles were dragged out from their hiding-place. Loaded with chains and abuse, they were driven to Bordeaux and soon hurried before the tribunal of blood at that place. "Who are you?" the judge asked of Gaudet. "I am Gaudet," he proudly replied. "Executioner, go with my head in your hand to my foes, and demand your wages. They never saw it without blanching. When they see it now they will again turn pale." Upon the scaffold, when the drums drowned his voice, "Behold," he cried indignantly, "the eloquence of tyrants. They stifle the voice of the free man, that silence may cover their crimes."

On hearing of the arrest of Gaudet, Petion, Barbaroux, and Buzot fled in the night. Pierced by the cold winds, and only guided by the light of the stars, those once mighty deputies were now reduced to abject misery. A few peas were in their pockets, a loaf of bread, and a little meat. They walked with extreme difficulty. As the day dawned clad in crimson fires, they passed unexpectedly by a village preparing for a festival. A company of volunteers was present. The unfortunate Girondists, observing in the distance these soldiers, turned and ran in abject affright; they hurried over a rough and stony field, and huddled themselves in terror together, in a depression of the soil. Assaulted by delirious imaginations, they thought in their sleeplessness and confusion that they were being pursued by the Republican volunteers, and again began to run. Some shepherds tending their flocks near by observed the fugitives, and started after them to find out who they were. Seeing the shepherds conversing and moving toward them, Barbaroux, impelled by his deluded fears and reasonings,

and dreading the guillotine, raised a pistol to his head, fired, and fell. His face was bathed in blood. The shepherds came running up, while Petion and Buzot, that beloved friend of Madame Roland, fled in dismay into the woods.

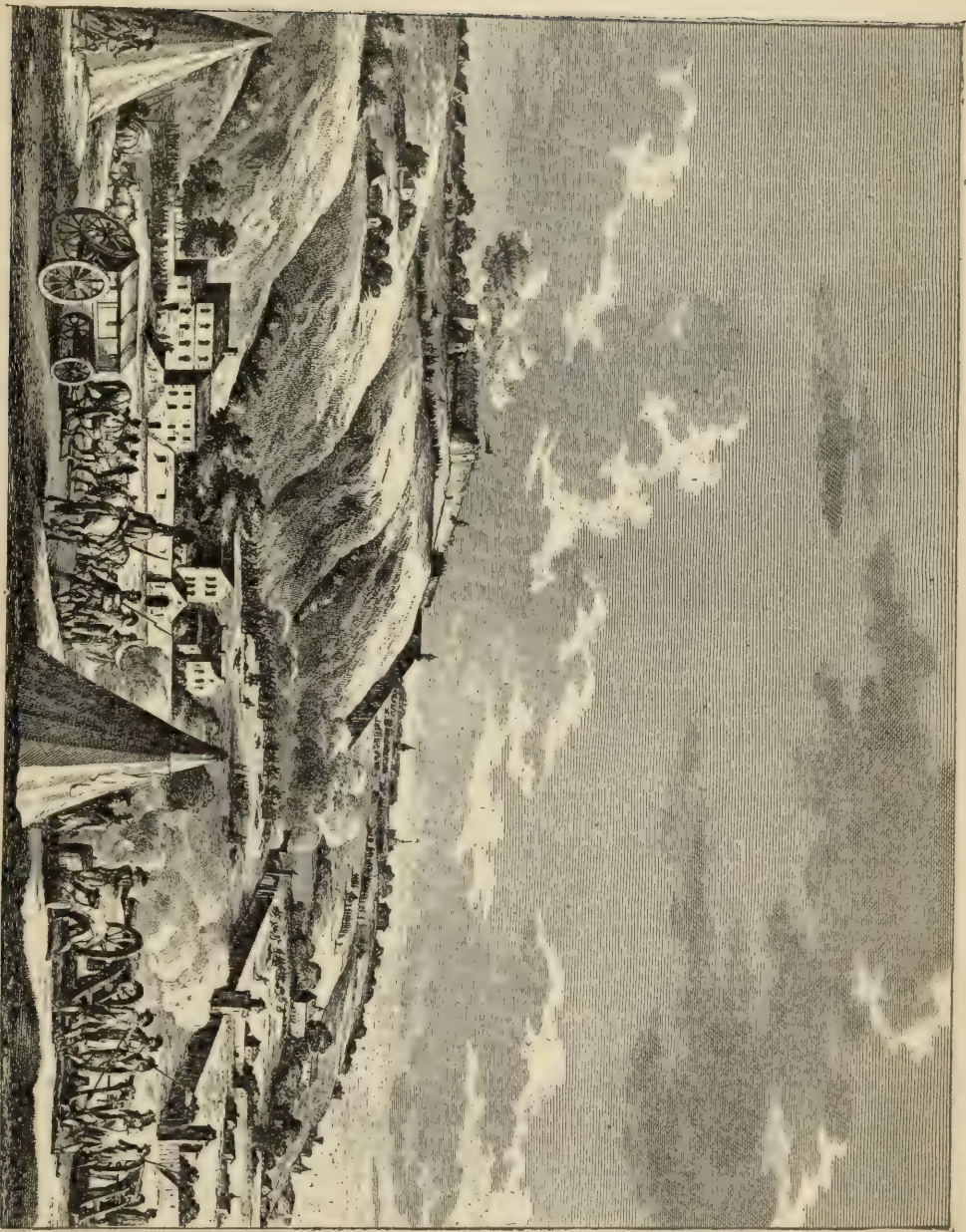
The forest was a dark and frightful labyrinth of trees, and in its gloomy recesses the howls of hungry wolves were often heard. The awful fate of the powerful Petion of August, 1792, was for several days a mystery. But within a week some gleaners, passing through the forest, discovered the remains of two men. There were two bloody skulls, clothing torn to pieces, and scattered bones, evidently gnawed by wild beasts. These hideous remains were all that the human eye ever beheld of Petion and Buzot.

Barbaroux was captured, bleeding and fainting. His stately and magnificent form, dragged to Bordeaux, was soon seen in the tumbrils of Tallien's Terror. Agonized and swooning with physical exhaustion, he was bound to the plank and his severed head held up before the people. Thus perished the Apollo of the Gironde! Louvet succeeded in reaching Paris. He was hidden and protected by devoted female affection for many months. He survived the fall of Robespierre and in 1795 again appeared in the National Convention.

The city of Lyons had risen in rebellion in May, 1793. It had rejected the domination of the terrorists, and raised the standard of Louis XVII. The Jacobins within its limits, a small faction, had been repressed with a stern hand, and Charlier and some others had been executed.

This loyal city now prepared for battle. It chose the Count de Precy, a thorough-going Monarchist and a veteran soldier, as its general. Precy labored with indefatigable energy to render Lyons able to resist the inevitable siege by the Republican armies which, he was confident, it must immediately undergo. He dug ditches, raised redoubts, and prepared for a most desperate and determined defense. He was not mistaken. The Convention immediately called the gifted Kellermann with a portion of his army from the Alps, to attack and capture the "rebellious" capital of southern France.

Kellermann advanced with ten thousand seasoned troops, cut off the city from rescue on every side, and began a vigorous siege. Precy fell back with his forces into the city. Beginning on the 10th of August, 1793, for eighteen days



SIEGE OF LYONS, OCTOBER, 1793.

and nights without intermission Kellermann rained hot shot and shell upon Lyons. The Quai de St. Claire, the Place Bellecour, the Port du Temple, were soon ignited by the flaming bombs.

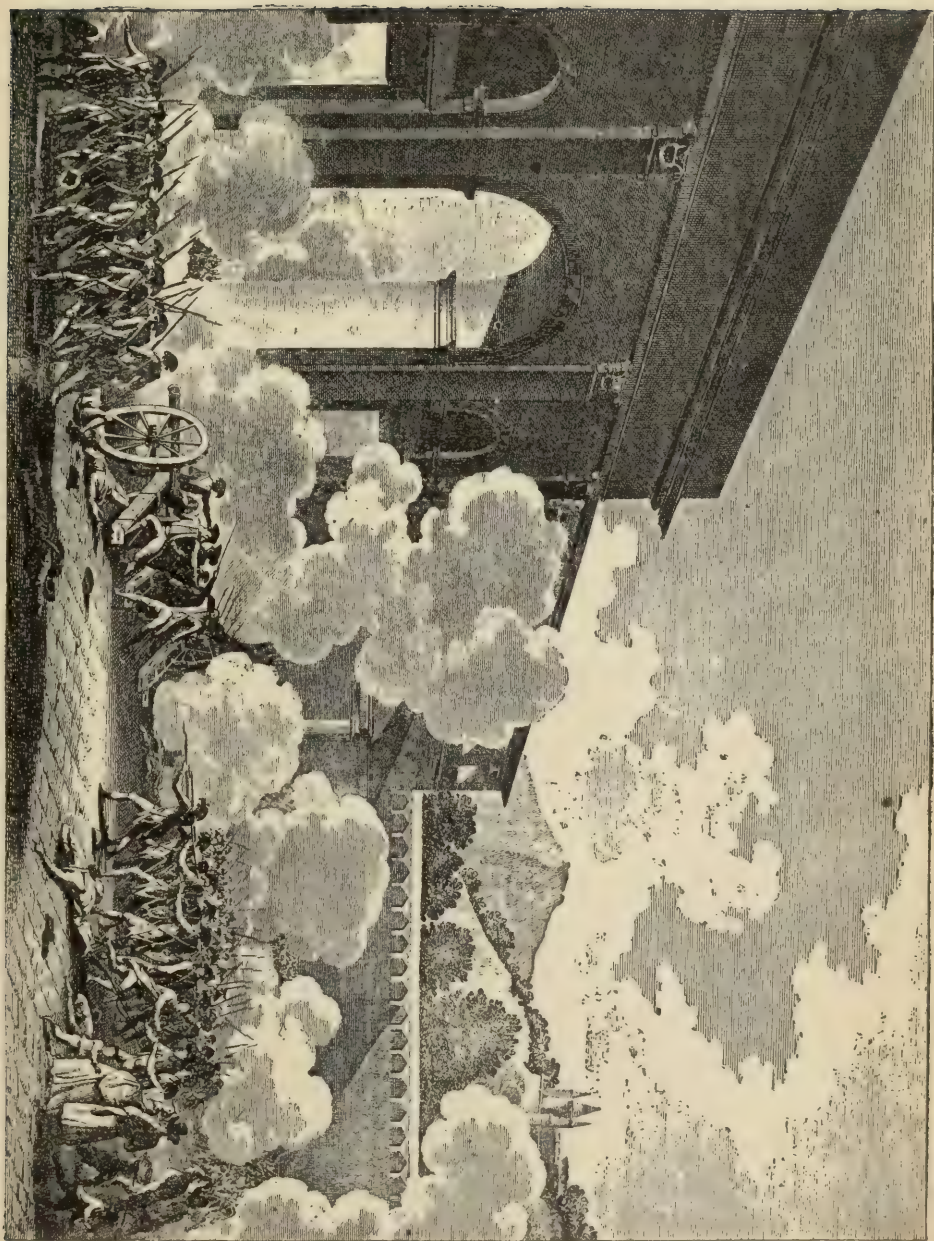
Three hundred times the conflagration burst forth and was extinguished. The inhabitants, old and young, wealthy and poor, fought with indomitable intrepidity. The Jacobins and Terrorists within the city were held in leash. The defense was superb. Precy proved himself a great general; but increasing Republican forces, Doppets and others, came up and added to the army of Kellermann. Precy at the head of his valiant troops made repeated attacks on the lines of the enemy and innumerable desperate skirmishes occurred.

Accompanying the Revolutionary army, as pro-consuls, were Collot d'Herbois, Couthon, and Fouche. These bloody-hearted commissioners of the Terror urged forward to the assault the furious soldiers of the Convention, and Kellermann felt his head totter on his shoulders. It was for him victory or the guillotine.

Day after day the siege continued. The air was filled with fire and smoke, torn by the thunder of cannons, and impregnated with a continuous mist of gunpowder. The soldiers of Lyons hoisted the black flag over the hospital containing their wounded, sick, and dying, and the cruel Republicans immediately rained upon it a storm of hot shot and bombs. Its walls and domes fell in, and the wounded and dying were buried beneath its crumbling stones. And now provisions failed in the doomed city. The horses were all consumed, the ammunition was almost exhausted, and the people starved and died. Succor was cut off as effectually from Lyons as from ancient Jerusalem by the Roman armies of Titus.

The entire city was a great wreck, where ruined buildings and the bodies of the population attested the courage of the defense and the ferocity of the enemy. When only two days' means of resistance was left, deputies were sent to Kellermann, and Couthon, using insidious treachery in order that the prey might the more easily be seized, promised mild terms and mercy to the besieged.

But Precy himself was not deceived. On the night of the 8th of October, 1793, he assembled his devoted soldiers who had fought so long and so well. He told them that he did



SIEGE AND CAPTURE OF LYONS, 1793.

not credit the offered mercy of the Republican generals and commissioners ; that terror and vengeance would mark the entrance of Kellermann into the city ; and that the scaffold would receive those who were captured. " For myself," he said, " I am resolved to die as a *soldier*, and not as a victim. I will leave Lyons to-night with all the brave citizens who will accompany me. I will deceive the watchfulness of the Republican camp, by going up the left bank of the Saone, and when I reach Montmerle, I will cross the river, pass through la Domb, and attain if I can the Swiss frontier by the passes of the Jura." It was a most heroic determination, and similar to that taken thirty years after by the brave Suliotes, when they cut their way out of Missolonghi and defied the engirdling Turks. More terrible than the Turks was the French army of the Convention, hungry for blood and ravening for the slaughter of the Royalists.

Two thousand young men with their wives and children prepared to venture all with Precy. Night came, and the determined column set out. They all received the sacrament before they commenced their perilous march. Fifteen hundred warriors were with Precy in advance, and four pieces of cannon, while immediately behind marched five hundred Royalists and the women and children. These were guided by General Vireu, who was an iron and faithful veteran. The instant that they passed by the faubourgs, five Republican batteries posted behind the walls opened a tremendous fire upon the fugitive column. Precy ordered a company of grenadiers to assault and dislodge the batteries. " Forward, Grenadiers !" cried one of his best officers, Revière. He rushed forward, and was shot dead. But Precy urged the assault, and the batteries were dislodged, and the Republicans driven back.

The columns pressed on rapidly beyond the range of fire. They passed through a defile, and reached the gorges of St. Cyr. Here the division of Vireu, about to enter after Precy, was met by eight thousand Conventional soldiers. A massacre at once took place, and nearly *all* the women and children were ruthlessly slain. Only a few escaped to tell the tale of horror. Vireu, after defending himself like a lion, leaped into the river Saone, and was drowned.

Meanwhile Precy, aided by his cannons, pressed forward, unappalled by the terrible disaster in his rear. Battling heroically with enemies to his right and left, constantly

assaulted, and losing many men, on he fought his bloody way, and finally with a remnant of his soldiers reached the mountains of Forey. Meantime the villagers favorable to the Republic sounded the tocsins in all their towns. Hostile troops swarmed in the forests. A portion of the little Royalist army, daunted and confused, fell back, crossed the Saone, and were cut to pieces on the farther side.

But the gallant and indomitable Precy still pressed on. He abandoned his guns, hurried forward with three hundred men yet left to him, and pursued by hostile peasants and by Kellermann's vindictive cavalry, he approached the Alps. Now he has but two hundred, and now he is reduced to a hundred warriors, all the others being dead in battle, or cruelly captured and slain. Envoys came as he paused a moment on the Alpine heights, and offered quarter, if he would surrender. Precy gathered his little band, embraced them all, shedding a hero's tears, took off his uniform, told them to follow his example, and save themselves as they could; and then, under the guidance of one of his soldiers, disappeared.

A Republican officer of hussars rode up to the little army of a hundred men, before they could disperse, and demanded to see their general. He was answered that Precy had escaped. Confusion ensued. Reyssie, a Royalist officer, was declared to be Precy. He was instantly seized, but shot his captor through the head. The Republican cavalry now came rushing up, attacked the few Royalists remaining, and massacred all except two or three, who escaped into the adjoining thickets.

Precy after many perils reached Switzerland, and under the Bourbons in 1814 he was restored to France. Like Dr. Brydone in the British expedition to Afghanistan in 1841, he was almost the sole survivor of his soldiers. While valor is remembered, this tremendous march will be commemorated in the epics of heroic races.

The Republican army entered Lyons, and the work of vengeance and extermination immediately began. The guillotine was erected on a bridge over the Rhone, and daily a multitude of heads fell, and were cast with their bleeding bodies into the river below. Collot d'Herbois, Couthon, and Fouche (afterwards Napoleon's Duke of Otranto) with rejoicing eyes watched the slaughter from neighboring windows. They caused to be written upon the

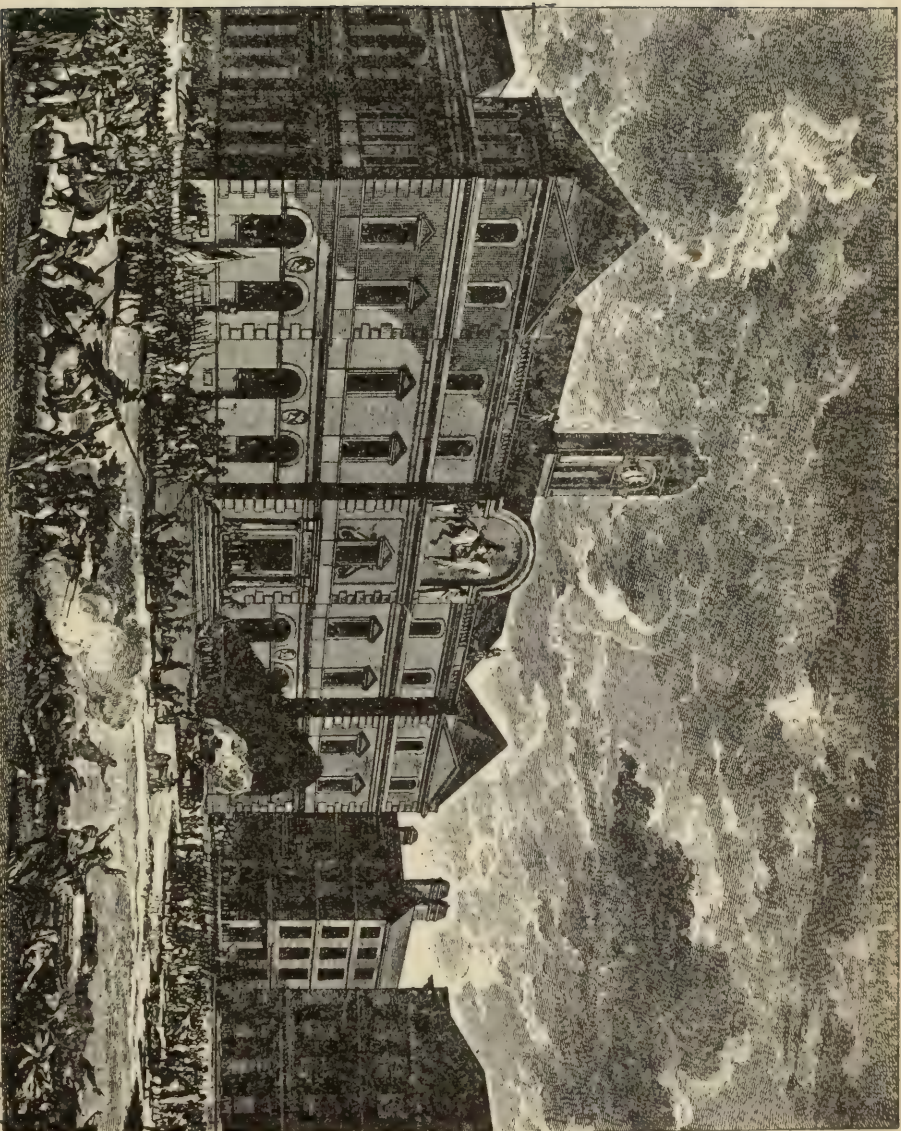
walls of the city: "Lyons took up arms against liberty, Lyons is no more." The Committee of Public Safety in Paris decreed that Lyons should be destroyed.

Couthon, using a silver hammer, moved among the ruins, reached the buildings yet erect, and commanded these beautiful edifices to be destroyed. He struck them with his hammer, and immediately a crowd of Jacobin laborers commenced to tear them down. The frenzied work of Republican hatred continued, and before the insane folly was stopped many of the most splendid buildings on the Place Bellecour were demolished.

The guillotine being too slow in its murderous work to satisfy the cruel commissioners of Paris, the army was called into requisition. Sixty-four of the aristocracy of the city, handcuffed two by two, were driven to the lower plain of Brotteaux. A double ditch was dug in the marshy soil, cannons were placed at each end of the ditch, and the victims arranged in a long line fronting their graves. They were fastened by the arms to a tightly stretched rope. The cannons flashed and were discharged. The victims fell, some dead, some frightfully lacerated, and groaning for mercy. The cavalry stationed near rushed forward and completed their horrible execution. The palpitating bodies were cast into the ditch and the graves were filled up. Some, it is affirmed, were buried alive!

The next day two hundred and nine Lyonnaise, including elegant ladies and tender mothers, were led out handcuffed like the others. They were fastened to the ropes. The cruel cannons were fired, and many perished; but over a hundred of the prisoners hung to the cords, dazed, horror-struck, wounded, and paralyzed. A few, detached by the cannon-balls, crawled on the ground, or staggered away bleeding. Again the dragoons rushed forward. Amid screams and cries for mercy, they hewed down all the fine young men and delicate women left alive, slaying every one. Not a victim escaped. In these fiendish murders was exhibited the atheistic vengeance of the tools and agents of that godless Red Republic, which was deaf to humanity and a denier of God, the Bible, and Christ. The proven atrocities committed in Lyons surpass belief.

These terrible executions continued, and the Commissioners wrote letters to the Convention, in which they affirmed "*they wept with joy* at the decimation of the enemies of



HORRIBLE MASSACRE OF ROYALISTS AT LYONS BY REPUBLICAN TROOPS, DEC. 14, 1793.

liberty." A young woman of great beauty rushed into the presence of Collot d'Herbois. "You have slain my father, my mother, my brother, and all my kindred," she cried in anguish, "let me die also." The ruffian refused her request, that she might be tortured by life.

A wife about to become a mother, with forty-five others, was dragged to death. As she stood on the scaffold, "it is not my destruction I deplore," she cried piteously, "but the babe I bear in my bosom." A cry for mercy arose from the people, but the executioners seized her pitilessly, and two lives perished under the blade of the guillotine.

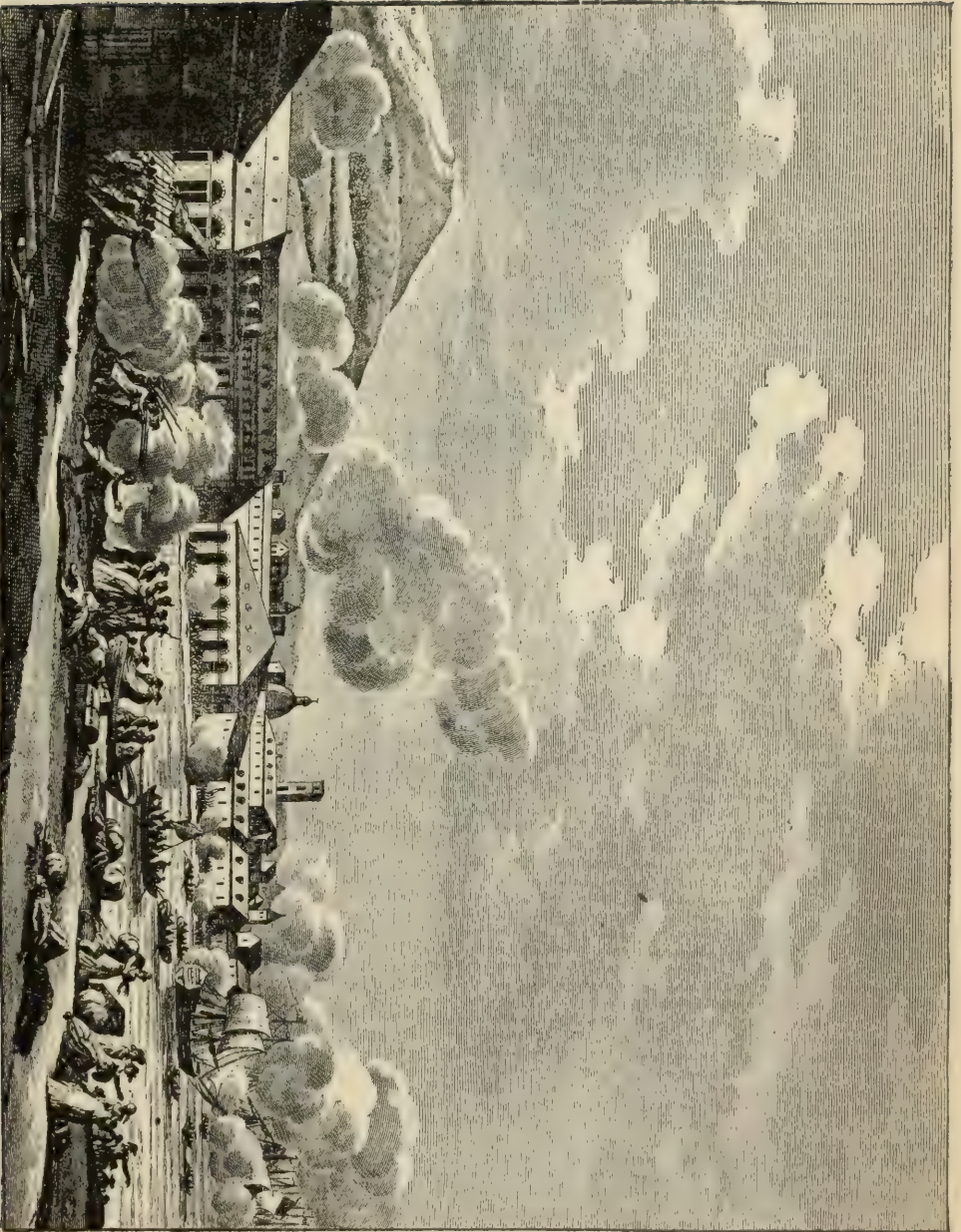
A girl only nineteen, Marie Adrien, was borne to the scaffold. She bore a striking likeness to Charlotte Corday. "What is your age?" asked the judge! "Nineteen, the age of Charlotte Corday," was the fearless answer. "If your life was spared, what would you do?" said the judges. "I would poniard," she cried, "the assassins of my country." On the scaffold, as she was being tied to the plank of the guillotine, she cried, "Vive le Roi!" and received the fatal blow with a smile. In her clothing, pinned to her dress, was found a letter from her betrothed, who had perished the day before. It was stained with her tears.

We have given but a few of the affecting scenes which marked the inhumanity of the Red Republic of murder, in dealing with its enemies.

Christianity turns away with shuddering horror from the record, and blesses God that there is yet a Christ and a Gospel to humanize the cruelty of the natural man. These murders continued many weeks, and it was only when the executioners were satiated with blood, and the very soldiers revolted, disgusted with their hideous work, that they ceased.

And now Toulon, the rebellious naval arsenal of France, was called upon to expiate its crimes of loyalty to the young Louis XVII., and of receiving within its harbor a British fleet. The army of Dugommier surrounded its walls, and the genius of young Napoleon Bonaparte, then guiding the Republican artillery, directed its cannons toward the Little Gibraltar, commanding the entrance to the harbor of Toulon. Bonaparte carried that fort by assault, took the English General O'Hara prisoner, and raised over it the tri-colored flag. Lord Hood, the British Admiral, saw that conquering banner, and realizing the dangerous position of

THE CAPTURE OF TOULON, 1793.



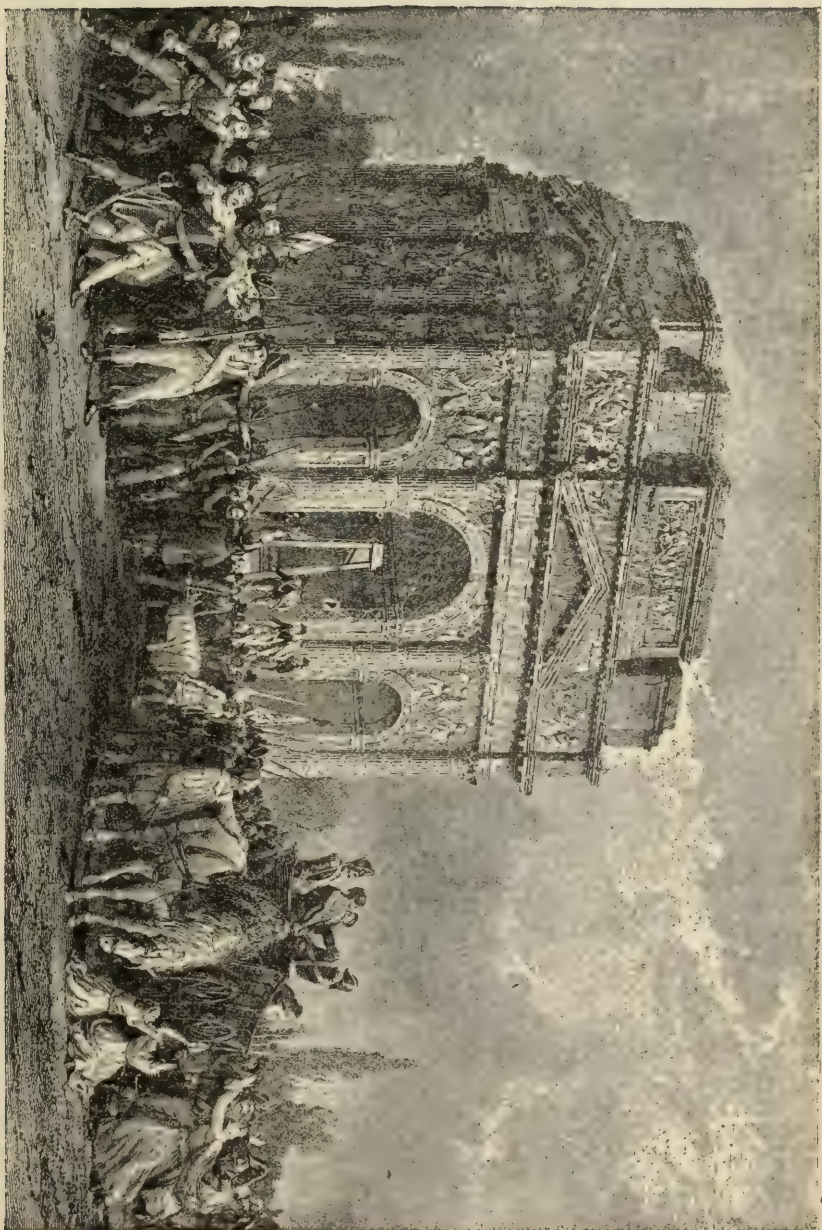
his fleet, and the mortal blow to his defense, which he had received, determined without delay to evacuate Toulon.

It was night. A sublime and awful spectacle took place. The British set fire to all the great French line-of-battle ships, which Toulon had delivered up to them when it revolted. They burned the arsenals, and all the stores they did not have time to remove. The ascending flames constituted a magnificent and dreadful spectacle, and the whole dark heavens were illuminated by their light. Crowds of fugitives were received on the English vessels, but other crowds remained. The Republican soldiers were without the walls, howling for their prey, and casting bombs and red-hot balls into the terrified city.

Distressed fathers, mothers, and children, fleeing from death and Republican rage, ran along the quays and borders of the harbor, wringing their hands, sobbing, and calling in the most heart-rending tones for succor and means of escape. Lord Hood saved all who could be accommodated on his ships, but was compelled to leave a multitude behind. Finally his fleet, amid the roaring of the flames of the burning French frigates and men-of-war, and the cries of the forsaken people, stood sadly out to sea.

The Republican veterans, enraged to uncontrollable fury by the destruction of the French ships, rushed into Toulon panting for Royalist blood. A frightful massacre ensued. Thousands of the hapless population were slain, and all the excesses of war committed. Many loyal heads fell under the stroke of the guillotine, and it was several weeks before the vengeance of the Republic was satisfied. Bonaparte, with his strong natural humanity, exerted himself constantly on the side of lenity, and saved many Royalists from death. His star was to rise, and to shine over many battle-fields and captured nations, but never, except in 1812 when he gazed from the Kremlin of the Czars upon burning Moscow, did he witness a more dreadful scene than during the capture of Toulon.

The South and the West were both conquered, and bloody executions took place under the ancient arch of Marius at Orange. The tremendous Paris committees dominated by terror and the sword. They shook death into the faces of the French generals and before its armies, and with them it was literally "to conquer or to die." With a Roman resolution, with amazing wisdom and genius, that dreadful body



EXECUTING ROYALISTS AT ORANGE, 1793.

of men, while they slew their enemies within France, wrested again victory from their foes without. The English, the Austrians, the Prussians alike fell back before the gigantic efforts and mighty armies which now marched under the standards of the Republic. The year 1793 was passing, and with 1794, Pichegru and Jourdan, Moreau, and many other able commanders were once more to carry in triumph the tri-color of the Republic over the plains of Belgium and Holland, and into the forests and mountains of Germany, and were again to make Kings tremble upon their thrones.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

MARAT AND CHARLOTTE CORDAY.

IN June, 1793, Marat had become a genius of terror. He dominated in the clubs and sections, he hurled defiance at his enemies in the Convention, and not even Danton nor Robespierre could restrain his excesses. A constant fire of madness burned in his brain and consumed his blood. Affecting the greatest vulgarity in his dress, looking upon decency as a part of the aristocratic past, there are yet anecdotes which have drifted down the stream of time and which contradict the ordinary conceptions of the poverty of his abode. Madame Roland declared that in its inner recesses were elegant furniture, fine vases, carpets, and the luxury of the man of taste.

Marat was found incessantly in the clubs casting his invectives against the adversaries of the Republic. His vehemence and his recklessness gave him an importance in the minds of the fiery masses of the hour, which the cool and subtle Robespierre, and even Danton, at this moment did not possess. Marat was associated with the triumph of the factions over the Girondists on May 31st and June 2d. Danton had seemed on those days rather the reconciler, than the enemy, of the Gironde. Marat had marched with the mob; he had commanded the President of the Convention to bring the legislators into obedience to the behest of the people, and had loomed up suddenly before France as the incarnation of a bloody proscriptive and radical Revolution.

Companies of Maratists had been formed in various departments, who dressed in rags, and imitated the frenzy of their chief. He had concentrated in himself the accusing tendencies of the Sans Culottes, and his *Ami du Peuple* was filled with calls to insurrections and massacres wherever a Girondist or a Royalist dared to antagonize the "one and indivisible Republic." Violent in all his acts, he suffered from a suspicion and fear that he himself might perish by assassination.

The Girondists who fled to Caen had among them two of



DANTON.



CHAUMETTE.



FOUQUIER-TINVILLE.



ROBESPIERRE.



MARAT.



CARRIER.

A GROUP OF TERRORISTS, 1793.

their most able men, Petion and Barbaroux. These orators roused the young men of that antique mediæval town to arms. The Normans responded by raising companies to march and aid those who were aiming to restore the Gironde. The city was aglow with excitement and hatred of Marat.

Near Caen at this time lived a French noble of ancient blood but in poor circumstances. He possessed a small estate, and had two sons and three daughters, whom his utmost exertions could only clothe in an humble manner and procure for them the ordinary advantages of society and life. His veins possessed the heroic blood of that gentlest and noblest of all French dramatic writers, the celebrated Corneille. Charlotte Corday was one of the three daughters who endeavored to lighten the lot of her affectionate and industrious father. Her mother had died in her youth. She was not too proud as a child to glean in the fields, to bind the wheat, or to labor in the garden.

In 1793 she had grown into a wondrously beautiful maiden of nineteen. She was of a good size. Her form was of exquisite symmetry, and her face a vision of lofty beauty. Her eyes were fascinating, expressive, entrancing, and her voice as sweet as a silvery bell, rippling over a tranquil evening landscape. Chaste and industrious; of a lofty and heroic soul, there dwelt in the delicate body of this beautiful girl the heart of a Brutus, ready to strike for liberty, and the courage of a Spartan.

Charlotte had received the Revolution with rapture, until its excesses frightened her humane tendencies. She had sympathized with the Gironde in their struggles. To her the names of Vergniaud and Petion, Barbaroux and Lanjuinais were sacred, and she had heard with grief of the overthrow of her idols. She implicitly believed the fierce Marat to be the center and cause of all the trouble in France.

Charlotte visited Barbaroux, and for a moment scandal whispered because of the frequent interviews between the most handsome of men and the loveliest of women. The pure and noble Charlotte heard with a blush of indignation these insinuations that tended to cast a cloud over her fair name. Her interviews with Barbaroux were all political, all to acquire knowledge of Paris, and prepare, not for the raptures of affection, but for the solemnities of tragedy and death.

Inflamed with the desire to save her country from farther

tyranny, and believing that if Marat was once dead then the Gironde might triumph ; not knowing accurately the various forces at work in Paris, and ignorant of the great, if hidden power of Robespierre and Danton, Marat alone towered before her excited imagination as the one incarnate demon of anarchy and bloodshed. Impelled by this delusion Charlotte resolved to go to Paris, to seek an interview with that Tribune, and to kill him in the very center of his baneful power.

Petion, unaware of her determination, was himself deceived for a moment, and attributed her interviews with Barbaroux to love. "Ah," he said smiling one day, as he met Charlotte, "the beautiful young aristocrat visiting the handsome democrat." Charlotte looked at him severely and said, "You will soon do me justice, and know me better."

The fate of Petion and Barbaroux has been already described. Carefully concealing her purpose from her relatives and acquaintances in Caen, subtly informing herself as to the geography of the streets of Paris, and the habits and residence of Marat ; bidding a farewell to her father and her family which they believed only temporary, but which she knew would be eternal, this maiden of only nineteen summers set out in the stage-coach from Caen for Paris to consummate her terrible purpose.

She reached, without special adventure, the city. It was a lava-bed of Revolutionary fire. She saw Jacobin bonnets roughly painted on every sign-board and decorating every street. She passed the Tuileries, which the Convention now called the National Palace. She gazed upon the Place Louis XV., which was now the Place of the Revolution, and the Place Louis XIV., which had become the Place Vendôme. She looked at the great plaster image erected in the garden of the National Palace to Liberty. The emblems of Democratic Revolution were everywhere, and the stir and the noise of the pikemen and Sans Culottes marching to various daily posts, accompanied by the music of rattling drums and "*Ça Iras*," witnessed the constant excitement of the times.

Taking lodgings at the Hôtel de la Providence, she immediately went to the cutlery shops in the Palais Royal, and there purchased a sharp poniard, with an ebony handle. Concealing this weapon in the bosom of her dress, she seated herself for a few moments on the stone bench near

the Arcade. She meditated on her deed. She was nerved by the most patriotic, unselfish, and sublime purposes. Naturally a woman of great tenderness of heart, her heated imagination deluded her into the belief that she was about to make a religious, a sublime sacrifice upon the altar of merciful liberty, of the incarnation of infidelity and cruelty. She also visited several deputies of the Convention.

Dissimulation foreign to her candid nature was needed to accomplish her ends. The fear and suspicion of Marat had rendered it difficult to approach him in his own home in the Rue des Cordies. Charlotte, to disarm his suspicion, penned two such notes as she believed would interest and influence Marat. She pretended to have important information to give him of the actions and conspiracies of the Girondists in Caen. She went to his residence, but was denied admission. Undiscouraged she left with the portress a stronger letter, filled with expressions of her admiration of Marat and the vital news she desired to communicate. We shall not detail all her interviews with moderate men, and her acts up to the moment of her fatal crime.

Let it suffice that on the 13th of July, 1793, Charlotte attired herself with great neatness. It was seven o'clock in the evening. She wore a white gown, and a silken scarf covered over her shoulders. Her hair, black and beautiful, was bound by a green ribbon and floated down her neck in ringlets. Her head was adorned with a Normandy cap. There was no pallor in her face, no excitement in her eyes, no quiver to her voice. She passed calmly along the streets, elevated and controlled by a fanaticism which made her cool and collected.

She reached the house of Marat. He was in his bath, which was covered with a cloth. On the cloth was a wooden board, and on the board before him a dirty inkstand, some papers, and several pens. He was writing. When Marat heard the name of Charlotte, and that she was from Caen, remembering her letters, he ordered her to be admitted. Charlotte quickly entered the dread presence of the Tribune. Filled with the horror his hated personality inspired, she cast her eyes on the floor. Her manner was tranquil, her hands hung at her side, and she pretended to recount certain acts of the Girondists in Caen. "Well," cried Marat ferociously, "before a week passes they shall have the guillotine."

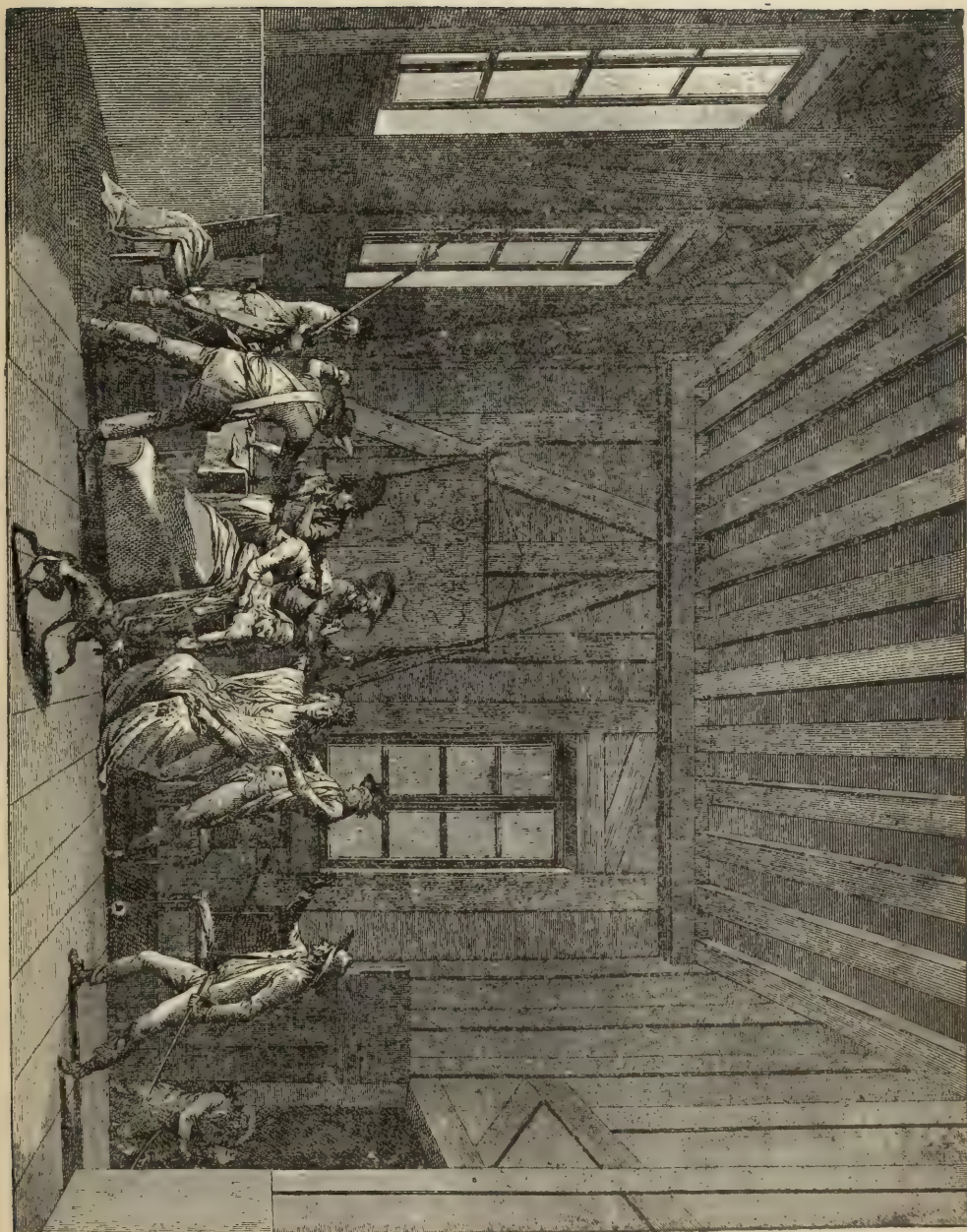
On hearing these bloody declarations, Charlotte sprang forward with her dagger in her hand, and plunged it with all her strength into the naked breast of Marat. It entered to the hilt.

Marat gave one hideous yell, "Help, my dear, help!"—directed to the female of his house—fell back, and instantly expired. His attendant woman rushed in shrieking loudly. Charlotte stood behind a muslin curtain near a window. She was motionless and looked as if turned to stone. Her face was deadly white, her teeth clenched, her dagger had fallen upon the floor. The infuriated female, when she saw the assassin, raised a chair and felled Charlotte for a moment to the earth. Men hurried in attracted by the noise and outcry, and instantly the news that Marat was murdered spread through the amazed streets of Paris. The whole Faubourg was quickly alive with a frenzied and foaming multitude. Soldiers and citizens mad with rage and wild with wonder, rushed into Marat's abode. Two *gens-d'armes* seized Charlotte and bound her hands so tightly together that she suffered intensely with pain. The gory dagger was held up before the imprecating Jacobins by St. Laurent. Shrieks of fury and curses assailed the beautiful murderess. The soldiers hurried her away, while fists were shaken in her face, in order that she might not be torn to pieces by the furious crowd. She was taken to the prison of the Abbaye.

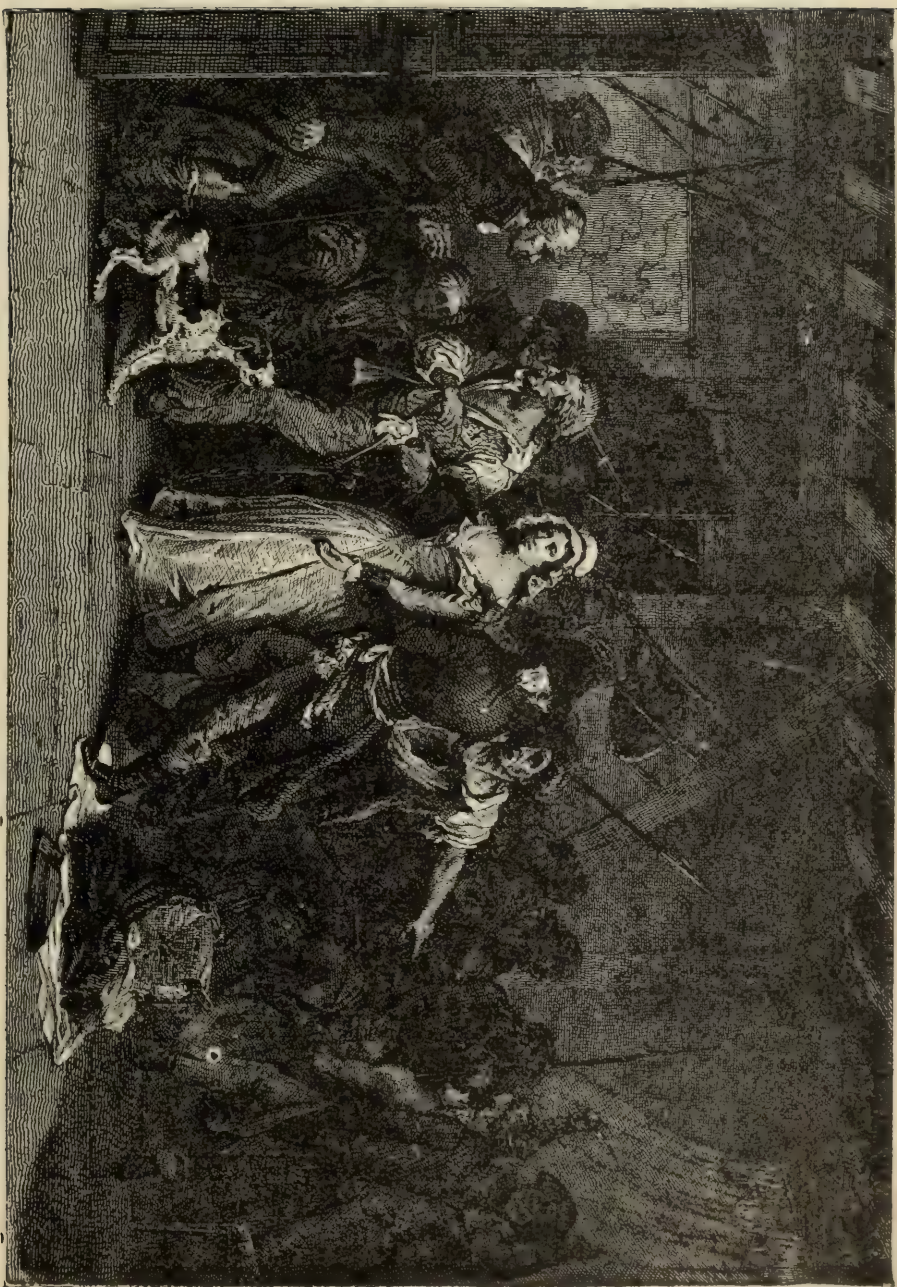
Paris surged with a delirious population, filling its streets and mad with horror and amaze. They seemed to be struck with a wild, dazed stupor. The Convention, clubs, and Commune were for a moment paralyzed when the murder of Marat was thundered into their ears. The people's idol; the incarnation of the Revolution; in the very center of his adoring myriads, sections, protecting cannons, soldiers, and committees, had been struck down and slain. And who was the assassin? A young maiden of preternatural loveliness, modest and calm, and only nineteen years of age.

The nation shook as the news hurried over France. Robespierre and the Jacobins trembled. "Yes," cried Henriot, "we may all tremble. Marat has been assassinated by a young girl, who rejoices at the blow she has struck. Look carefully after your own lives. The same peril threatens us all. Distrust green ribbons, and let us swear to avenge this great man."

Within two days Charlotte was brought before the tri-



bunal of death. The judges and jury were amazed at her courage, her calmness, and her *sang-froid*. They saw a vision of the most exquisite female loveliness, and heard from its lips words that might have come from the mouth of an ancient patriot. "Do you recognize this knife?" said a judge. "Yes," was her brief reply. "What led you to the crime?" "I saw," she answered, "civil war about to rend France to atoms. Persuaded that Marat was its principal cause I have sacrificed his life, to save my country from the perils and calamities which he was bringing upon it." "And who urged you to this detestable crime?" was eagerly asked. "No one," answered Charlotte: "I deceived my aunt and family as to the object of my journey. No one in Caen, no one but myself, knew of the resolution that I had formed." The judges were yet more astounded. "Did you come to Paris only for the purpose of assassinating Marat?" "That," said Charlotte, "was the sole object of my journey." They questioned her as to whom she had visited in Paris; where she obtained the weapon of murder; and as to what she had done before she went to Marat's. She replied fully and frankly. "Did you attempt to escape after the murder?" said Fouquier-Tinville. "I should have gone if I had not been prevented," replied Charlotte quietly. She declared that she had formed the project of assassination, since the overthrow of the Girondists on the 2d of June. "I killed," she said, "one man to save a hundred thousand. I was a Republican long before the Revolution, and I never failed in energy." "What do you mean by energy," asked the President of the tribunal. "That feeling," she answered, "which induces us to cast aside selfish considerations, and to sacrifice ourselves for our country." Fouquier-Tinville, the public prosecutor, said, fixing his hard keen eyes upon her: "You must be well practised in crime. The blow was a sure one." Charlotte's face colored a deep crimson, tears suffused her eyes, and looking up with horror the beguiled maiden cried indignantly: "The monster, he takes me to be an *assassin*." "Who," said the President, "inspired you with such hatred for Marat?" "I needed no one to inspire me," she answered in thrilling tones. "His crimes were sufficient." "Do you think, then," he questioned, "that you have assassinated *all* the Marats?" "No," she answered, "but now that he is dead the rest may fear."



ARREST OF CHARLOTTE CORDAY, JULY, 1793.

"Are you a married woman?" asked the President. "No" she replied in a low, modest voice. "Have you never had a lover?" A flush came over her snowy face. "Never," she replied. As she spoke one of the judges thought he saw a paper revealing itself from the bosom of her dress. He stretched forth his hand to seize it. Charlotte, ever pure as untrodden snow, with offended modesty drew back violently, and her hands being bound, her effort burst open her dress. She begged to be untied for a moment that she might arrange her attire. Her judges, suffering as much as she, for they were cruel, fanatical, but *decent* men, complied with her request.

The judges and jury of the stern and implacable Revolutionary tribunal were filled with astonishment. They admired and were enthralled by her exalted and supernal beauty; entranced by her courage and her flashing eyes, luminous with patriotism. But they were filled with hatred against her crime. She *was* an assassin, but a *sublime* assassin!

Charlotte was condemned to death, and was taken to the prison of the Conciergerie to prepare for immediate execution.

In this prison a young and gifted German named Adam Luxe beheld her, and instantly fell into a trance of such devoted love as history hardly recalls. He accompanied M. Hauer, an artist who painted her portrait. The exquisite form of Charlotte, her face molded into an ideal of splendid beauty that Raphael might have gazed at and despaired to realize on his canvas; her lovely complexion, her eloquent eyes, the music of her silvery voice; the terribleness of her crime, her bravery, her resignation, her cheerfulness, yet her gentle womanly modesty, all convexed into one burning beam of ineffable glory and loveliness before Adam Luxe, and in an hour he was a lover ready to die at her feet. He stood behind Hauer as that artist rapidly and skillfully depicted her magnificent person. In the brief period of life that was hers, and totally unconscious of the affection she had inspired, Charlotte calmly submitted to the artistic ordeal. With rapid fingers Hauer delineated her features. While he was thus engaged, and Adam Luxe was watching in rapture every movement of his brush, Sanson, the minister of death, entered. He cut off the hair and bound the tender hands of Charlotte behind her back. Sanson placed upon



THE EXECUTIONER INTERRUPTING CHARLOTTE CORDAY, 1793.

her a red robe. With a shudder Adam Luxe beheld Hauer gather up his palette and colors, bow to the maiden victim, and retire. In his studio Hauer added the red garment to increase the sinister beauty of his picture. Adam Luxe followed. He was heart-broken. When her execution took place, life without Charlotte became to him worthless. He was soon imprisoned and condemned. With enthralled enthusiasm he ascended the scaffold, rejoiced to be bound to the plank which had borne her beautiful form ; he cried, "Charlotte, I come to thee!" and perished.

Meantime the unconscious object of this devoted and romantic love, serene and elevated by a lofty patriotism, entered the fatal tumbril. An immense multitude lined the streets and the quays of the Seine leading to the guillotine. There were ferocious cries as the cart left the Conciergerie, but they became less and less as it rolled down the Rue St. Honore and on toward the Place de la Révolution. The windows and streets of Paris were crowded with an intensely gazing and wondering multitude. Her magnificent loveliness and courage and her supernatural fortitude seemed to move to admiration, and to thrill and awe Charlotte's most reckless and vindictive enemies. From a window in the Rue St. Honore, Robespierre, Danton, and Camille Desmoulins gazed with silent horror and admiration upon the doomed maiden.

A storm arose. The heavens thundered, the bright lightnings streaked the skies, and soon the rain fell in torrents. On through the violence of the tempest, and wet to her skin, went Charlotte Corday to death. It was a brief summer shower, fierce but momentary. As the tumbril turned from the Rue St. Honore and passed the elegant gardens of the Tuileries toward the fatal guillotine, the darkened skies brightened, the sun struggled out into dazzling glory, and kindled into rainbow loveliness the drops on the adjacent trees and flowers. In this magnificent surrounding of a splendid palace, and with the most sumptuous buildings on either side, the death-cart of Charlotte Corday halted. Clothed in her red chemise, which, saturated with rain, clung heavily to her person, she slowly, but calmly ascended the scaffold. She only sighed when the brutal executioner denuded her shoulders of their protection. She was bound to the plank. Her beautiful and snowy neck was infamously fastened into the murderous groove, and the



CHARLOTTE CORDAY ON HER WAY TO THE GUILLOTINE.

heavy knife, descending with the rapidity of lightning, separated her head from her body. The executioner caught it streaming with blood. As, traveling around the scaffold he held it up before the shuddering people, a brute named Legros with his clenched fist struck the severed head upon its face. Instantly a blush is said to have suffused the decapitated member, settling in death. The people, it is just to record, were profoundly indignant at this outrage, and the executioner, Sanson, bitterly complained to the Commune. The wretch only escaped after a severe punishment.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

THE ABOLITION OF ALL RELIGION BUT REASON.

THE Terror, whose cause was not in Marat alone, did not cease with him. The Convention, inspired by the Committees, clubs, and Commune, with trembling haste now passed the most sanguinary laws, and made death the sole penalty for the slightest words or acts against the Republic. Not to love the Revolution was death. To have served the King was death. To be a relation or friend of emigrants, brought the victim under the shadow of death. To depreciate the assignats ; to raise the price of food ; to refuse to obey the maximum laws which they established, was punishable with death. To weep for a friend in prison was to be suspected and hurried to the guillotine. The tyrants of Paris, like Caligula in the past, struck with the hand of terror at all the instincts of human nature, the love of parents for their offspring, the filial affection of children, the regrets of friends, the tears of relations—and made their penalty *death*. Paris and France, under the rule of the sanguinary Committee of Public Safety, began to hold its breath in horror, and cowered in abject, shuddering slavery.

The Republican Calendar was also at this time perfected. The old names of the months of the year were changed. In the new nomenclature of the Republic October became Vendemiaire, the month of the grape harvest ; November was Brumaire, because fogs then obscured the sky ; December became Frimaire, from the hail on the hills ; January was Nivose, because the land was white with snow ; February, Pluaise, as a rainy month ; March, Ventose, as a month of fierce winds. April was called Germinal from the reviving life of nature. May received the poetic appellation of Floreal, because the land blooms with flowers. June was Prarial, from the reaping of the meadows. July, as the harvest month, was Messidor ; August from its heat was Thermidor, and September was Fructidor from its ripened fruit. These months overlapped each other, and five days

were added at the close of the year for its completion, called the little Sans Culottes.

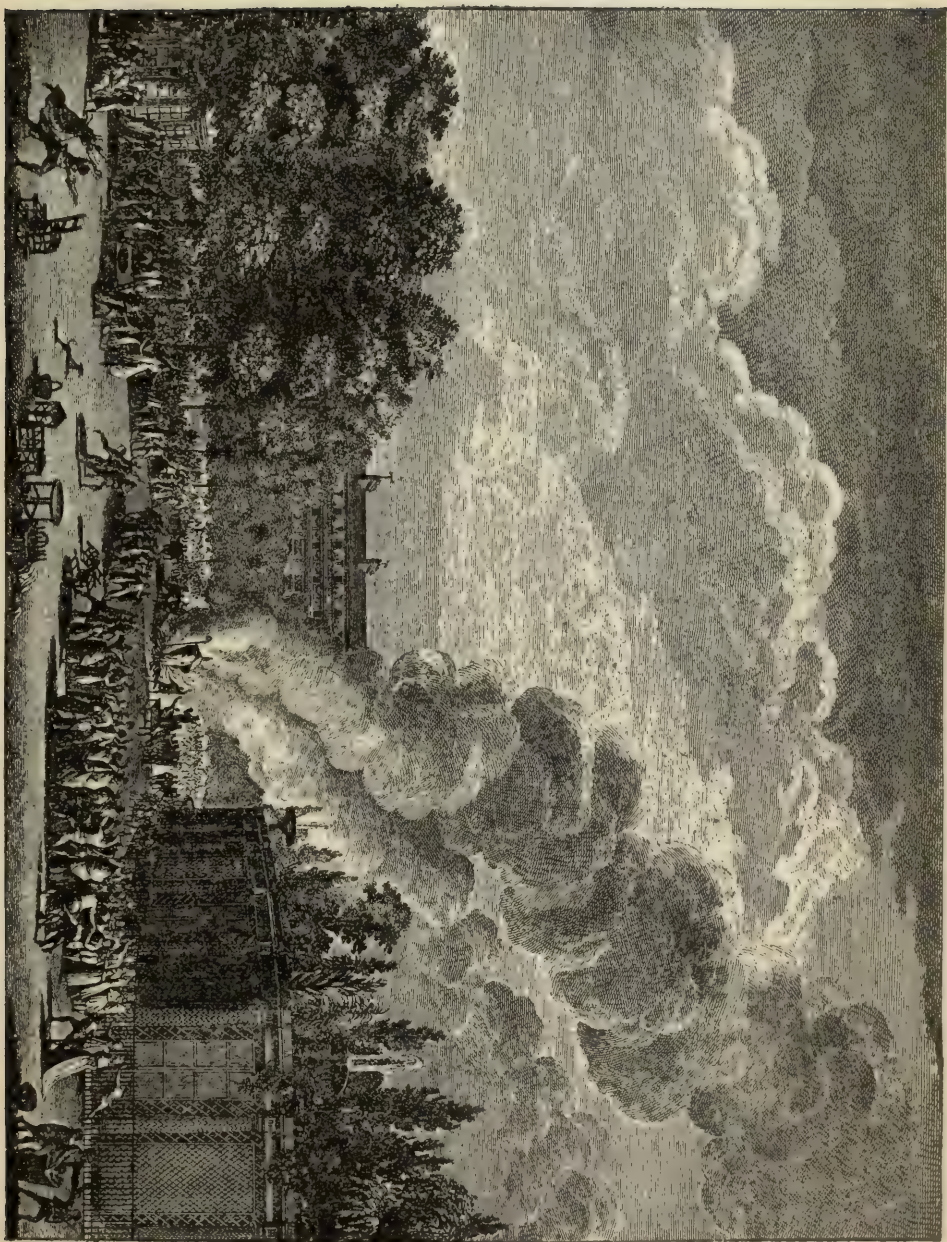
And now the Revolutionists determined by decree to abolish Christianity. The throne was gone, the nobility had fled, or were hiding, or in prisons awaiting death, but a cowering form of religion yet remained. The impatient atheists and Jacobins clamored for the destruction of all ministers of religion, the closing of all churches, the abolition of the Sabbath, the banishment of the Bible, and the total extirpation of Christianity, just as Socialists of the radical school clamored for it to-day in every land.

The Commune encouraged the people in their infidel excesses. Apostate priests and bishops led the way in the defection from all worship. Gobel, Bishop of Paris, attired in his ecclesiastical robes, appeared before the Committees. "I acknowledge," he said, "Reason alone. I abjure the Catholic faith, and abdicate my episcopal position." Loud applause greeted this act and these words.

In October and November, as the Terror developed, the hatred of worship became more manifested. Churches and cathedrals were secularized. The solemn, if superstitious, rites of the Catholic Church were profaned and parodied. The *canaille* of Paris dressed an ox or an ass in pontifical robes and hurried him through the streets. They defiled the very altars of religion with abominable excesses.

The majority of the bishops and clergy, true to the faith of their forefathers, had either been slain, banished, immured in dungeons, or were being then hunted over France like wild beasts. Chaumette caused a placard in large letters to be placed over the Cemetery of Père la Chaise: "Death is an Eternal Sleep."

The church bells were turned into cannon. Everywhere in central and northern France, the worship of Christ was abolished, and politically all through the Republic. It was death to preach; death to perform mass; death to open a church; death to be obedient to the old religion. Only a few priests, after the 1st of December, 1793, were permitted even to see the dying prisoners in the Conciergerie, and presently even they disappeared. Marie Antoinette was one of the last of the condemned to be attended by an ecclesiastic. Religious and holy emblems were cast into the sewer. To teach God to the young was to go to the guillotine. Andre Dumont wrote from the north: "In every direction the



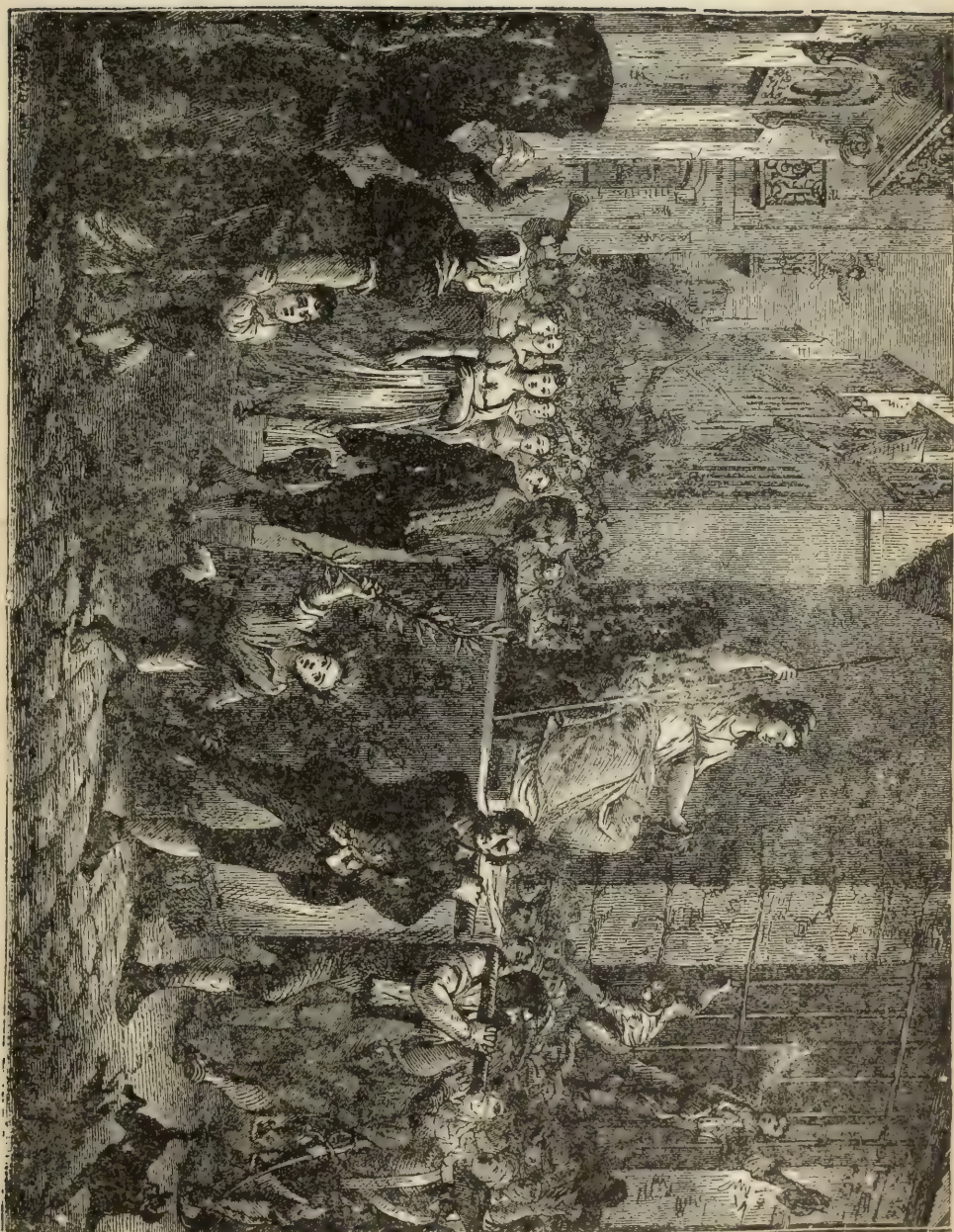
BURNING THE POPE'S IMAGE, 1793.

churches are shut, the altars burned, the sacred books made into wadding for cannon, and all the citizens cry out, 'No more religion, only equality and reason.'" What the Chicago anarchists cried, what the Socialists of France and Germany and America cry, was realized fully in blood-stained France, in 1793.

The red Terror was beginning to send its daily *fournées* to the guillotine; the prisons were crowded with innocent victims, and God was banished, as far as decree and penalty could banish him, from France. *But God is almighty; He rules.* The nations are but as drops in an ocean, before the infinitude and immensity of His Godhead. Forever let the American people hold up before them the awful picture of warning and advice to be found in the abolishing of religion in France, and contemporaneous with it the horrible rule of the guillotine.

The Convention decreed the service and worship of Reason alone. On the 20th of December the new worship, of human vanity adoring itself, was inaugurated at Notre Dame. The Convention, the Commune, and all the authorities of Paris marched amid the sound of cannons, beating of drums, and martial strains, to the Cathedral. A great throne had been erected in the nave. An actress, and it is said a prostitute, was borne in upon the shoulders of several men. She was Mademoiselle Maillard. The seat which she occupied was composed of oak branches. She was dressed as the Goddess of Reason. The atheists shouted with joy, while clubs, societies, fraternities, and female bands danced in hideous orgies around this new idol. Ancient pagan rites and ceremonies were restored to celebrate the reign of Reason. The dancing infidels raised before this new goddess a vast torch as emblematic of the light of philosophy. Pages knelt and waved incense prepared by Chaumette at her feet. The whole assemblage defied and mocked the name and worship of God, while hymns of liberty rent the air. In this way was the reign of the guillotine inaugurated. The terrorized bishop Gobel was compelled to be present. Trembling and subdued, he could not prevent the tears rolling down his aged cheeks at the awful profanations and indecencies which he beheld.

The same horrible mockeries, through the power of the atheistic Republic, were enacted throughout France, though Robespierre and Danton took no part in these scenes.



THE FESTIVAL OF THE GODDESS OF REASON, NOVEMBER, 1793.

The madness and anarchy of the people under the rule of the Committees, the Commune, and the temporary sway of Hébert, now became yet more excessive. Not satisfied with prisons full of their enemies, as they termed them, and the daily falling of heads under the knife of murder, the anarchists resolved to profane the graves of the historic dead of France. What a spectacle of license and blind hatred!

The Convention decreed the destruction of the tombs of the Kings of France in St. Denis. The Commune changed the decree into digging up the dead, casting away their bones, and out of their leaden coffins moulding bullets. Could fanaticism go farther? The beautiful gates of bronze in the Church of St. Denis were broken up by the axe. Those gates had been presented to the church a thousand years before, by the great Emperor Charlemagne. Gratings, decorations, roofing, historic statues, all were dashed to pieces. Crumbling flesh, bones, skulls of kings, of queens, of princes, of the great warriors and statesmen, and bishops of the past, were dragged from their resting-places of centuries, and cast, profaned and pulverized, into the common sewers. The great Pepin of the eighth century, the corpse of Turenne, the victorious general, and of Du Guesclin, the saviour of France in the Middle Ages, the remains of Louis XII. and Francis I., of Hugh Capet and Philip the Fair, of Henry IV., of Louis XIII., Louis XIV., and Louis XV., of queens, princes, and princesses, were dragged from their coffins and shrouds, and cast into the ditches which had been prepared for them. With every excess of atheistic and demoniac hatred and contempt, Revolutionary France sought in wild frenzy to obliterate all vestiges of her historical and monarchical past.

Such insanity of revolution was never before manifested, and never since. Jacobin Paris and France, in 1793, alone present such a revolting spectacle. Atheism, dethroning God and destroying His churches and worship, endeavored to obliterate the resurrection by annihilating the dead of the past great ages.

The eye of God was on it all. The ear of God heard it all. "It is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living God," and only a few months were to pass, before Chaumette and Hébert, Danton and Desmoulins, even Robespierre and Couthon, the whole dreadful band of atheistic or deistic tyrants, were to realize this truth.

CHAPTER XL.

THE EXECUTION OF MARIE ANTOINETTE.

LET us return to the gloomy and frowning Conciergerie, and to the humid cell of the sad-faced, hollow-eyed woman, who was but a few months before the brilliant and beautiful mistress of all the splendor of Versailles and of France.

It is early in August, 1793. Hardly a ray of sickly light penetrates the little court, which is faced by her sepulchral dungeon. For two months the once pampered and idolized Queen was hid in the glimmering inner vault, into which she had been thrust. At night she slept upon a miserable pallet under the eyes of a guard ; while the soldiers in the outer room laughed, played cards and smoked.

In the day-time, clothed in a single faded and tattered dress, her shoes ruined by the damp of the water-dripping walls, and in ragged stockings the Queen sat in dumb and silent pallor and despair. She frequently wept as she tried to recall the past. Victorious Jacobinism seemed desirous to reduce Marie Antoinette to the most abject, squalid destitution and physical misery ; to outrage every modesty of her womanly nature, and to torture her body, as it had tortured her soul. She was daily pointed out to curious visitors as a public show.

In that silent, white-haired captive, a discrowned widow, and yet only thirty-eight ; ragged and woe-begone, separated from all whom she loved, and in a vault where it would have been cruelty to have caged a wild beast,—who could recognize the magnificent and radiant, the elegant and gracious Queen of Little Trianon and Versailles, her powdered hair sparkling with diamonds, her magnificent dresses beautiful with pearls, necklaces of dazzling splendor on her white and superb throat, and her lovely face a rapture to adoring crowds of courtiers, who hung like lovers on the music of her voice, and who for a smile would have cheerfully perished ?—1788 and 1793, five rapid years, and behold what a

change! Such a fall has no counterpart in human history, except among Mohammedan or Oriental races.

England, when it condemned Charles the First to death, permitted him to depart from a palace, and to die with decency. In his last moments, he was given free access to his son Henry, Duke of Gloucester, and to his daughter, the young Elizabeth. He was attired like a gentleman, and was conveyed to death as a condemned *King*. Even Louis XVI. had been treated with comparative respect. But the hideous, atheistic, blood-ravaging and obscure Jacobins, those human hyenas and wolves, frenzied with carnage, titillated by power, and animated by insane hate, seemed to find no such pleasure as in reducing this daughter of an Empress, this wife of a King, this Imperial Arch-duchess of Austria as well as Queen of France, to the condition of a noxious animal, bereft of all human emotion, and all human sensibility. The crime of such horrible, degrading, and cruel treatment of this innocent and helpless Queen hangs like a cloud of midnight blackness over the very name, so repulsive, so infidelistic, so cruel, so gory, so inhuman, and so tyrannical, of Jacobin. Those tigers were the intellectual sons of the dishonest, tricky, and sneering Voltaire, and the debauched but eloquent and sentimental Rousseau. The Jacobins had no God, no Christ, and so no conscience and no pity. They were, if ever men deserved that name, remorseless devils in human form.

One day, the Queen asked for an additional counterpane for her bed, because she shivered at night from the coldness of the damp cell. Hébert, the brutal Commissioner, to whom she made this reasonable demand, replied to her rudely: "How dare you make such a request! You deserve for it to be sent to the guillotine." The keeper of the Conciergerie was a man of a kind and amiable nature. His name was Bault. In his secret heart, he deeply sympathized with the suffering Queen. His wife, a tender-hearted woman, partook of his sentiments. They had only one daughter, who became tenderly attached to Marie Antoinette. This excellent girl would kindly comb the hair, so long, though so white, of the captive Queen. Madame Bault ventured to send to her some little delicacies, such as pure spring-water, rather than that of the Seine (for the Queen was a rigid teetotaler) and some fruit and a few prepared roasts of good and nourishing meats. Occasionally some flowers would fall

at the Queen's feet, and now and then it would happen that the guards would be concealed Royalists. It was then that most romantic and touching spectacles took place. The Queen would see those stern soldiers enter in blue uniforms, red epaulettes, and wearing the tri-colors of the Revolution. While the Commissioners were present, they would pace to and fro, with stern and haughty air. When finally left for the few hours before the guards were relieved, these really loyal outer and inner soldiers would cross rapidly to the dim cell of the Queen. They would bow respectfully, fall at her feet, musket in hand, implore her forgiveness, kiss her hand, humble themselves in every way as at Versailles, and would call her your Majesty and Madame, would plot or try to plot with her an escape—always futile; and then, when others appeared, would suddenly become the stiff and cold Republican Guards. Through such men, she heard many tidings of her children, and the poor Queen blessed those servants, so affectionate, but so helpless. Alas! she knew that the only help they could render was in these stolen expressions of devotion and sympathy, but their words were inexpressibly comforting to her, as a contrast to the brutal rudeness of the real Republican Guards.

The espionage was so vigilant, and the danger so great, that such opportunities, even with the kind countenance of the Baults, at last became almost impossible. But the cruel Jacobins soon discovered those devoted jailors in their efforts to alleviate the sufferings of the Queen. They were immediately deprived of their places, and imprisoned.

A jailor named Richards succeeded, but he was an equally tender-hearted man, devoted in his secret life to royalty, and united to an excellent wife, who, like Madame Bault, was in her heart the devoted slave of the Queen. Richards rejoiced that he had some power to mitigate the misery of Marie Antoinette, but he was a man of immense caution and sagacity, and so managed the prison that no suspicions were aroused. He addressed her with simple abruptness, neither respectful nor disrespectful, but when upon a special moment he was in the Queen's cell and no guard for a wonder was near, he comforted that abused woman with the most loyal and fervent expressions of devotion and respect, and besought her not to despair. If a soldier at such a moment appeared, Richards was in an instant an especially abrupt jailor.

The Queen spent a portion of her time knitting a garter, to leave as a memento to her children. The sovereign of France was compelled to use two tooth-picks, and the threads of wool which she unravelled from an old counterpane, to make this last memento of her love. The modesty of Marie Antoinette was constantly outraged by the necessity of dressing in the presence of the guards in her cell. Only an old and dilapidated curtain separated her, when changing her attire, from their rude gaze. Such infamous treatment was a libel on humanity. Let history pillory those atheists, who thus abused a suffering woman. The rudest Comanche on the plains of the West might turn with horror from such acts. It was a part of that saturnalia of demoralized infidel cruelty and wickedness, which makes the very name of "The Terror," after a century has passed, to yet cause a reader to turn pale and shudder.

Marie Antoinette found one generous friend in the eloquent and talented Madame de Staël, the daughter of Neckar. She was the wife of the Swedish Ambassador, and was protected by her position, as the Republic was not at war with Sweden. Gustavus II., its King, was assassinated early in 1792, and his successor, Gustavus III., at first held aloof from foreign interference. Madame de Staël left no effort untried to save the Queen. She petitioned the Convention. She appealed to every faction and party. She plead with pathetic eloquence for the life of Marie Antoinette. She maintained the innocence of the Queen, and recalled many past acts of graciousness and kindness. It was all in vain. The Jacobins heard in sullen silence, but they resolved to have the head of their unhappy victim.

Inspired with hope by a knowledge of these efforts, the jailor's kind wife endeavored to comfort the Queen. But she was under no such illusions, for she knew well that her fate was determined. She burst into tears. "No," she said sobbing, "they have murdered the King, and they will kill me in the same way. Never again shall I see my unfortunate children, my kind and virtuous sister." Her tears flowed freely, not for her own suffering, but for the abused victims in the Temple.

The Commune had resolved on her execution, but its hand was alone stayed for two months, by the almost impossible task of bringing charges against her. Finally the indictment was framed. It was a tissue of exaggerations. "Marie

Antoinette," it said, "was the enemy of the Republic. She was the antagonist of the Revolution. She had tried to free herself, and restore the throne to its former favor." If true, was not this natural, was not this human? The Revolution had torn her from her palace, and consigned her to the Temple. It had dragged her from the Temple to the den in which she was now confined; it had separated her from her children, degraded her son, beheaded her husband, and was now about to martyr herself. It had assailed, abused, and calumniated her; there was not a modest instinct of womanhood it had not sought to torture and defile. Is it a surprise that such a saturnalia of atheism, and murder, of cruelty and vice, should be hated by the Queen? The Tribunal accused her of trying to overthrow the Republic, mislead the King, and with causing scarcity and famine by her machinations, in order that she might destroy the nation. They charged her with favoring the aristocracy, and with treasonable correspondence with her brothers, the emperors of Germany, and with the emigrants. In the preamble to the indictment, they called her a Messalina in lust, an Agrippina in cruelty, a Catherine de Medici in deceitfulness, and a Brunehaut in ambition. They ransacked the archives of the past for comparisons sufficient to present their foul and libelous slanders against this pure and suffering Queen.

On the 13th of October, she was brought before a sub-committee and subjected to a preliminary examination. She attired herself in her black robe of widowhood, as decently as her poverty would permit, and appeared, solemn and careworn, but calm, before the Revolutionists. She gave firm and clear answers to every accusation. She declared, "The happiness of France always had been, and was now, the first wish of her heart." She was taken back to her cell.

The next day, the 14th of October, 1793, she was brought before the horrible Revolutionary Tribunal. Fouquier-Tinville was chief juryman, Dumas was president of the Tribunal, and eleven ruffians from the dregs of Paris were to decide the fate of the beautiful Queen of France. "How inscrutable, the ways of Jehovah." "Clouds and darkness are around about his throne."

We must now refer to a circumstance which we present with the greatest reluctance to our readers. We can only give it indirectly. Let them listen with horror. The infamous and vile Hébert, that torturer of the captives of the

Temple, resolved to invent a crime and charge it to the Queen, which might make Satan blush. The Queen's whole fond heart was wrapped around her son. Hébert determined to accuse her of corrupting her son's morals, and indulging in the foulest vice. In conjunction with Simon the jailor, he threatened and terrified the poor cowed child, until the Prince, with trembling hand, signed the hideous accusation. Hébert confronted him with his sister and with Madame Elizabeth, and for two hours tortured those modest, pure and appalled women with questions that would make a harlot hide her head. It was a crucifixion of virtue. It was the most deadly outrage atheism could invent against maternal love and purity. The Princesses in tears, and with indignation, denied the atrocious libel and refused, despite all the threats of Hébert, to sign the frightful document. After a vain attempt, but with the signature of the son of the Queen, he prepared to bring the charge before the Tribunal. Beauchesne tells us in his touching pages the whole story. Tears of despair bathed the two captive women, as they embraced each other when alone in their cells. Human infamy could inflict nothing more.

Meantime the Queen took her chair before the Tribunal. Her look was lofty and her air serene. She summoned forth all the imperial fortitude and courage of her soul, to show that she was yet of the blood of Marie Theresa. "How proud she is!" cried the termagants of Paris, as they glared at her beyond the railings, which separated the spectators from the court of death. The trial commenced. "What is your name?" said the interrogating judge. "Marie Antoinette," she replied in a low voice, "of Lorraine in Austria." "What is your position?" he formally asked. "I am," she said, "the widow of Louis, the late King of the French."

All that day, she was confronted with witnesses, but she maintained a serenity, amazing to the Court. She defended herself, for the sake of her children, to the utmost. When the imprisoned Count d'Estaing was brought forward to accuse her, he defended her with chivalry. "Yes," he said, bowing to the Queen as though at Versailles, "I know Madame." He testified in most decided terms to her innocence, and was dragged out of the tribunal, amid the execrations of the Jacobins. His head soon after fell beneath the guillotine, to satiate their vengeance.

And now Hébert appeared. He read his infamous accusations. The Queen turned white with horror. She arose with indignation, and turning to the crowd of female Jacobins, she said: "I appeal to every mother in France, if such a crime be possible." A loud murmur of indignation, the response of holy maternity in woman's heart, was heard among the females. The very judges blushed with anger; and the foiled and baffled Hébert slunk away abashed. When Robespierre learned it, he blazed with fury. "The scoundrel!" he cried; "he would dishonor the Revolution."

When Hébert, a few months after, lay groveling and bound in the tumbril of the Terror, shrieking for mercy, as he approached the guillotine which was to behead him, he may have remembered his crime, and trembled before the justice of an avenging God.

On the night of the 15th of October, the trial of the Queen ended. She was unanimously found guilty, and condemned to die the following day. Expecting her fate, surrounded by soldiers, she left the tribunal with stately step, and returned to her cell. It was now two o'clock in the morning of October 16, the day for her execution. The Queen called for paper and a pen, and her dying request was granted. She wrote a letter to the Princess Elizabeth, which was never sent, but which is still preserved in the library of the Louvre in Paris. In Beauchesne's work is a fac-simile copy of that pious epistle of the martyred Queen. It is dated October 16, 1793, four o'clock in the morning. "I write to you, my sister," she pens, "for the last time. I have been condemned, not to a shameful death,—death is alone shameful to criminals; but to rejoin your brother. Like him, innocent, I hope to manifest the same courage as he, in these last moments. I am calm as one in whom the conscience reproaches one with nothing. I grieve to leave my poor children and you, my good and tender sister." "J'ai un profond regret d'abandonner mes pauvres enfants, et vous, ma bonne et tendre sœur," are the words of the original. In this beautiful letter, Marie Antoinette breathes forgiveness toward her enemies, commends her imprisoned children to God, and announces her firm trust in his salvation. "Adieu," she closes, "my good and tender sister; may this letter reach you. Think always of me, I embrace you with all my heart, and those poor children. Farewell,

Farewell." Having written this unavailing letter, never to be read by the loving eyes of the Princess Elizabeth, the Queen took a few hours of repose, sleeping quietly and calmly.

It was now morning on the 16th of October, 1793. All Jacobin Paris was astir. The Rue Honore, the Quays, the streets, were lined with pikemen and soldiers. Cavalry and cannon were placed at every available point, and before them stood the grim cannoneers with lighted matches. The trees, red and yellow with October's falling leaves, were filled with children. The crowds surged and pressed on each other, along all the avenues which the tumbril was to take.

The Queen arose and prepared her toilet of death. Her hair was shorn by the scissors of the jailor's weeping daughter. She attired herself in a plain white gown, and on her head she placed a matronly cap, bowed with a black ribbon.

At ten o'clock, Sanson the executioner entered her cell. He bound with a coarse, thick rope her hands behind her back and held its end in his hand. The dying Queen refused the services of the Abbé Lotharingar, a Constitutional priest, who insisted, however, on tormenting her by his presence in the cart.

The Queen had believed that her enemies would clothe their hatred with decency, and that she, like the King, would be conveyed to death in a closed carriage. She had not measured the turpitude and depth of the people's vengeance. The procession started. The Queen bade a kind farewell to the jailor's family, passed out of her cell and along the gloomy corridors, surrounded by soldiers, and reached the door. There stood the common, rude, jolting tumbril of the Tribunal. As she saw it she gave a sigh of horror, and moved back a step in agitation, but recovering her fortitude, she ascended, and took its rude seat. The executioner seated himself by her side, continuing to hold the rope which bound her hands. A strong white horse drew the vehicle, led by a man with a cruel and sinister countenance. The cart began to move. Troops were in front and behind. An officer of the National Guard, an actor, by the name of Grammont, led the way. He held his drawn sword in his hand, and breasted and divided with his sturdy horse the yelling and hooting mob, which thronged furiously around the vehicle. The crowd cried ferociously, and with fury, "Down with the Austrian! Down with the Veto! To the

guillotine!" Grammont raised his gleaming sabre, shook it in the air, added his voice to the insults, and shouted, "She is done for, my friends! She is done for!"—an allusion, the force and foulness of which a Frenchman can understand. "There she is!" he yelled, "That infamous Antoinette!" The people were lashed to fury. All the hate, spite, and prejudice of years howled and stormed around the condemned Marie Antoinette.

As the cart entered the Rue Honore, the streets and the windows were full of people. The crowds here were less insulting, and some surveyed the unhappy victim with sympathy. Marie Antoinette turned her eyes upward, and seemed to search earnestly the windows. A hidden Royalist priest was to make a signal and give the dying blessings. She discovered the window and with a faint gratified smile she bowed her head. Hands invisible to the multitude blessed her and an unheard voice gave her the absolution of the Catholic Church. She felt a burden lifted from her heart.

As the cart rolled on, she could not, because of her bound hands, maintain her equilibrium. She swayed to and fro; her dress, her hair, became disarranged; her cap fell partly over her face. The delighted Jacobins, seeing the humiliation of their victim, as she blushed on account of her situation, cried out joyfully: "These are not your pillows of Little Trianon." Down the long avenue of the Rue Honore, amid crowds sometimes frantic and obscene, at other times more solemn and orderly, the rude vehicle jolted its way.

At last the guillotine was reached. The scaffold, with cruel malice, had been erected in front of the garden of the Tuileries. The Queen gazed for a moment on the scenes of her former grandeur. Thoughts of her dead husband, her abused family, filled her heart with sorrow, and tears bedimmed her eyes. "Oh, my son! Oh, my daughter," she murmured, "shall I never see you again?" The car stopped. The Queen descended. Before her were the red posts and glittering knife of the instrument of death. Assisted by the executioners she calmly ascended to the fatal platform. As she inadvertently trod on the foot of one of them, she said softly, and with grace, "Forgive me, sir, I did not intend to." She turned toward the far-off Temple which confined her intensely loved children, and said, "Adieu, adieu, my beloved ones." The executioners seized her, and bound her to the plank. They tore from her

shoulders the handkerchief that covered her neck. For a moment, as her head came into the groove, there was a pause. The fearful knife came down with a heavy thud, and the severed head of Marie Antoinette fell into the basket. It was exactly twelve o'clock. An executioner seized the bloody trophy, raised it aloft in his gore-stained hands, shook it as he passed around the platform, and cried, "Vive la République." A great shout arose from the thronging thousands. The long agony, the sufferings, of Marie Antoinette were ended forever.

The Republic dishonored itself by the murder of this innocent and unfortunate Queen. Her head, flung at sovereigns, led to yet more furious wars. A deluge of blood was to avenge her slaughter. The body of Marie Antoinette was carried to the same cemetery in which her husband's moldering remains were placed. A rude, open coffin of unplanned boards, costing six francs, received her headless body. Quicklime was thrown upon her form, the earth filled in, and her clothing given to the poor of Paris. Years afterwards, during the restoration of 1814, when Louis XVIII. sought for her remains, only a portion of the bones of her mouth could be found. All else had perished.

CHAPTER XLI.

THE TRIAL AND EXECUTION OF THE GIRONDISTS AND MADAME ROLAND.

FROM the commencement of September, 1793, the guillotine was incessantly active in Paris and throughout France until the fall of Robespierre, July 28, 1794.

Like Dante descending with Virgil into the region of dark landscapes and terrific scenes, so the reader must accompany us on the exciting but dreadful way, which we must now travel together for several chapters.

The absolute despotism of Louis XVI. had given way before the glorious struggle for freedom in 1789. The Constitutional Monarchy had dawned, amid many threatening clouds and storms, and for a moment had shone and struggled as the sun on a dubious day shines and struggles out into a space of clear azure skies, after a morning shrouded in mist and tempest.

But the men of moderation and for a limited monarchy, like Lafayette, Bailly, Lally-Tollendal, Mirabeau, and many others, had labored in vain. The Constitutional Monarchy of 1791 had begun amid clamors, treacheries, and conflicts, largely the work of the deluded Girondists, and all these Conservative leaders were relegated to the background. The Girondists had organized insurrection, which made possible the 10th of August, and had roused the people to arms, hoping for a federal Republic.

They had succeeded in overthrowing the Constitutional Monarchy, but at this point they ceased to be destroyers, and vainly endeavored to become builders. In this effort they also failed. The violent factions of Paris and France assailed them with unceasing bitterness; they could not save Louis XVI. from the scaffold; they could not save France from a bloody and indivisible Republic, and though they displayed great heroism on the 31st of May and the 2d of June, 1793, yet they could not save themselves.

The war without, and revolt within, roused Paris and cen-

tral France to vengeance and fury. The defeat and defection of Dumourier created a suspicion which made possible the Revolutionary Tribunal. Bloodthirsty and terrible men seized the helm of the State, and guided the vessel over a sea of blood to triumph against its foes, but also on to a shore of anarchy and cruelty, where it presently threatened to be beaten to pieces.

The same result is possible in this Republic if Christianity should be abandoned and lawless socialism and cruel moneyed tyrannies clash arms.

The first great victim of the Terror inaugurated by the public committees and the Commune was General Custine. He was charged with treason in evacuating Mayence. During a long trial he defended himself before Fouquier-Tinville's Revolutionary Tribunal with despairing energy, but with no favorable result. He had some hopes of escape, and gave a cry of anguish when he was condemned. He showed weakness and fear upon his way to the scaffold, and shed unmanly tears. The people hooted his cowardice, and amid their execrations his head fell.

Immediately after the execution of Marie Antoinette came the turn of the imprisoned Girondist deputies, numbering among them Vergniaud, Brissot, and many other eminent leaders of that scattered party.

They had been imprisoned in the Carmes since August, 1793. Many of the original twenty-two, as we have seen, had escaped, and had perished in their futile insurrectionary efforts against the Convention.

The Commune of Paris now resolved that the heads of all the gifted men in their power should fall, and all fall together. By such a stupendous murder they expected to paralyze every opposition, and to silence every criticising and resisting voice. They added new names sufficient to make up twenty-one victims. The principal charge against the Girondists was the "crime" of Federalism, and their endeavor as traitors to overthrow the one and indivisible French Republic.

During their long imprisonment in the chambers of the old banished Carmelite monks, they had written on the walls many mottoes, which for years were read by a remorseful future. Verses could be seen there from Tacitus, from Horace, from Corneille and Racine, and many other great authors, which expressed the high and patriotic purposes

of the Gironde ; but alas ! because these splendid men were all infidels except one, not a verse, a text, nor a motto from the Bible. One of these tracings was copied from the celebrated poem of Horace :

“ Justum ac tenacum propasite virum
Non civium ardor prava jubentum
Non vultus instantis Tyranni—
Mente quatit solida.”

Another

“ La vraie liberté est celle de l'âme.”

On the 24th of October, during the night, the twenty-one Girondists were removed to the dungeons of the Conciergerie. The Revolutionary Tribunal sat in a wing of this building connected with the Palace of Justice above. The spirits of the doomed Girondists were high and firm. They were like the Greeks of Marathon in the elevation of their sentiments. Though they could not fully credit that they would be condemned, and hesitated as ideal and generous men to believe in the extreme vindictiveness of their enemies, yet they contemplated death as a remote possibility. Some of them were greatly changed. Vergniaud's cheeks were sunken, his hair in disorder, his clothing in tatters. On the 26th of October, 1793, under a strong guard the Girondists were arraigned in a body before the Revolutionary Tribunal. The streets approaching the place were filled with soldiers and cannons. The most relentless enemies of the Girondists were called to the stand as witnesses. With bitter accusations Hébert, Chaumette, Fabre d'Eglantine and other rabid Jacobins assailed their actions during their period of power. The Girondists replied with eloquence and force. Never was Vergniaud more powerful and more convincing. But their defense was totally useless. As well with a rainbow beat back an earthquake. The earthquake voice of a gory Revolution was now to be encountered, and it demanded their lives.

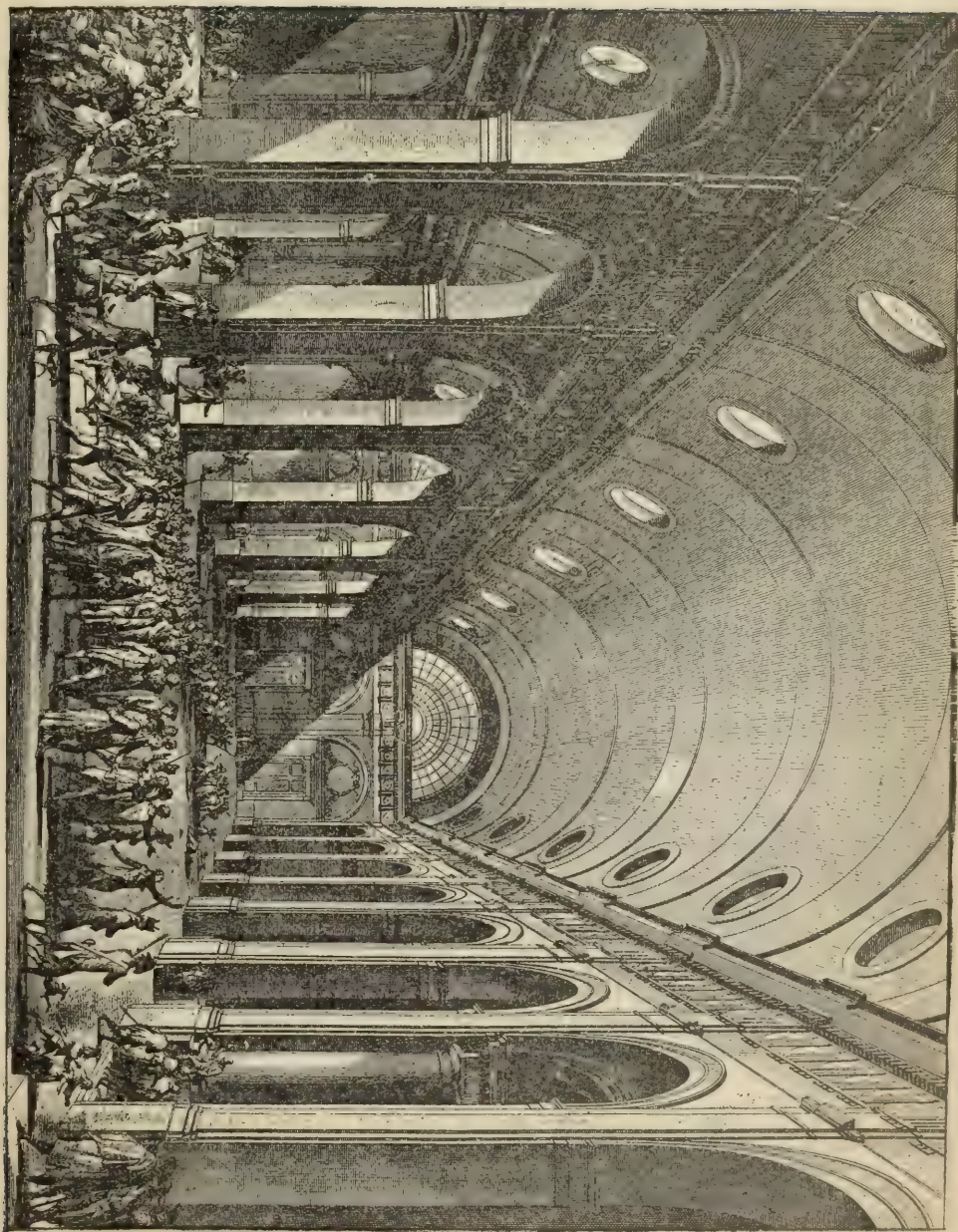
On the 30th of October, at 8 o'clock in the evening, the rabid and cruel Revolutionary Tribunal, whose establishment in the previous March Vergniaud had so vehemently and prophetically fought, condemned them *all* to immediate death for being guilty of endeavoring to establish a federal Republic. They were ordered to be beheaded the next day. A cry of horror and amazement burst forth

from the condemned Girondists, upon hearing this unjust and cruel verdict, and for a moment they were overwhelmed by the atrocity of their sentence. Many had expected an acquittal. Valeze plunged a knife into his heart and fell dead from his seat. Boileau alone showed weakness. He protested, "I am innocent," "I am a Jacobin," "I am a Montagnard." Jeers greeted this ineffectual conversion. Brissot reclined his head upon his breast, while Vergniaud gazed astonished on the judges and people. Sillery, who was lame, cast aside his crutches and cried, "This is the most glorious day of my life!" but Fonfrede and the others were for the moment rendered speechless by the stupendous iniquity of their sentence. The calmness and courage of the deputies soon returned. "I perish," said Lascource to the sullen judges, "while the people have *lost* their reason, but you will perish when they recover it." They left the Tribunal shouting "Vive la République!" They returned to the Conciergerie through the angry and threatening crowds, and past the sombre soldiers crying "We die innocent," and "Long live the Republic!" They joined fervently in singing the warrior hymn of their own South, the Marsellaise, and its thunders echoed along their path.

In the public room of the Conciergerie they were permitted to have a last supper. The tables were spread with delicacies and adorned with flowers. Wine and fruit had been provided in abundance. After partaking of this repast, they conversed in eloquent language, as the disciples of Socrates might have conversed, on liberty, on the immortality or annihilation of the soul, and on the fate of a Republic given over to so much anarchy and bloodshed. At length the gray light of an October morning streamed in through the windows, and reminded them that the fatal day of their execution had arrived.

After being strengthened by a brief repose, at eight o'clock they were all again together. The jailors were silent and the guards curious and respectful. Brissot bade farewell to a friend, a priest whom he loved well. "Do you know anything more holy," he said, "than the death of an honest man, who will not give the blood of his fellow-men to wretches?" "Do you believe," asked his priestly friend, "in the providence of God, and in the immortality of the soul?" "*I do believe in them,*" said Brissot, "and because I do I am

THE CONDEMNED GIRONDISTS MARCHING TO DEATH, OCTOBER 30, 1793.



about to die." At ten o'clock all the Girondists were gathered in a long dark room called the "Hall of the dead." The gory body of Valeze lay upon a stretcher near by. Each calmly gave his name to Nappier, the superintendent of the execution, and Vergniaud, scratching a line on his watch, handed it to a bystander, to be sent to an "object of his affections."

Their hair fell beneath the executioner's shears. As the locks of Ducos were pulled, in cutting them, he said smiling to Sanson, "I hope your guillotine is sharper than your shears." The condemned deputies were each bound straight, with their hands tied tightly behind their backs, and their necks exposed. In this ignominious condition, like criminals, the genius, worth, culture, and patriotism of France marched out to death. The Republic was murdering virtue and moderation, and mercy and eloquence.

The victims were hurried into four carts. Vergniaud occupied the first with companions, and Brissot the second. The tumbrils moved along the quays amid a low multitude, who danced before them the Carmagnole, drunken depraved wretches crying, "Death to the traitors!" With sublime energy the condemned Girondists commenced to sing the Marseilles Hymn. Their voices arose loud, musical, and thrilling, above the roar and howl of the surging multitudes who surrounded them. The song continued as they entered the Place de la Révolution. Its melody rang out as they dismounted and were ranged in the line of death.

The first to ascend the scaffold was Sillery. He hobbled around the platform bowing ironically to the people. His head fell. Five other heads followed. The group below yet sang the song of liberty, which only weakened as voices from its chorus became silent in death. The plank of the guillotine, after six executions, became so saturated with blood that Sanson caused pails of water to be thrown over it, after each succeeding Girondist was beheaded.

The horrible butchery went on. Singing the Girondists ascended the platform, singing they were bound to the plank, and while singing the knife smote their necks. Le Hardy cried "Vive la République!" Fonfrede embraced his brother-in-law, and was followed by him to death. Then appeared the calm, thoughtful Gensonne, and singing he passed under the dreadful knife to eternity. Vigie came next, and last of all the eloquent Vergniaud. It was the 31st

of October, 1793. The work of death for an hour was incessant.

Thus did the Red Republic devour the children of law, order, and peace.

And now the guillotine rose and fell with constantly accelerated activity. The Duke of Orleans, that heartless renegade, had been conveyed from Marseilles back to Paris. On the 6th of November, 1793, he was summoned before the Revolutionary Tribunal. Hermann, its president, interrogated him as to his ambitious designs. "Why did you vote," he inquired, "for the tyrant's death?" "Because," replied the Duke, "I obeyed my heart and conscience." He was disdainful, indifferent, and courageous—knowing well that his doom was sealed. Filled with disgust at what he believed to be the ingratitude of the people, he said to the Tribunal: "You are determined to condemn me. You should have found some more specious pretext, for you will never persuade any one that you have found me really guilty of the treason you pretend." When sentenced, he demanded to be led to instant death. As he entered the fatal hall he cried, "The wretches, I have given them all—rank, fortune, ambition, honor,—and now they take my life." The Abbé Lotharingar approached him in his cell in the Conciergerie just before he started for the guillotine. "Away, blockhead," cried the atheist Duke, "leave me in peace." "You are then," said the priest, "as you have lived—" "Oh, yes," interrupted a soldier sarcastically, "and he has lived so *well*, let him die *well*." General Custard, his former aide-de-camp, Laroque, an ex-sub-delegate, and Godier, a stock-broker, were condemned to die at the same hour. The Duke's hair was cut, and his hands bound. Laroque as he observed him became indignant. "I am no longer sorry to leave life," he said, "since you who betrayed my country shall perish, but I blush for shame, to die on the same scaffold with such a person as you." White and silent the Duke turned away. As the escort of death moved down the Rue St. Honore it approached his former palace. There the cortège stopped. The Duke was seized by the collar by a commissioner, and compelled to look at his once magnificent residence. A great sign was hung in front of it with the words, "Palace Egalite, National Property. A red cap was suspended over its principal gate. The populace hooted at him, and laughing pointed first to

his late abode, and then on toward the guillotine. The Duke evinced no emotion. Only disgust and disdain were exhibited on his imperturbable countenance. When he ascended the scaffold the executioner would have pulled off his boots. "You can do it better *afterwards*," the Duke said with perfect *sang-froid*. In a moment his head fell. All the other victims perished with him. He died hated, despised, and rejected by every party, and all France.

But his secret ambition was to be realized in his son, then a wanderer in far Norway and Sweden. After thirty-seven years, that eldest son, heir of his title and hopes, became the King of the French and governed France for eighteen years as Louis Phillippe. The hope of the Royalists of this hour in France, and the menace of the Third Republic, lies in the Count de Paris, the great-grandson of the beheaded Egalite.

And still the Terror went on. The next victim was the gifted Madame Roland. She had pined for months in the prison of St. Pelagie, separated from her daughter. She had tried to occupy her thoughts in her lonely room by cultivating flowers, by reading Young, "that poet of agony," and by writing memoirs of her husband's administration, and descriptions of the prominent Girondists.

All the prisoners treated her with the utmost respect. She endeavored to hide the grief of a mother, and the dread of a wife, under the calm exterior aspect of a female sage. She had no Christ. She had neglected the Bible, and rejected its gospel. She accepted alone the philosophy of antiquity, the meditations of Aurelius, the stoicism of Epic-tetus, the barren speculations of Zeno. These could not feed her heart nor comfort her desolate soul. Her prayers were deistic, doubting, wavering. One which she wrote has been preserved: "Divinity, Supreme being, spirit of the universe, great principle of all that I feel great, or good, or immortal within myself, whose existence I believe in, because I must have emanated from something superior to that by which I am surrounded—I am about to reunite myself to thy essence." How different from the holy, the beautiful, the confident prayer of Jesus, "Thy Kingdom come, thy will be done, on earth as it is in Heaven."

The memory of her beloved child, her precious Eudora, shook all the citadels of Madame Roland's philosophy and pride. "O my sweet daughter—my beloved child!" she

wrote, "your gentle image in my heart shakes my sternest resolutions. Never would your fond mother have left you helpless in the world, could she but have remained to guide and guard you."

In secret her tears would flow profusely. Recall, reader, another *mother*, though a Queen, and how this weeping prisoner, then in the glory of her influence, had said, "Oh that I could have seen her in tears !"

On the 1st of November she was conveyed to the Conciergerie, that vestibule to the scaffold, which had just been vacated by her friends, the beheaded Girondists. She was hurried to a bare and subterranean dungeon. She had not even a bed. A miserable pallet was thrown to her, and on that, shivering with cold, she passed the dismal night. Knowing that she was soon to appear before the Revolutionary Tribunal, the next week she employed in writing her defense. It was eloquent, fervent, convincing, and full of force and genius. She might as well have thrown it before tigers. At its close she says with an orphic eloquence : "Truth, friendship, my country! sacred names, sentiments dear to my heart, accept my last sacrifice. My life, which was devoted to you, will make my death easy and glorious. Just Heaven, enlighten this unfortunate people for whom I desired liberty. Liberty ! It is for noble minds who despise death, it is not for weak beings who enter into a composition with guilt, and cover selfishness and cowardice with the name of prudence. It is not for corrupt wretches, who rise from the bed of debauchery or from the mire of indigence, to feast their eyes upon the blood which streams from the scaffold ! It is the portion of a people who delight in humanity, practice justice, despise their flatterers, and speak the truth. If you are not such a people, oh, my fellow-citizens, you talk in vain of liberty. Instead of liberty you will have anarchy ; to which in time you will all fall victims, and for bread, dead bodies will be given you." Prophetic words, so soon to be realized in the march of the Terror. "I have," she concluded sublimely, "no fear of death. I will not purchase life at the expense of base subterfuge."

Clothed in white, and her long dark hair falling in curls over her shoulders, she was led before the Tribunal. She calmly confronted her judges.

The Tribunal was now greatly demoralized. Spectators

were permitted to browbeat, to abuse, to even silence the accused. Madame Roland was charged with being the leader of the friends of Roland. She was called a Girondist and a conspirator against the Republic. All her efforts at defense were hindered by the clamor of the mob, and by their cries and vociferations. She was condemned to death and to immediate execution. As she turned from the judges she said with firm tones : " I thank you for permitting me to share the fate of the great and good men whom you have murdered."

It was a cold November day, the 7th of that month. When she returned to the Conciergerie the executioner Sanson appeared to cut off her glossy and abundant black hair, and prepare her for the guillotine. She appealed to him to spare it, but he told her it would make the execution impossible and expose her to fearful tortures. " Strange," she said, quoting Molière, " that humanity should exist in so unlikely beings as you." As her raven locks fell under the shears she said, her eyes sparkling, " Leave enough hair by which to show my head to the people." Her hands were tied, and she was led to the cart. For a moment she wept as she thought of her suffering daughter, but she soon became calm again.

In the same cart with Madame Roland was an aged victim named La Marche. The old man was petrified with terror. Madame Roland exercised all her cheering powers, and so assuaged by her comforting words his grief, that once he smiled. The populace, as the tumbrils rolled along, were noisy and abusive. " To the guillotine ! " they shouted. " I am going to the guillotine, my friends," she calmly replied. When they reached the instrument of death, she besought the executioner to spare the trembling La Marche the sight of her blood. " You are to go first," he replied ; " such is the order." " I am sure," she said sweetly, " you cannot deny the last request of a lady." The executioner yielded. Madame Roland saw the head of the aged man fall without a quiver. " A beautiful white vision," she ascended the scaffold, and turning toward the great plaster image of Freedom, placed near the guillotine, she apostrophized it : " O Liberty ! " was her last utterance, " how many crimes are committed in thy name ! " Her beautiful neck was severed, and her head was held up



MADAME ROLAND BEFORE THE REVOLUTIONARY TRIBUNAL, NOV. 1793.

by the executioner before the people, while they cried, "Vive la République!"

Roland, the husband of this innocent and gifted woman, was hiding as a hunted fugitive. The news of the cruel execution of his beloved and devoted wife soon reached his ears. He was overwhelmed with anguish and despair, and his reason tottered on its throne. This former minister of state was now a helpless, hunted outlaw. He left the hospitable abode where he had been sheltered, and all through a long, black, and freezing November night he frenziedly wandered. He had no God—no hope of a reunion in heaven with the companion of years. He possessed a stiletto. At last he staggered up to a tree, and in the gray dawn of an early day, he stabbed himself to the heart. He fell dead upon the frozen ground. A few moments after some peasants passing discovered his body. It was yet warm. Before he had committed the fatal act, he had written a few lines, and pinned them to his breast. They read: "Whoever thou art who findest my body, respect it as that of a virtuous man. After hearing of the cruel murder of my wife I could not stay a day longer in a world so stained by crimes."

CHAPTER XLII.

THE SUFFERINGS OF THE LITTLE KING LOUIS XVII.

WHEN the shrieking child, whom La Vendée and the foreign powers declared to be Louis XVII., was borne from his mother's arms, he was dragged into the room of a rude cobbler, who was a fierce Jacobin and a cruel man. The name of this cobbler was Simon. He was fifty-seven years old, square, robust, with a tanned complexion, coarse features, shaggy brows, and black, thick whiskers. His wife was short, fat, and extremely homely. It was this wretch, for he truly was a most diabolical wretch, who was appointed by the Commune the tutor of the Prince. He received five hundred francs a month for his services, but agreed never to leave the tower nor his prisoner until he was permitted.

Simon was faithful to his engagement. His name will be forever execrated by all the humane who recall his long abuse and torture of the hapless little Charles Louis. Simon received the Prince a bright, beautiful boy; he left him almost a temporary idiot. He crushed out of the Dauphin childish hope, and substituted terror, apathy, and despair born of unendurable misery. The story is shocking. The author can hardly find fortitude to write it, but let the Christian world read how these French atheists and their infidel agents treated a lovely, amiable boy, because he was the son of a deposed and dead King, and by Royalists and foreign powers was recognized as sovereign of France.

The little Prince was handed to Simon at eleven o'clock at night. It was the 3d of July, 1793. The child remained for a long time weeping, seated on a chair in the darkest part of the room. Simon questioned him imperiously, while he smoked his pipe, cursing him meanwhile, but could with difficulty obtain any reply.

Simon's wife appeared the next day. The child hardly tasted food for two days, and constantly called for his mother. From his tears and despair he summoned courage to ask the municipals by what law he had been separated

from his parent. "Show me the law," he said, "I wish to see it." "Hold thy tongue, Capet," cried Simon; "thou art *only a reasoner.*"

The captive child looked for days toward the barred and bolted door, beyond which was his adored mother. Tears rolled from his eyes, and for hours he was motionless. At last nature became exhausted, and he partially resigned himself to his fate. He dried his tears, but he would not speak. "Ah ha! little Capet," said Simon, "you are dumb, are you? I shall have to try to teach you to speak, and dance the Carmagnole, and cry, 'Vive la République!'" "If I do not speak," finally the child said, "it would be because you would think me mad. I am silent because I should say too much if I speak." Angelic child, and only eight years old. Reader, with your nestling babes around you, in your comfortable home, see this sweet boy, fallen from the splendor and pomp of Versailles to this condition, and yet all Europe outside of France, and La Vendée in France, making him, as Louis XVII., the watchword of their armies.

The inhuman Simon, low, brutal, ignorant, considered this adorable child as a mere criminal by birth. The taint of noble blood was the same to Simon as the taint of leprosy to a Jew in the time of Moses. He despised the regal descent of the Prince and his past, and his brutal vanity was perpetually stimulated by the fact that he had an heir of the Bourbons in his grasp. He hated the child for his amiability, his patience, his endurance. His anger was pitiless, and he determined with fell ferocity to cow the Dauphin into abject obedience to all his whims. In his rude and reckless madness he even believed that the more he treated with cruelty the son of the tyrant, the more he avenged the former wrongs and oppressions of the nation.

One day he gave to the Prince a Jews-harp. "Your she-wolf of a mother," he said, "and —— of an aunt," referring to the saintly Princess Elizabeth by a foul epithet, "play on the piano, and *you* must accompany them on this instrument." The child at this abuse of his beloved relatives rebelled. He refused the gift, and Simon beat him cruelly. These were the first blows the Prince had ever received. The child did not submit, for his bodily energy and courage of character were not yet *destroyed*. He was abused and again beaten. "You may punish me if I disobey you, but

you ought not to beat me," said the resolute boy. "Do you hear, you are stronger than I." "I am here to command you, *animal!*" roared Simon. "My duty is to *do just what I please! Vive la République Egalité!*"

On the 7th of July, 1793, deputies from the Paris Commune entered the room, that Commune which we shall see to the number of seventy-two were guillotined the very day after Robespierre had suffered, on July 29, 1794. But for the present they were in power supreme, and torturers and butchers. The deputies addressed Simon, and Simon answered them in plain words. "Citizens," he inquired, "what do you decide about the wolf-cub? He is insolent, but I can tame him. So much the worse if he sinks under it. I do not answer for that. After all, what do you wish done with him? Do you wish him transported?" "No." "Killed?" "No." "Poisoned?" "No." "What then?" "We want to get rid of him."

When taken into the little walk above or garden below, the Prince constantly called for his mother. "The wolf-cub is hard to muzzle," was Simon's unfeeling comment.

On the 12th of July, when Simon heard of the capture of Condé by the Austrian army, he was insane with fury. He threw himself upon the innocent Prince and seizing him by the throat, "Damnable wolf-cub," he yelled, "you are half Austrian, and therefore deserve to be half murdered." When Marat was slain Simon was astounded, and beside himself with indignation. He cruelly beat the Prince, swearing at every blow. Half intoxicated with wine he dragged the child up to the platform above. "Capet," he cried, "do you hear those noises down there? It is the groaning of the people over the murder of their friends. Capet shall wear mourning for Marat. Viper that you are, you do not look sorry at all. You are glad of his death." "I do not know the person who is dead," replied the innocent child, as Simon's heavy hand was pressed upon his head, "but we do not wish for the death of any one." "We!" shouted Simon. "You talk in the style of your tyrant father." "I said we," answered the Prince sweetly, "for my family and myself." Simon turned away and walked up and down, puffing his pipe, and laughing sardonically. Tickled at the idea he continued to repeat, "Capet shall wear mourning for Marat."

When the tidings came to this vindictive jailor, that the

Vendeans had given a terrible defeat to the Republicans at Saumur, Simon was more enraged than ever. He commenced to beat the little Prince, and to drag him around by his hair. "It is your friends," he cried, "who are cutting our throats," and the blows fell faster and faster on his sobbing victim. The poor little abused boy cried out in vain, "It is not my fault." The cruel Simon continued his punishment, and the child stifled his cries for fear that his mother in the other part of the tower might hear him. Ah, that helpless, hapless mother, what anguish she was then enduring!

Simon degraded the child. He made him his slave. He compelled the Prince to pull off his boots, and bring his pipe. He subdued him by constant beatings, and drove him to perform the vilest occupations. He dressed him in red, and endeavored to force him to wear the crimson cap. Though terrified and dazed the Dauphin refused to don a cap worn by his father's murderers. Simon began his usual discipline of the fist, but his wife interfered, and for that moment stopped his cruelties.

The child became the servant of both of these monsters. Simon's wife confessed one day to a visitor: "The little fellow is a very amiable and charming child. He cleans and polishes my shoes, and brings to me my foot-stool at bed-time." The only son of a King of France was reduced to such menial services as these. The child brought up amid the splendors of Versailles, blacking a drunken cobbler's shoes and those of his wife. Thus did cruelty and insane hatred degrade an innocent boy because of the tyrannies of his ancestors.

Simon's wife cut off the Prince's beautiful blond curls, and the cobbler kept on torturing his prisoner until, worn and despairing, the child donned the red cap of anarchy. Day by day, for new causes, in outside victories or changes, this helpless boy was beaten on his body, and lacerated in his soul.

On the first annual celebration of the 21st of September, 1792, and the establishment of the Republic, Simon endeavored to make the child utter the Revolutionary cry. "Come, come, Capet," said Simon, "this is a great day, and you must cry, 'Vive la République!'" The child remained silent. Simon sprang at him. The Prince remained proud and firm. "Thou shalt cry it," cried Simon. "You may

do whatever you like, but I will never cry 'Vive la République,'" said the Prince decidedly. Simon observed his noble and determined attitude and fell back with a gleam of astonishment and of respect. He did not beat him, but for once contented himself by saying, "Everybody shall know of your behavior."

All the efforts of Simon, often repeated, to force the Prince to utter that fated cry, for a period failed. That cry had greeted his father's bleeding head; and that cry was about to be howled around his mother, in the death-cart.

The child was a slave, struggling with a tyrant. One day Simon endeavored to make the Prince sing an obscene song against his mother. The boy steadfastly refused. "I thought I said you must sing," yelled Simon. "I never will sing such a song," sobbed the child." "I will kill you if you do not," cried the cobbler. He caught up a heavy andiron and threw it with all his force at the child's head. The weapon missed the victim or he would have been slain. But alas! by constant abuse, cruelty and torment, the inhuman Simon rapidly broke down the poor little Dauphin's courage. The Prince was only a small child, eight years old. He was finally terrorized into submission, and presently submitted, at the drunken commands of Simon, to dance the Carmagnole, to place the red cap upon his head, and to sing the Marseillaise. Poor boy! his mind was failing under his savage treatment.

Simon now began to compel him to drink wine. Marie Antoinette was a drinker of water alone, and had carefully cherished temperance habits in her children. Simon knew this well, and rejoiced to half-inebriate her only son.

One day in September, 1793, when Paris was threatened by the Vendean army, Simon said: "Capet, if the Vendéans were to set you at liberty and make you a King, what would you do?" With almost angelic sweetness, the boy replied: "I would forgive you." Even Simon for a moment, ruffian as he was, was affected by this sublime Christian reply from the lips of a child.

We have already recounted the atrocious scenes connected with Hébert's visit to the Temple during the trial of the Queen. All these brutalities were inflicted during the constant supervision of visiting deputies from the Commune. Some were men of kind heart and burned secretly with indignation at the shameful and cruel outrages which they

witnessed, but the Terror threatened death to all sympathizers with royalty, and the guillotine cowed all hearts, and froze all kind lips into silence.

Day by day after the execution of Marie Antoinette, Simon became more wantonly cruel to her hapless and orphaned son. He kicked him at one time six feet over the floor. The poor Prince lay panting, and almost dying, for some hours, and then feebly arose, and crawled pitifully and silently to his pallet. Affected by his solitude and idleness, having been accustomed to an active outdoor life, Simon toward November became yet more bitter and morose. He tired of his charge, and the restraints it involved. Abuse he believed a slow if sure way of killing his victim. His wife also at this time became ill.

When the Prince refused to sing some impious verses, "Viper," the cobbler roared, "I have a mind to crush you against the wall." Dr. Nandin happened to be present. He interfered. "Wretch!" he cried, "what are you about to do?" The next day when the doctor came to see Simon's wife, the little child ran up with tears in his eyes and gave to him two pears. "Yesterday you defended me," he said, "and I thank you for it. I have only these pears to give to you as a token of my gratitude."

One night in January, 1794, the lonely little orphan kneeled by his bed in prayer. Simon observed him. He furiously seized a bucket of ice-water, and threw it over the child. The Prince, half-choked, crawled in his dripping garments into his bed, without uttering a word, and lay trembling and shivering with the cold. Simon seized a great hob-nailed shoe, and struck him cruelly in the face. "What do you wish to do? Will you kill me?" wept the little Prince. "Yes, viper, I want to kill you," answered Simon. The Prince trembling, and in mental terror, lay silent, the ice-water running from his clothing, and he shivering with anguish, while Simon staggered away to his couch.

The beautiful and amiable Prince under such frightful abuse sunk rapidly into a species of dementia. A treatment that would have taxed a strong man was, to an almost babe, totally exhausting. He sat for hours silent, never looking at Simon, and seemed with quivering lips to wish for death.

There was no communication whatever between the

Prince and his sister and aunt, who constantly but vainly pleaded for an interview, and mourned his dreadful fate. France, a great nation struggling for liberty, but atheistic and inhuman in her Jacobin elements, permitted this slow murder. Give the Bible, let men who seek freedom for themselves be guided by the Sermon on the Mount, the spirit and teachings of Jesus of Nazareth, and such monstrous cruelty would become impossible.

Simon himself at length became restless and miserable. He alternated between remorse and increased vindictiveness, and sought consolation and ferocity in the constant use of strong drinks. He was anxious for his wife, and petitioned to the Commune for his dismissal. It was finally granted, and on the 19th of January, 1794, he ceased from his charge. The farewell words of his wife to the half-dead Prince were, "Capet, I do not know that I shall ever see you again." The child remained silent. "Oh, the toad!" cried Simon, "he is not quite squashed yet, but he will never get out of this hole, even if all the Capuchins under heaven try to free him." He pressed his coarse hand on the head of the Prince, and with this malediction left him forever. Simon appeared but once more in history, when bound, shorn, and terrified, he rolled along with Robespierre, on the 28th of the next July, to meet that monster's fate. "Vengeance is mine, I will repay, saith the Lord."

On the 20th of January, the Prince was removed into a room which had been Clery's. It was a back chamber. The door of communication between this little room and the anteroom was cut down so as to leave it breast high. It was fastened securely with nails and screws, and grated from top to bottom. Half-way up the door was a shelf upon which the bars turned, forming a kind of wicket. This wicket was closed by movable bars, and fastened with an enormous padlock. Through this aperture food was passed to the deserted and solitary Prince, and on it he was to place whatever he needed to send away.

It was winter. He had but a single suit of clothes, and no change of linen. He possessed a room to walk in, a table upon which to rest his weary little head and weep, and a rude bed in which to lie in fear through the long, dark, lonely nights. His room was only warmed by a stove-pipe proceeding from an outer chamber. The faintest light by day, and dense darkness at night, only relieved by a very

dim lantern hanging in the outside chamber, surrounded the unhappy Prince. He was shut up in this den on the 21st of January, 1794, exactly a year after the execution of his father, Louis XVI.

There he remained six long dreadful months, in such anguish, misery, and disease as makes humanity aghast as his sad story is rehearsed. Until Robespierre fell, his life was a hideous nightmare of suffering destitution. Alone in that horrible solitude, no sound but that of the visiting officials awakening him from a fevered and sweating sleep at night, or the rough voice of his jailer bringing his daily crust, there he wasted daily, and yet *lived*. He would hear the chains rattle; stern voices would yell, "Capet, wolf cub, are you there?" he would meekly answer, "Yes, citizens"; then would come the imperative command as if addressing a beast, "Down to bed," and he would be left to his weary misery and solitary wretchedness.

No doctor ever visited him. His room was never entered. His clothes were never changed. Dust and indescribable abominations poisoned the air. Great spiders came out of the darkness and crawled over his pallet. His eyes became sunken and dim. His flesh broke out into foetid sores. His skin, so clear, transparent, and beautiful, became a sickly green. His linen, his sheets were never changed. He was treated as a noxious animal, and left to die if he would die in this frightful way. Meek and wondering, full of the tenderness of an amiable nature, such was the horror of the fate inflicted upon him by that hating, frantic, blood-red Revolution whose cruelties and crimes no pen can adequately describe.

The heart turns shuddering away, and humanity weeps in pity over that sick, desolate, forsaken orphan boy.

CHAPTER XLIII.

DOWNWARD AND STILL DOWNWARD.

IN the political and the moral, as well as the physical world seems to be a governing law of dynamics. As a stone falling from an Alpine precipice sheer down into the "blue mist" three thousand feet below, follows the law of acceleration of energy, until it becomes almost red-hot before it strikes with thundering force the glaciers below, so it is with a nation when it falls away from religion, authority, and morals, and drops into the vortex of an atheistic revolution. Constantly and dynamically increasing violence and bloodshed mark its path, until either it is destroyed, or the exhaustion of human nature brings about a change. Nor is the law limited to Atheism. Superstition and Fanaticism are her sisters.

The horrors of St. Bartholomew, perpetrated in the name of the Catholic Church, were as cruel as the massacres of September. The calcined bones of seventy thousand roasted or burned victims, both men and women, showed to the ages what a demoniac energy existed in the Inquisition of Torquemada. Even the blood of Tredagh and Wexford in Ireland reveals how misguided was that very Cromwell, whose letters abound with the spirit and faith of an exalted and devoted Puritanism. Those three terrible demons, Atheism, Superstition, and Fanaticism, emerging from a worse than Pandora's box, have girdled the fair, green, fruitful earth with bones and blood for three thousand years.

Atheism was the demoniac genius which controlled the Revolution of France. "It is the Bible, the Bible," as Chillingworth would say, which, aided by the Divine Spirit, is to bring the nations out from a Russian tyranny or a French anarchy into "the green pastures and by the still waters" of prosperity and peace.

From the execution of Madame Roland the guillotine went on with dynamical celerity. Heads fell every day.

Hébert seemed the ruling demon of murder, and Chaumette, Dumas, and Fouquier-Tinville were his satellites. Robespierre was a man of law and blood, but Hébert and his anarchists were the Nihilists of 1793.

The severe laws of the summer of 1793 had filled not alone the prisons of France, but those of Paris, with thousands of victims. The Luxembourg, the Abbaye, the Carmelites, St. Pelagie, La Force, in a word all the jails and all the available strong places of the capital, were overflowing with prisoners of every rank, age, and condition. Daily the nobility and bourgeois yet remaining in the aristocratic faubourgs of Paris were torn from their homes and flung into the dungeons of the city. To their number were added mechanics and laborers as well as many military officers, civil servants, and members and judges of the ancient courts. The former constitutional and legislative assemblies, and even the Convention were constantly increasing the number of victims. The most exalted, the most distinguished, the most exclusive, the most learned and talented names of France, some of them going in ancestral glory back to Charlemagne, and even to the Merovingians, could be found in the worst cells of the gloomiest prisons of Paris.

Robespierre and Danton controlled the Convention, but Hébert had great powers in the Sections and in the Commune. A secret fear had possessed the most formidable of the Jacobin leaders. They were not blind to the fickleness of popular fame and power, and they well knew that in every age a turbulent democracy had soon cast down the idols it had adored. They had seen in the shifting necessities of the hour, and the rapid progress of violence, how men as great and potent in the past as they were in January, 1794, had disappeared or perished. How great was Lafayette and how powerful in 1790; Petion and Vergniaud in 1792; yet where were they now? Exiled or dead.

A gloomy apprehension began to pervade all minds, "Sooner or later," said Robespierre forebodingly, "we must all feel the guillotine." Urged on by these considerations those in power endeavored to save themselves by still greater extremes. Not to march in front of all the excesses of this fierce Revolution as a leader, was to fall at once behind and become a victim. In January, 1794, the appellation "Moderate" had become as dangerous to its

possessor as that of Aristocrat or Royalist in October, 1792.

Truly, as the butchered Vergniaud had profoundly said, "The Revolution was becoming a Saturn and would in turn devour all its children." It is for the thoughtful American of every creed, or no creed, to ponder on these solemn facts of the French Revolution.

Besides all this, the people of Paris had always been barbarous. Under every régime, and in every cause, they were cruel. Back in 1400 they had flayed alive the captured Armagnacs; they had rejoiced in the fires that roasted the Huguenots, when "debonnair" Francis the First was on the throne; they had hunted to death with every outrage and cruelty their Protestant guests in 1572; they were held in leash by the stern Richelieu, to break out again in the Fronde of 1655, and after a hundred years of fawning on tyrants like Louis XIV. and licentious debauchees like Louis XV., they had dipped their very fingers into the blood of the saintly Louis XVI., with the comment, "How bitter it is!"

That very people in our own day in its lower elements has exhibited the atrocities of the Commune, and applauded charlatans whose defeat alone has been, if it be, through conservative France itself. To such a people liberty was license, lust, and murder. But now that population ruled France. By its Committees, and its Commune, with a mighty if fiendish energy it inaugurated both victory and the Terror together.

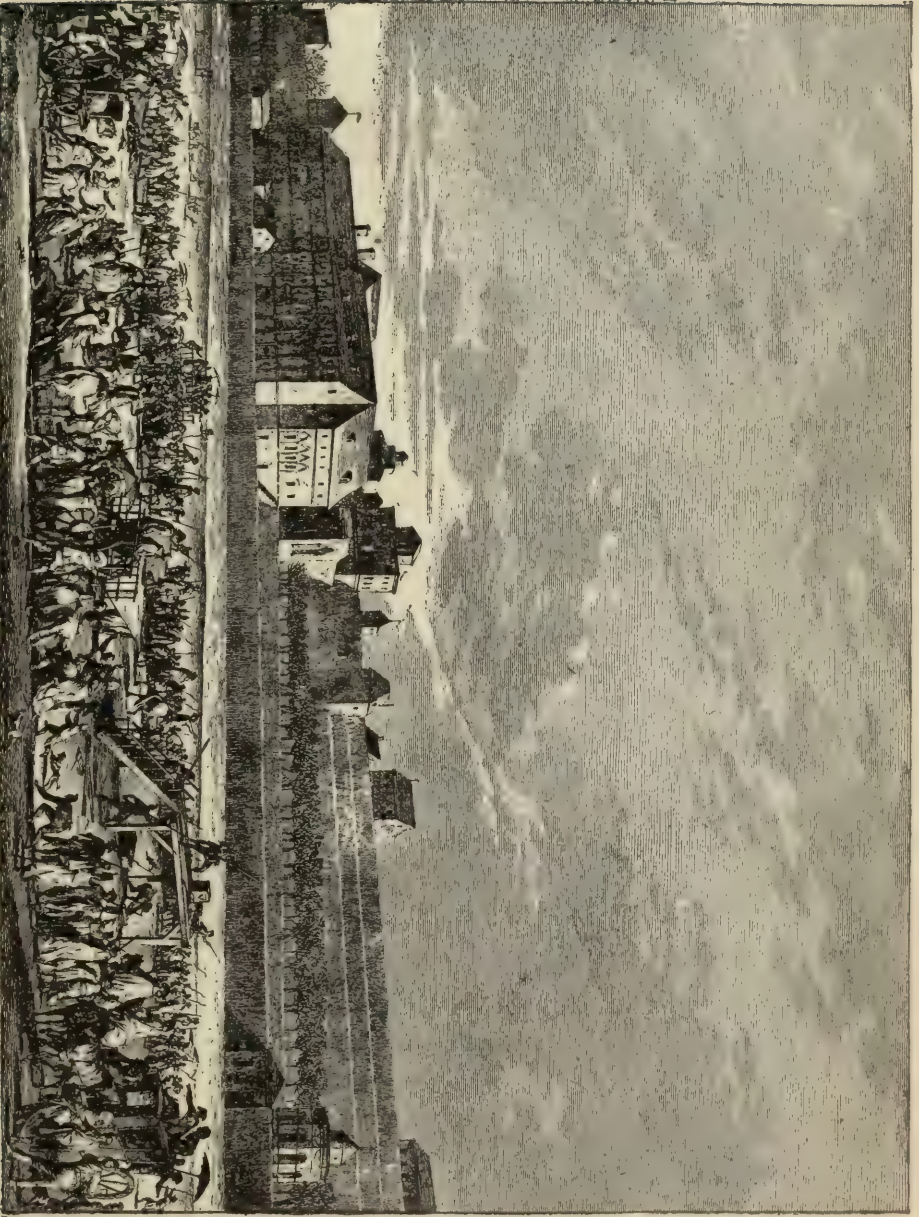
The National Convention was a bonds slave. The power after the insurrection of June 2, 1793, was with the Committee and Municipality of Paris. It was not in the Tuileries but in the Hôtel de Ville that the destinies of victims were decided. Robbed of its inviolability, and all its members liable to arrest by the fiction of its own consent, it became a subservient recorder of crime and excesses it hated and would have punished. The Provinces, silent in defeat, submitted, and the now victorious armies, driving back the Duke of York, entering again foreign territory, and winning a great battle later on under Jourdan at Fleurus, upheld the bloody régime. Mad passions, dread one of the other, and fear of being found moderate, caused the ruling powers of Paris to become yet more sanguinary.

Succeeding Madame Roland, Bailly, the once popular

Mayor of Paris, was captured and dragged to the Conciergerie. The people, recollecting the massacre of the Champ de Mars in July, 1791, thirsted like tigers for his blood. He was treated with the most brutal insolence in prison, and with but brief formality condemned by the Revolutionary Tribunal to the guillotine. As he passed by the Guards of his prison upon his way to death, they hustled him to and fro as in a dance, crying out its changes: "Tiens, voila, Bailly!" "A toi, Bailly!" "Prends donc, Bailly!" and struck him from side to side of the door. Bailly, as calm as any stoic, submitted with dignity to these atrocious outrages, and his imperturbable soul remained unruffled. It was a cold, sleety November day, the 11th of that month, 1793. The rain falling, froze on the iron ground. Bailly, stripped to his shirt, his hands bound ignominiously behind his back, was compelled to walk behind the tumbril on his way to the guillotine. The raging mob whipped his face with dirty rags; they lashed his almost naked body with whips; they bore before him a blood-red banner in mockery of the crimson flag he had borne when marching with the serried army of Lafayette. They compelled the executioners to remove the guillotine from the Place de la Révolution to one of the vilest parts of the city, and saw it erected with pleasure over a dunghheap. This sage, scholar, philosopher, patriot, even if vain and unfeeling, was lashed along his *Via Dolorosa*, bearing beams of the scaffold, like a galley slave flogged by a Turk. Bloody and lacerated, Bailly remained calm and unmoved. He presented a sublime proof of the possible triumphs of mind over body, and courage over suffering, under such unparalleled circumstances of abuse and outrage.

Being nearly naked the cold sleet affected him, and he shivered. "You tremble, Bailly!" cried a ruffian, "My friend," replied the philosopher serenely, "it is with the cold." When the guillotine was re-erected Bailly gave a sigh of relief as he was bound to the plank. So perished this great astronomer, once the popular President of the National Assembly, and the first Mayor of Paris. Robespierre seemed to lament in his home at the Duplays the cruel execution of Bailly. "It is thus," he said, "that they will martyrize us all."

Victims now succeeded each other with increasing rapidity, and yet the executions were moderate, compared to the



ERECTING THE GUILLOTINE TO EXECUTE BAILLY, NOVEMBER, 1793.

astounding numbers destroyed in Paris in June and July, 1794. The majority died calmly. Barnave, who had been fascinated and captured by Marie Antoinette on the return from Varennes in June, 1791, had ever since that eventful instant been transformed from a rabid Jacobin into a consecrated Royalist. He had for months been imprisoned in the fortress of Grenoble. From thence he was now hurried to Paris, appeared before the Revolutionary Tribunal, and was quickly sentenced to death. He proudly entered the tumbril and gazed with a fearless eye upon the hooting crowd. "So young, so beautiful, so brave," cried one execrator mockingly. "You are *right*, my friend," answered Barnave calmly. He ascended the scaffold, and for a moment indignation overcame him. "It is thus," he said, "that villains sacrifice the truest patriots, the most faithful of the nation." His head fell, and his body was cast into the common ditch.

Madame du Barry had been a splendid beauty and the immoral sharer of the licentious pleasures of that Minotaur of debauchery, Louis XV. Like the equally lovely and heartlessly vile Madame du Pompadour, she had ruled ministers and states. It is only as the student of history examines the unfathomable villanies, harlotries, and despotism of these two degraded women and that regal monster Louis XV., that he can echo, despite its crimes, Carlyle's "*Oh! holy Revolution!*" This unprincipled woman fled to England from her beautiful abode of Luciennes when the Revolution broke out. Before her departure she buried her diamonds, gold, and jewelry, the plunder of a despoiled kingdom, in her garden. Trusting in a negro servant named Zamor, whom she had petted and indulged, she stole back to Luciennes in order to obtain and carry away to London her ill-gotten wealth. The treacherous black betrayed her. She was dragged shivering and fainting before the Revolutionary Tribunal, and immediately sentenced to be beheaded. She was carried back to the Conciergerie in the arms of her jailors, so fearful was her terror. Her cowardice was abject. She besought, "she wept," says Sanson, her executioner, "as woman never wept before." On her way to death she incessantly begged the yelling and hooting mob for life and mercy. She nearly divested herself of her attire in her desperate shrieks and convulsions. It took six men to carry her up and strap her to the plank

of the guillotine, and she never ceased to weep, beg, and shriek until her head fell into the basket. Such was the way in which that guilty harlot met eternity and the judgment bar of Christ.

The skeptical Duke of Lauzun, a revolutionary sensation of Newport, Rhode Island, in 1778 and 1779, had become the Republican General Biron. He was arrested at the head of his soldiers in La Vendée. He had quarreled with the Jacobin officer Rossignol, and that general had complained to the Committee at Paris. That Biron was an able and faithful soldier has never been denied. But he was an ancient noble, and that was an inexpiable crime. He was conducted before the Revolutionary Tribunal and sentenced to die. A skeptic, but a man of adamant nerve and courage, he treated his sentence as a kind of first-class joke. He knew that he must perish, but he made merry over death. His disdain, indifference, and *sang-froid* have never been surpassed. A few hours before his execution, he laughed and trifled with his guards. He called for a plate of fine large oysters and was gratified. The executioner Sanson, entering to shear and bind him, found Biron busily engaged over his repast. "Let me first finish these oysters," he said calmly, "and then I am yours. In the work that you have to do," he continued to Sanson, "you must require strength; so please take a glass of wine." He thus invited all his executioners, and fascinated by his extraordinary indifference, the men of blood complied. Biron mounted the scaffold without fear, and seemingly received the stroke of the guillotine as he might the touch of a friend.

Fouquier-Tinville, the Public Prosecutor, might challenge inquiring history as to whether he was a *man* or a *devil*. If devils do become men, then he was a devil. All things that constitute humanity, mercy, pity, forgiveness, hatred of blood, sympathy for suffering were entirely foreign to his nature. *He rejoiced in murder*. He was never happy only as he arraigned before him fifty or sixty victims, on the benches of the horrible Revolutionary Tribunal. To see the young, the lovely, the rich, the noble, the talented, pale and terror-stricken, groveling at his feet, while weeping before him were husbands, wives, mothers, and maidens, delightfully titillated his fancy, stirred his blood, and, like a demon, his eyes brightened. If one victim escaped he seemed to mourn over that escape. His only recreation was to attend

the executions of his thousands of prisoners, and see their heads fall and their blood flow forth. This was the being of darkness who from May, 1793, until August, 1794, sent multitudes of the aristocracy, talent, and beauty of France to the gory shambles of the Place de la Révolution or the Barriere du Trône.

Le Bon at Arras was also plying the guillotine. It is proved that in the early part of the terror Joseph Le Bon was a humane man, and hated blood. He was negligent in his required work of death, and was threatened himself with execution if he did not change. Terror transformed him as power transformed Hazeel. He became a sanguinary tyrant, and his executions were marked by every adjunct of foulness, depravity, and cruelty. Several hundred of the best, the noblest, the loveliest of that section, among whom was the English Madame Plunkett, perished under the knife of the dreadful guillotine.

Meantime Chaumette and Hébert aspired to rule and increase the Terror. Hébert had become popular with the dregs of the populace, the "panem et circensis" class, such as existed in the most depraved days of Tiberius or Domitian. These Sans Culottes had no conception of freedom but in gore, licentiousness, idleness, and plunder. Their creed was "Pillage the rich to support the poor; it is a crime to be anything illustrious or respectable, or to possess property." The Anarchists encouraged these proletaires of destruction to believe that all wealth was robbery. Hébert was the Michael Bakunin of the Terror, and that fierce Russian Nihilist could not surpass the reckless French terrorist.

Hébert ruled Pache, the cruel Mayor of Paris, and controlled the Commune through its members, Chaumette and Payan. The creed of his party was bald anarchy, no God, no decency, no virtue, no institutions, no rich, no poor, no law, no order. They demanded that all aristocrats, Royalists, every lover of law, and all the learned or wealthy should be at once beheaded, and all their possessions confiscated. "We coin money," they said, "by the guillotine."

Thus the Revolution from October, 1793, to March, 1794, became an anarchy just as from March, 1794, to July 28th, it developed into a stern, bloody, and freezing despotism under Robespierre, Couthon, and St. Just, a despotism that murdered seemingly from love of murder. To fully under-

stand these distinctions is essential to the student of the Revolution, if he would follow clearly the trend of the Reign of Terror.

Hébert while in power opened the foul literary sewer of his *Père Duchene*, and attacked Danton, while he slyly assaulted Robespierre himself.

Danton, profuse, humane at heart, capable of generous feelings, married to a young wife whom he tenderly loved, and blessed with a child to soften the stern revolutionist into a man and a father, daily became more tired of bloodshed, and every hour meditated more earnestly how the increasing Terror could be stopped.

One evening in the latter part of January, 1794, Danton, Camille Desmoulins, and Souberville, were walking on a quay by the river Seine. It had been a day of bloodshed, and a number of heads had fallen. A red and lovely sunset, such as Balzac alone could describe, made the heavens and the river a blended crimson sea, in which floated islands of gold. A purple mist enshrouded the Tuileries and the churches and edifices of Paris. "Do you know," said Danton gloomily, "that at the speed with which we are going, there will soon be safety for none. The truest patriots are confounded with traitors. I am weary of living. Look!" he continued, pointing to the river and skies, "the very river flows blood." Souberville gazed on the symbolic scene and said sadly, "What can I do? Oh, that I were Danton!" "Danton sleeps," replied the Tribune; "but he will shortly awaken. These butcheries fill me with horror. I am a man of the Revolution, but not a man of murder. I had rather be guillotined, than to guillotine. But you, Camille, wherefore are you silent?" "I will not be silent longer. I will use my pen without delay," replied Desmoulin decidedly.

He kept his word. In a few days appeared the first number of *Le Vieux Cordelier*. It created a sensation, and its sale became immense. No paper ever sprang into more sudden popularity. Hébert now assailed Danton in the clubs, and endeavored to prepare an insurrection; but under the terrible indictment of the eloquent pen of Camille Desmoulins, his popularity withered as suddenly as a Satan under the touch of the spear of Ithuriel.

Robespierre was as yet not prepared to break with Danton. Moreover he hated Hébert and all the Anarchists,

with an unconcealed and an unrelenting vindictiveness. Intent on their destruction, he resolved to defend the assaulted leader of the Mountain. It should be clearly realized that while the Jacobins of the Commune, the clubs, and of France became the devoted disciples of Robespierre, the Jacobins in the Convention itself were almost to a man the slaves of Danton. Robespierre was a deist and hater of atheism. In a powerful speech before the Convention, he assailed the Anarchists and Hébert. With eloquence and truth he held up the foul life, the obscenities, the atheism, the meanness, the blasphemy, and frightful crimes of Hébert. He struck with remorseless power and vigor. The Convention, which thirsted for the blood of the man who had dared to attack Danton, heard Robespierre with favoring applause. The wily Robespierre next proceeded to defend the People's Tribune, but in such a Belial way, that while he shielded Danton he yet covered him with suspicion, and blighted his reputation for virtue and honesty.

Meantime Camille Desmoulins in his *Old Cordelier* continued his assaults not alone on Hébert, but on the bloodshed and massacres under legal forms which were occurring every day with increased numbers of victims. His language was veiled, but it was terrible. In an article fully equal to anything Tacitus had ever written, Camille showed by a description of the cruel tyranny in Rome, under the Cæsars, what was the real condition of France under the name of a Republic. In holding up what was done by Tiberius, Caligula, and Nero in a heathen despotism, he revealed to every eye what was being paralleled in France, in that very hour, by a Revolutionary Tribunal, a fierce Commune, and a bloody guillotine. By a long list of the acts which, under the tyrant Emperors, constituted a *lese majestas*, he enumerated indirectly the terrible list which constituted *treason to the Republic*. In showing how men suffered because of love for wife, children, and antagonism against terror and blood, he revealed how men suffered in Paris for the same tendencies of human nature and virtue.

It was a tremendous arraignment of the governing authorities, and smote consternation into the camp of the Jacobins.

Sixty-five thousand copies of that single paper were sold. Robespierre believed that he was attacked in these descrip-

tions, but sanguinary as he was, with a final spasm of affection such as he had once steadily cherished for that generous if impulsive man, he resolved to stop him in his course and save him.

Robespierre was in full sympathy with every attack Camille made upon Hébert, but when the Régime of Terror itself was attacked, then he drew back, stern yet willing to afford Desmoulins an opportunity to retreat. But for the hour restraining his secret wrath, Robespierre turned all his energies to destroy Hébert and the Anarchists. He employed Danton, the Jacobins, the enmities of the Mountain, the clubs, and the citizens to overcome Hébert and his colleagues. Hébert, alarmed and trembling, appealed to the clubs, and sought to raise a new insurrection, but under the formidable combination of Robespierre and Danton, with the agency of the Jacobins of the Mountain and the Jacobin clubs, the Commune was temporarily terrorized. The friends of Hébert heard his appeals with affright and shrank away, and the unhappy and dismayed anarchist found himself alone with only some twenty others. On the night of the 22d of March, 1794, Hébert, Vincent, Momoro, Anacharsis Clootz, and all his close allies, to the number of over twenty, were arrested, while an enthusiastic multitude gathered before the residence of Robespierre, at the house of Duplay, and testified loudly their devotion for the "severe and uncorruptible Robespierre," and their joy at the fall of Hébert.

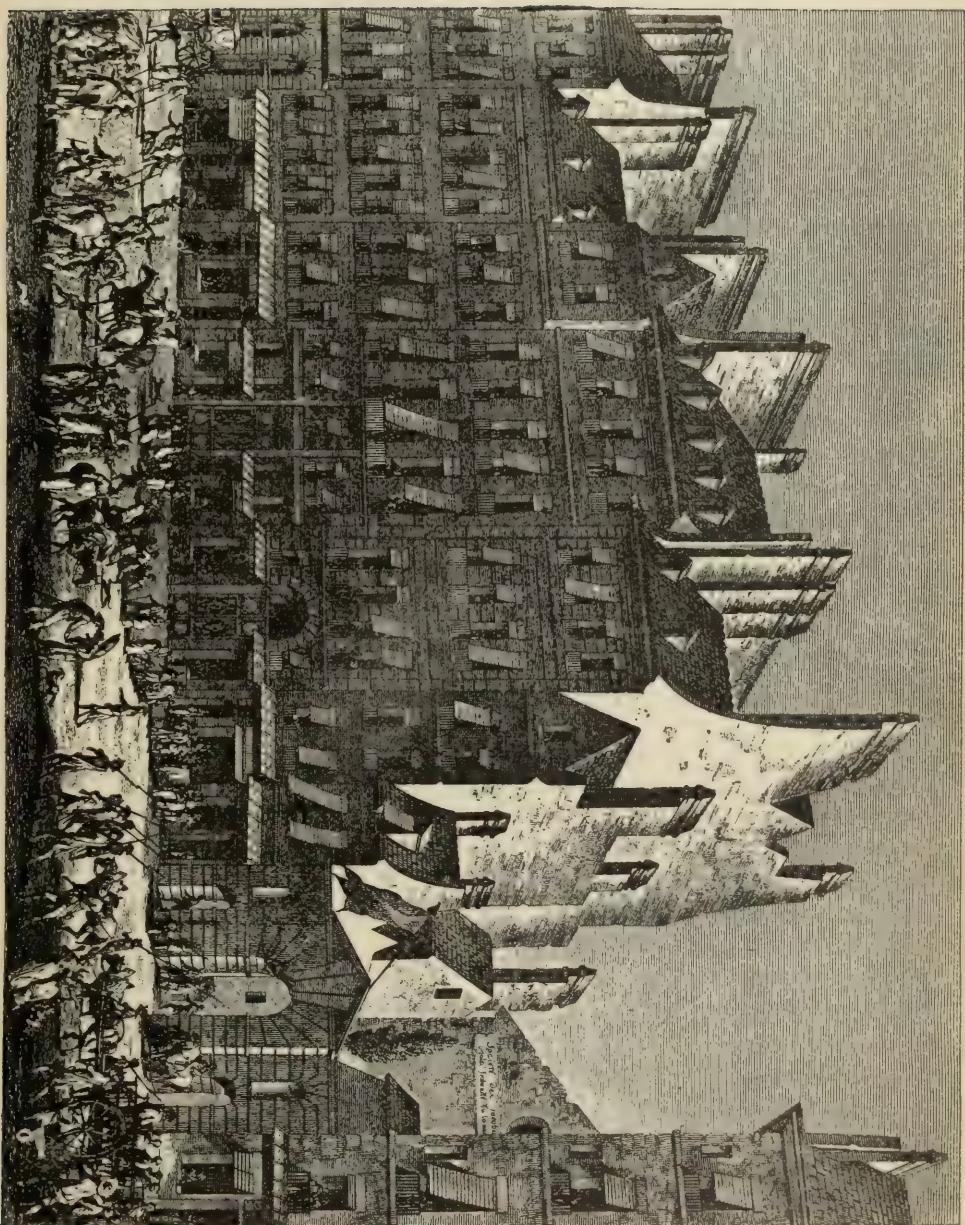
The fallen anarchists were immediately arraigned before the Revolutionary Tribunal. Only a few days before Fouquier-Tinville had been willing, like an obsequious dog, to lick the hand of the powerful and cruel Hébert, but now, when the same man stood before him a trembling, conquered captive, he surveyed him with a cold, indifferent, and unrecognizing air.

Hébert, who had tortured so cruelly in the Temple the little Prince, Madame Elizabeth, and the pure young Princess Marie Theresa with his vile inquiries; Hébert, who had endeavored to defile the noble Queen Marie Antoinette with his horrible lying accusations, now fainting, weeping, abject, pitiful, stood before that very Tribunal where his victim had so heroically defended her honor, and with the same fearful death awaiting him. Again we write, "Vengeance is mine, I will repay, saith the Lord."

Hébert was so utterly terrified and overcome that he could only stammer. He could not speak distinctly. During the three necessary days of the trial according to a then existing law of the Convention, while Vincent, Cloutz, Momoro, and the others displayed a manly courage, and defended themselves with ability and even eloquence, Hébert was abased, daunted, and totally cowed by conscience, a new sense of shame, and the terrible anger of the gathered people. The Tribunal did not even hesitate to bring up in their own interest the foul acts he had committed against the Queen and the royal family. All the anarchists were found guilty, and condemned to the punishment of the guillotine. "Hasten," said Fouquier-Tinville, as if desirous that his late friend Hébert should realize the change in sentiment of the Public Prosecutor—"hasten the execution of these wretches. Every moment of their existence becomes an outrage upon the majesty of the people." The verdict was given at ten o'clock on the morning of March the 24th. Dumas, in a terrible address, denounced the anarchy and indecency of Hébert, his inexpressible vileness and treachery. When death was thrust into his own face, that remorseless inflicter of death fainted. At four o'clock on the same afternoon the tumbrils drew up in the courtyard of the Conciergerie to receive the death-doomed anarchists.

Hébert came into the court of the prison pale, tearful, and so weak that he was supported by two jailers. He was as usual elegantly dressed, and Sanson the executioner declares that he wore two gold watches in his fobs. But his fine attire was in disorder, and he was deadly pale. He wept profusely, and great drops of sweat and anguish trickled down his brow. Did he then think of the sweat of anguish and shame he had caused on October 14th, 1793, the little innocent prince, the pure daughter and the saintly Elizabeth in the Temple? Surely, surely there is a God in Heaven, and "it is a fearful thing to fall" into his hands. When Hébert's hands were bound behind his back and his hair shorn for the awful guillotine, to which he had laughingly sent so many, he gave a fearful shriek and fell back in a swoon. If any infidel who reads these pages accuses the author of exaggeration, let him peruse the "Memoirs of Sanson, Executioner of Paris."

But Momoro and Cloutz were firm and proudly coura-



HÉBERT AND HIS GANG GOING TO EXECUTION, MARCH, 1794.

geous. "We staked our heads," said Momoro, "but we have lost the game and we must pay for it." Anacharsis Cloutz was a true-hearted, but it must be confessed a somewhat insane man. He was by birth and estate a wealthy Prussian noble. He was a disbeliever in a God, and encouraged by the example of that crowned atheist Frederick the Great. He was in his unbalanced way a brave man and a true lover of freedom. He had strayed to Paris when his friends should have shut him up in a Prussian asylum, and had naturally clung to the most extreme factions of the Revolution. He submitted, however, calmly and silently to "the toilet of death." With the indifference of an unnaturally exalted intellect, he smilingly surveyed his executioners. All the other victims except Hébert likewise displayed stoical courage. The procession set out. When the tumbrils passed the residence of Robespierre, a vast multitude congratulated that deist upon his successfully ridding the world of so great "scoundrels" as Hébert and his associates. Crowds followed jeering and mocking the wretched atheist. Hébert wept. He fainted, and he was restored by hot charcoals thrust into his face. As he moved his livid lips, the mob shouted his old newspaper cry, "The Father Duchene is in a devil of a rage!" The carts reached the guillotine, and as he was dragged out he cried piteously, "Not yet." Crying and pleading, he was pushed up the steps of the scaffold, and struggling with an awful despair, was finally bound to the plank and beheaded. Ten thousand sermons could not add to the simple record of his punitive fate.

The half-insane Anacharsis Cloutz died heroically. No Christian or human person can avoid deeply pitying the fate of this irresponsible man. The heroic blood of Germany flowed in his frenzied heart. As he stood on the platform, he proudly surveyed the yelling multitude, like an Emperor looking upon his slaves. With his hands bound he managed to fling his hat among the mocking crowd and to cry, "Hurrah for the Confederation of the World!" He was the last to die. "They who sow the wind shall reap the whirlwind"; "Wo unto the wicked, it shall be ill with him," is the solemn prophecy of Jehovah.

CHAPTER XLIV.

THE FATE OF THE DANTONISTS.

THE destruction of Hébert and his atheist followers had intimidated anarchy. The Commune was cowed. Three Triumvirs now loomed up as the real despots of France,—Robespierre, St. Just, and Couthon.

Danton was humbled, but was yet confident of his vast influence over the Club of the Cordeliers, among the Jacobins of the Mountain, and with the army and the populace of Paris. Events developed with amazing rapidity, and immense changes occurred within a few days. Only two weeks intervened between the execution of the Hébertists and that of the Dantonists.

Danton was tremendously popular, and by prompt and wise measures he could have crushed Robespierre, and all his other enemies. But like Antony at Actium, because in the meshes of Cleopatra, he blindly despised his opportunity. He trifled away from disgust, carelessness, a certain new domestic softness, infatuated contempt for his enemies, and a lazy confidence in his own resources, the chances of triumph. Procrastinating and indifferent, he did not believe that he would be attacked, and he waited, until he fell into the pit which his more astute enemies had carefully and persistently dug for his destruction.

Robespierre, taking instant advantage of his victory over the anarchists, succeeded in the effort that he now made to disband the Revolutionary army in the city. This horde of brigands, disguised as soldiers, had been a powerful agent in assisting the disorders fomented by the Hébertists. On the motion of Robespierre the Convention decreed their dissolution, and their banishment from the city. It was soon evident that the next assault of Robespierre and his coadjutors would be on Danton. The snaky Triumvir yet feared the once mighty demagogue as a dangerous rival. It is evident to the deeper students of the Revolution, that had Robespierre confided in Danton he might, by certain

cajolements, have led him into at least an acquiescence in his ambitious plans. A pause in bloodshed would have disarmed Danton ; but perhaps, like the magicians at Ephesus, Robespierre was now unable to drive back the fiends of cruelty whom he had conjured up from the depths of this sanguinary terror. In any event, Robespierre did not make the attempt. This secret, terrible, and problematical man despised and distrusted Danton, even while he dreaded his popularity. He believed him to be a dangerous moderate, venal, and sold to lust and pleasure. He sincerely discredited him as one whose "pretended humanity" as he scornfully declared, was born of *pleasure*, and not of *virtue*. Robespierre hated the Jacobins of the Mountain as bond-slaves to his rival, and like a tiger in a jungle he only delayed until he could safely spring upon his victim.

Robespierre did not fear his ancient friend, but he resolved to punish Camille Desmoulins for his rash and continued attacks against the Terror which he constantly printed in his paper. He addressed the Jacobin Club with a patronizing air of pity for Camille, who was present, and declared that he should be treated as a "spoiled child." His papers should be burned, but he himself be spared. "To burn is not to answer," replied Camille hotly. "Well then," said the irritated Robespierre, laying aside all semblance of friendship forever,— "Well then! let them not be burned, but let them be answered ; let them be read out here instantly. As Camille chooses to be so, let him be covered with infamy ; and let not the Society restrain its indignation. As he persists in maintaining these diatribes and dangerous principles, the man who holds so fast to such perfidious writings, is—perhaps—*something* more than wrong-headed." Camille saw the abyss of destruction opening before him, and vainly endeavored to placate Robespierre. That terrible man from that hour resolved to slay the generous Desmoulins.

An effort was made by many of the Jacobins to unite once more those two great leaders, Robespierre and Danton. They met. Danton complained that the Commune and Committees were plotting his destruction. Robespierre vehemently denied that such a purpose existed upon the part of those bodies. Danton asserted that the present condition of France was utterly intolerable ; that blood was being shed in torrents ; and that the innocent confounded with

the guilty were being barbarously slain upon the guillotine. "Tell me," answered Robespierre vehemently, "where one innocent man has perished." "Innocent!" answered Danton bitterly; "turn to the slain of Lyons, the butchered in La Vendée, the victims sent by the Tribunal to die, who knew not the very charges upon which they were condemned." Robespierre turned white. "They knew," he affirmed, "as well as those who were destroyed in the massacres of September." Danton met this thrust calmly. "Those," he said, "were sad and critical times, ever to be regretted; but now a tyranny has settled down over the Republic." "There is no tyranny," replied Robespierre, "and the proof of it is *that you live*." He angrily arose and left the house.

For that night and the next two days Robespierre secretly, but with a life and death energy, plotted, while the infatuated Danton appeared fettered by a spell. Fabre d'Eglantine warned the Tribune that Robespierre was accusing him of venality. "Very well," replied Danton carelessly, "what of it? *It only proves that I love money and that Robespierre loves blood.*"

Robespierre now met the Committees and in profound secrecy. The Triumvirs enlisted Collot d'Herbois and the Committee of Public Safety in their attempt. St. Just by his sophistry and arguments greatly aided their efforts to their purpose, and Couthon assisted in their deliberations. It was finally voted, after many hesitations, to immediately arrest Danton, Herault de Sechelles, Camille Desmoulins, Lacroix, Westermann just returned from La Vendée, and all the prominent Dantonists, and to send them before the Revolutionary Tribunal.

Danton was quietly enjoying his young wife's affection and his babe's caresses. His anxious friends vainly exposulated with him on account of his fatal indifference. They urged him to guard against the hostility of the Committee of Public Safety, either by a bold attack or by a temporary flight. "The Mountain is yours," urged Legendre. "The troops are yours," asserted Westermann, "and the people are with you." Danton smiled. "It is not time," he said, "and then blood will be required. I am weary of blood. I would rather perish than massacre. Besides, do not fear! they dare not attack me. I am the strongest." *Deceived man, the Terrorists did dare.*

When the Committee decreed the arrest of the Dantonists a subaltern servant named Paris heard them. He was a friend to Danton, and ran to his house. Paris declared that the Assembly of the three councils were in session secretly, and about to propose his imprisonment. Danton's beautiful wife believed the servant's words, and throwing herself in agony at her husband's feet, she besought him to save himself. He refused. "They will deliberate long," he said with scornful infatuation and incredulity, "before they arrest me." He kindly dismissed Paris, and retired to his wonted repose.

At six o'clock, upon the cold spring morning of April 1st, 1794, a loud knocking was heard at his door. He opened it, and a file of gens-d'armes stood before him. The officer handed to Danton the decree for his arrest. The Tribune flushed red and bit his lips. "They dare then," he said; "they are bolder than I supposed."

He dressed himself, convulsively embraced his weeping wife, and kissing his babe fondly, he followed the soldiers to the palace prison of the Luxembourg. He never saw his wife nor his child again.

At the same hour, Camille Desmoulins was secured. He was literally *torn* from the arms of his wife, the beautiful, beloved, and devoted Lucille. "I go to the dungeon," he said, "to lament with the victims. My only regret will be not having been able to save them." Sunny as the South, fiery as a volcano, generous as Cæsar, and clement as Henry the Fourth, Camille in his secret heart believed that Robespierre would not permit his execution, and was buoyed by that belief.

Robespierre had often visited the residence of Desmoulins; he had attended his wedding, laughed merrily at his jokes, and had stood at the door of his house to congratulate him upon the births of his children. Surely such a friend would not see him perish. But he neither understood the selfish ambitions nor implacable heart of Robespierre, who, spurred on by fear and conceived duty, determined to sacrifice every obstacle in his path to a supreme and bloody tyranny.

The prisoners in the Luxembourg were amazed when they saw the formidable Danton enter as a captive. They crowded around him with respect. Danton for a moment appeared humiliated. He seemed in a kind of stupor

created by his sudden arrest. He was confounded and dazed. "Well," he finally said, assuming a more assured air and recovering from his abashed manner, "you see me here. The trick is well played. I never believed that Robespierre could juggle me so ; but some days hence I will deliver you all. *I am here because I desired to terminate this misery, and stop this shedding of blood.*" Danton and Lacroix were thrown into the same cells. "*We arrested,*" said the astonished Lacroix ; "who would have *believed* it?" "Their cowardice quieted my fears," replied Danton regretfully, "and I was deceived by their craft and base policy." While walking in the corridors of the Luxembourg, Danton encountered Thomas Paine, that author of the foolish and ignorant "Age of Reason," which did so much to spread French blasphemy and Voltairian infidelity in the incipient United States from 1790 to 1805, but which is now so universally rejected and despised. The Brethren of Reason, who had just declared the rule of Reason, governed it is to be supposed by Reason, had dragged Thomas Paine, from motives of Reason, into prison. The philosophers of Reason fully intended to chop off the head of the great infidel from causes of Reason, but Robespierre fell just in time to save him. Paine was now a prisoner in the Luxembourg. Danton addressed him : "What you have done for your country," he said, referring to Paine's able "Rights of Man," "I have strongly desired to do for mine."

Camille Desmoulins was entirely broken. He leaned in agony against a wall, bewailing his wife, his son Horace, and his daughters Adele and Annette. The most uxorious of husbands, and his wife a vision of entrancing loveliness, who was as devoted to her Camille as Eloisa ever was to Abelard, the separation from her and the fear that it might be eternal, completely unmanned him. "Of what use," said Danton rebukingly, "are these tears? Let us perish like men. Have I not a family also?"

The arrest of Danton instantly produced the most violent agitation throughout all Paris. The people were astounded. They hardly credited the report that the great Tribune was in the toils of his enemies. In the Convention the tidings were received with murmurs and whispers of revolt. Legendre ascended the Tribune. "Citizens," he said earnestly, "four of the National representatives have been

arrested during the night. Danton is one. I am ignorant of the others. Danton is as innocent as myself, and yet he is in irons. His accusers without doubt are afraid that his answers will destroy the charges made against him, and I demand that before the report of the committee be received, he be examined in your presence." This was a just, a perfectly reasonable request, and at every hazard should have been granted by the Convention. With the power possessed in Paris by that blinded Sampson, had it been accomplished, had Danton stood before that Convention, the next day would have been an 8th Thermidor, and Robespierre and his coadjutors would have perished as they did four months later under the assaults of far less formidable men.

The Convention was on the eve of making such a decree, when Robespierre entered. The Mountain by a fascination, such as is felt when a boa-constrictor looks its victim in the face, became pale and trembling. Robespierre measured the crisis and was equal to it.

He immediately ascended the Tribune, and with crafty, plausible yet threatening language, addressed the legislative body. He vehemently accused Danton and his party of seeking to overthrow the Republic. He asserted that it was right that so venal and dissipated a man should answer to inflexible justice. He yet more bitterly accused the imprisoned deputy. He declared that Danton had always been the accomplice in every effort for the overthrow of freedom. "You intrigued with Mirabeau and Dumourier," he cried, addressing his victim, who was not present and therefore could not answer; "with Hébert and Herault de Sechelles," continued Robespierre. "You have made yourself the slave of tyranny. You have abandoned all your former principles. You sided with Lafayette in the massacre of the Champ de Mars, and with the Girondists on the 31st of May." This was truth, but commendable truth. "I have been," he concluded, "the friend of Danton. I was the friend of Petion, until he became a *traitor*, and *then* I abandoned him. So I have done with Danton, when I have discovered in him an enemy to my country." These words froze every heart; even Legendre lost his courage, and cringed and apologized before Robespierre; glad that the powerful dictator did not demand his head.

At this juncture St. Just, followed by the members of the

Committee of Public Safety, entered the Hall. Brilliant, stern, and handsome, St. Just seemed the incarnation of the Red Republic. Fearless and imperious, though only twenty-six years of age, he knew how to awe generals, control armies, and terrify assemblies. With slow step and sombre air, he and the committee approached the Tribunal.

As Robespierre saw them, he smiled sardonically, and thundered to Legendre, as though not hearing his apology : "Go on ! It is well that the *friends of traitors* reveal themselves." Applause from hands trembling with terror followed these words. Fear was in every heart, and St. Just magnified it when he ascended the tribune.

He made a long and elaborate address, detailing in the fullest manner what he declared were the many crimes of Danton ; his treachery, his venality and corruption, his debauchery, his taking money in Belgium, his conspiring with Dumourier, and his seeking to uphold the Girondists. At its close he demanded that the Convention bring the Dantonists before the Revolutionary Tribunal. Such a decree, as the law then stood, was necessary to bring indicted members before that terrible court. The awe-struck legislators passed it without further debate.

The Convention was conquered ; but it remained to subdue Paris. The city was deeply convulsed by the most terrible excitement. The Triumvirs and committees trembled at the possibilities of a revolt, and the final success of Danton. But they had staked all on being triumphant.

On the 2d of April, 1794, the Dantonists were brought before the Revolutionary Tribunal, which Danton had himself created. The accusations were read, and received with indignation by Danton and his adherents. A vast throng filled the corridors, gathered in the windows, and extended for blocks through the streets. They were swayed by the deepest emotions, and moved like a restless sea to and fro. The judges of the bloody court were awed and solemnized. Fouquier-Tinville, the public prosecutor, was an own cousin to Camille Desmoulins, but his relationship had no influence upon the course of that fiend in human flesh. Danton appeared composed and dignified before his judges. "What is your name?" asked the President with legal formality. "I am Danton," he proudly replied, "well enough known in the Revolution. I am thirty-five years old ; my residence will soon be nonentity, but my name will

live in the Pantheon of history." Camille Desmoulins, with the horrible, atheistic blasphemy of an obdurate French infidel, despite all his nobler qualities, said that he was thirty-three years of age—"the same as the *Sans Culotte Jesus*." Do we wonder that such a man perished? The committees had mingled with the Dantonists, by a cruel subterfuge, a number of depraved characters and confounded them in the indictment, in order to awaken hatred against their victims. No one but depraved infidels could do this, or heathens such as the Thirty Tyrants of Athens, or hypocritical Christians, who are usually the most unprincipled of men. These subterfuges, to repeat that necessary word, were common in a Revolution depraved, and without the most remote conception of chivalry, honor, or truth.

The Dantonists defended themselves with energy. Danton's loud voice could be clearly heard by the surging, anxious, and almost insurrectionary crowd without, as he contested for his life. He terrified the jury, he browbeat the judges, while the people applauded. The President of the Tribunal in vain endeavored to drown his voice with his bell. "President," shouted Danton, "a man contending for his honor and his life is not to be hindered by your bell." He continued his oration with fury and force, and seemed to be swaying the whole people as well as the entire court.

The friends of Danton strongly hoped for victory. The vast populace circled and surged around the Palace of Justice in confusion, excitement, and growing determination. A dreadful crisis approached. Robespierre and his adherents were in terrible doubt and fear, and indeed almost panic. They trembled. They clearly saw that at every hazard the defense must be muzzled, or that their own fate was sealed. They were prepared for any arbitrary and cruel tyranny. Phillipeaux and Westermann had with equal firmness and eloquence pleaded for their lives, and their defense was most powerful. Public favor for Danton was rapidly increasing. His hope returned, and he was more insolent than at any period during the trial. Fouquier-Tinville seemed disconcerted, and the Revolutionary jury scared, uneasy, and solemn. Such was the excitement that in blind panic the Tribunal checked Camille Desmoulins in his efforts at defense. Danton burned with indignation at

this new tyranny, and thundered and raged until he struck terror into the Court. The Committee of Public Safety was in dismay. Defeat seemed certain, and Robespierre in imagination felt already the knife of the guillotine. The next day would be the third of the trial, and the law as it stood at that time granted to a member of the Convention three succeeding days for a full defense.

At this juncture a most senseless effort, created by the fervor and frenzied love of Lucille Desmoulins, destroyed every hope of defense, and gave the enemies of the Dantonists, when they were on the very verge of defeat and ruin, a supreme advantage.

That beautiful and distracted woman found means to communicate with a prisoner in the Luxembourg, General Dillon. She engaged in a conspiracy with Dillon and Chaumette, also a victim and who dreaded death. It was a wild scheme to endeavor to organize for insurrection. Lucille was to throw herself among the people and address them. She hoped to rouse them by her tears, her beauty, and by the names of her husband and Danton, to storm the Tribunal, and liberate the accused Dantonists.

Antoinelle, an ex-president of the Revolutionary Tribunal, discovered and revealed the scheme. St. Just, rejoicing at this great advantage, hastened to convoke the National Legislature. The conspiracy, greatly exaggerated, was laid before the Convention by St. Just. That cowardly and slavish body listened and affected to believe. Like thoroughly subdued bondmen they passed a decree, placing Danton and all the prisoners *without the law*, and depriving them at once of all their right of self-defense. With this iniquitous and tyrannical decree, never surpassed by monarchical despots, Amar and Voullant and other violent Jacobins hastened to Fouquier-Tinville.

That creature of blood received it with the most indecent joy. He ordered it to be read, amid the protestations and despair of Danton and his colleagues, to the already prejudiced jury. Danton cried out against it in the most vehement language. "I take this audience to witness," he said, "that this is tyranny, and that we have not insulted the tribunal, nor engaged in conspiracy." The indignant people, who thronged within and without, pressed groaning against each other, agitated and confounded. There were no leaders, none to give an impulse to these movements of

affection. They were Hercules bound. Had the beautiful Lucille then appeared, had she spoken, had she appealed to them, that mighty gathering would have felt her electric power, and would have risen and saved Danton and her adored husband. They would have torn Robespierre and his Jacobins to pieces, as they did five months later.

But the Committee had, despite their panic, caused her prompt arrest, and immured her helpless in a dungeon of the Luxembourg. With no leader the fickle multitudes were soon paralyzed. They became more calm. But the agitation was yet great, and the real power of Danton never was more astonishingly revealed than in the long continued and desperate efforts made to overthrow him. Danton on the last day struggled like a lion in his toils, and was more undaunted than ever. Despite the President he managed to cry: "One day the truth will be known. I see great misfortunes about to descend upon France. Behold the dictatorship." Just as he spoke these words, Amar and Voullant appeared at the end of a passageway. Danton at once flamed up at the sight of these messengers of the tyrannical decree of the Convention. He clenched his fists at them. "See those cowardly assassins who hunt us to death!" he shouted. His eyes began to flash, and his voice rolled like thunder. "The wretches," added Camille Desmoulins with a shriek, "not content with murdering me, they will murder my wife."

The next morning the debates in this tremendous and terrible trial, which were really a battle between mercy and continued bloodshed, was declared closed. Danton calmly and proudly departed to the Conciergerie. Camille Desmoulins clung to the benches which were to him the symbol of possible life and reunion with his adored Lucille, with such frantic and desperate energy, that he was dragged out of the tribunal by force.

But all was not ended yet. The Mountain, that representation of Danton in the Convention, though subdued, still loved him amid all their terrors. It was this faithful body who, submitting at this moment, proved so destructive a force against Robespierre only five months later. The Tribunal itself, cruel as it was, was terribly excited, for next to the selfish and awful Robespierre in their respect was the generous and awful Danton. No one on that Tribunal believed Danton guilty of any treason to the Republic, but

every one believed he was a venal and pleasure-loving man.

Danton was really an April day. This moment he was storms and tempests, and the next blue skies, flowers, kisses of sunshine and peace.

The Revolutionary Jury assembled. They were in very great anxiety and indecision. Sinister debates took place. Souberville, an old friend of Danton, being on the jury, hesitated more than all the rest. Topino Le Brun took him aside. "Well," said Le Brun, "what do you do here?" "I am thinking," said Souberville, "of the terrible verdict the enemies of Danton demand." "And I too have reflected," said Le Brun. "This is not a trial, it is a measure of public necessity. The Republic is in extremity. Now between two men, in the danger of the State, take Robespierre and Danton; if you could have but one, whom would you choose!" "*Robespierre*," answered Souberville without hesitation. "Well then," replied Le Brun, "*You have judged*." After long consideration the jury, so hasty in all other trials, brought in a reluctant verdict of guilty, condemning Danton, Camille Desmoulins, Westermann, Herault de Sechelles, Lacroix, and all the accused, to the knife of the guillotine.

The cruel Fouquier-Tinville, despite his own blood cousinship to the innocent, the generous, the true-hearted Camille Desmoulins, rejoiced at the verdict. "See," he said, "that the villains free the earth from their presence without delay."

The doom of the Dantonists was announced to them in the Conciergerie. Camille, clinging fondly to life and the dear love of the devoted and beautiful Lucille, who was his own in soul, mind, and heart, spoke through all his agony carefully and respectfully of Robespierre. He was not a Roman and not a hero, but he was a man who in extreme injustice as in 1789, and in extreme cruelty, could dare great things for liberty. His letters to his wife, yet preserved, no humane person can read without grief. Such agonies of hopeless love, because of doom and death, have never been surpassed. What are the ideal "*Sorrows of Werter*," which Goethe's genius caused Germany and even Germany's conqueror the old Napoleon to baptize with tears, compared to the terrible effusions of Camille Desmoulins? These letters

preserved in history, and in love, will show forever, the devotion of

“Two souls with but a single thought,
Two hearts that beat as one.”

When the doomed Dantonists were approached by Sanson and his attendants a terrible scene ensued. Camille Desmoulins yet believed in the pity of Robespierre, and that he should not die. But when the executioners appeared in order to cut his hair, and bind him for death, his disillusion was terrible.

He fought, he cried, he struggled with mortal energy. He was furious for life. The executioners were compelled to throw him to the ground, and it taxed all their powers to bind his hands behind his back, and shear his head for the guillotine. Danton, ever his friend, tried to reason with him. “Why strive,” he said pityingly, “with the servants of the guillotine? They are not to blame. They only do their duty.” Shorn and bound, the unhappy Camille gave himself up to the resignation of despair. “Oh, my Lucille!” he murmured, “Oh, my Horace! Oh, my sweet daughters! Shall I never see ye again.”

Danton was calm and august. He had no war with the ministers of the guillotine. He recognized in them simply the slaves of Power. “Well,” he said calmly, “I have made plenty of noise upon the earth. Come! let us go to sleep.” Herault de Sechelles, Westermann, and Phillipeaux, with the others, unmoved and firm, were bound unresisting and faced death with a smile. It was four o’clock on the afternoon of the 6th of April, 1794, when the death procession started. One crowded tumbril received all the fourteen victims. As the carter whipped his horse, Danton said: “The idiots! they will cry ‘Long live the Republic,’ but in a few moments that Republic will be without a head.”

Camille Desmoulins, when he fearfully realized that he was actually in the tumbril, resumed his violence. He could not be reconciled to a death which, to his infidel mind, forever separated him from his inexpressively beloved and lovely Lucille, his adored Horace, and his little daughters. He shook his head in agony. He displaced his attire in his vehement but useless efforts to escape his doom. “Good people! Generous people!” he besought piteously, “do you not *know* me. I am Camille Desmoulins. It was I

who raised the people to destroy the Bastile. Come and help us Republicans. Do not let them murder us." The hardened and depraved mob answered his appeals by hootings, but some of the better class replied with groans. Danton, who was seated by his side, rebuked him. "Do not disturb yourself," he said, "with that vile rabble. They will not be softened nor help you." Lacroix, indignant at such selfish cowardice, addressed Camille: "Be calm, I pray you," he said. "Think of exciting respect rather than pity." Sanson the executioner, finally worn out with Camille's preternatural violence, sternly threatened that he would "tie him neck and heels to the floor of the cart," if he did not cease his frantic appeals. Finally the heart-stricken Desmoulins subsided into pitiful groans.

The committees had surrounded the cart with the dregs of the people, and the friends of the condemned could not hear their cries. As the sombre cortège passed on, Danton saw, in the door of a café, David, a wonderful artist, but a rabid friend of Robespierre, coolly taking a picture of the scene. "Is that you, *valet*?" screamed Danton. "Go and tell your master, crawling slave, how soldiers of liberty can die."

They passed Duplay's house, in which Robespierre resided. Its windows, doors, and shutters were closed. "Vile hypocrite," said Fabre d'Eglantine. "The coward is hiding as on the Tenth of August," cried Lacroix. Danton's voice rose loud. His face was purple, his eyes on fire with rage. "You shall appear in this cart in your turn, Robespierre," he shouted, "and the soul of Danton will howl with joy!" But he soon again became coldly calm. As the guillotine in the Place de la Révolution, amid all its surroundings of former palaces, of marble statues, and yet perfectly kept gardens and fountains, was reached, Danton slightly flushed and paled.

The victims dismounted from the tumbril, and were arranged in the usual line before the scaffold. Several immediately mounted, and were beheaded. Then came the turn of Camille Desmoulins. In his last moments he assumed courage and calmness. He ascended the scaffold, said to the executioner, "Give this hair to my mother," and his head fell. Fabre d'Eglantine, Westermann, Lacroix, and Phillipeaux followed. Their gory bodies and bleeding heads were tumbled into the caskets below. Herault de

Sechelles and Danton remained. They sought to give a parting kiss to each other. The executioner prevented them. "Brute," cried Danton angrily, "you cannot hinder our heads kissing in the basket yonder." Herault's head fell. Danton now stood before the bloody knife. "Oh, my wife, my children!" he said, "shall I never see you again?" He recovered his courage. "Sir," he said to Sanson, "I suppose you are a father—Danton," he apostrophized himself, "no weakness. You will," he continued, addressing the executioner, "show my head to the people. It will be worth seeing." His head followed the others. The headsman lifted it up, and bore it around the scaffold. Some of the great multitude cried "*Vive la République!*" but the majority dispersed in silence and in horror.

A few days after other tumbrils, with Chaumette and the infamous residue of the anarchists, rolled toward the guillotine. But among these was the lovely Lucille Desmoulins, and the wife of Hébert. The devoted Lucille comforted the widow of her husband's bitter enemy, and rebuked the ruffian Grammonts, who had abused Marie Antoinette on her way to death, and who were now in the cart of doom. She reached with joy the scaffold, and eagerly awaited her turn. She ascended with a light step, was happy when bound to the dreadful plank, and saying softly, "Camille, I come to thee," her head fell into the basket.

No more pathetic scene of connubial devotion has this gray, sad earth ever witnessed.

CHAPTER XLV.

THE INCREASE OF THE TERROR.

THE execution of Danton and his adherents had made the Committee of Public Safety and the Triumvirs supreme in France. Robespierre now virtually ruled the Republic. Without the name, he possessed all the power of a Dictator, and, more than that, of an ordinary Emperor. The Committees, the Jacobin clubs, the Convention were all his terrified servants. He found an arm in St. Just devoted to his will, and obedient to his genius, and in Couthon and Coffinhal were satellites ready to advocate all his measures. A despotism, sanguinary, terrible, remorseless, was inaugurated of such bloody autocracy as the world had never before seen. Proclaiming virtue and liberty, future happiness and peace through these pretentious names, with hands saturated with blood, Robespierre ruled and appalled France. Supported by the organized power of the Republic, by the deluded affection and admiration of Paris, saluted as "the incorruptible, the patriotic, the virtuous Robespierre," the tyrant believed that only through death could he achieve clemency and peace.

The committees exercised their increased power with rigor. All the clubs of Paris except the Jacobins were closed. The Cordeliers and many other debating-places were abolished. All the various clubs existing throughout the Republic, save those affiliated with the Jacobins as sub-gatherings, shared the same fate. The Jacobins alone towered in Paris and in France supreme and dictatorial. The Convention, convinced by the failure of even the brave Legendre to save Danton that its whole independent power had been wrested from its grasp, sullen and silent, submitted, and became for a time a mere registering clerk of the Committee's decrees. For several weeks the panic of the National legislators continued.

St. Just controlled the armies, as Carnot directed the war. Robert Lindet managed the finances. With power in their

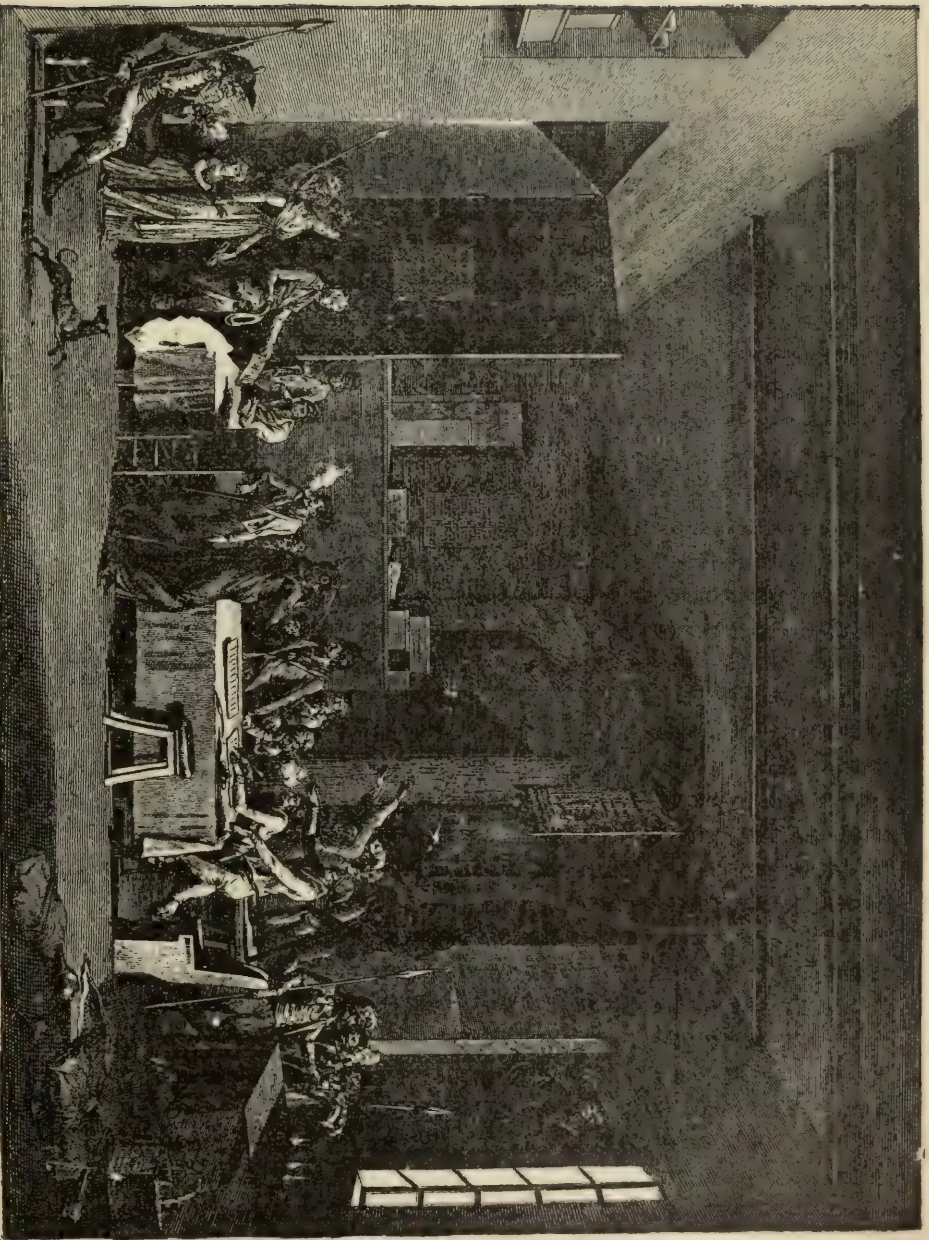
hands more formidable and autocratic than that of a Roman Emperor or Russian Czar, these despots of Liberty were in the meshes of a constant fear that if they stopped the sanguinary energies of murder, their empire would be undermined and they themselves be destroyed. It was FEAR which perpetually impelled the committees upon their course, and the greater the bloodshed, the more constant the terror of a reaction and an uprising which would shatter their rule, and send them to the scaffold. It was a terrible penalty of crime and tyranny to continue the work of the guillotine, or to perish. Many new victims now felt the steel of the beheading knife.

On the 10th of May perished the sanctified and beautiful Princess Elizabeth. On the 9th of that month, and in the evening, as she was praying for her niece and the captive Prince, a violent rattling was heard at her door. It opened, and armed and ferocious men stood frowning, by the light of lanterns, upon her. "Citoyenne, get your hat," they said, "and come down with us." Her niece, the young and lovely Madame Royale, was falling back fainting. The saintly Elizabeth endeavored to console her. "I will doubtless soon be back, dear Marie," she said. "No, you will not," cried an official brutally. "You will never ascend these stairs again." The Princess pressed the fainting girl to her heart. "Think of your God, my child," she said. She conjured her to trust in Christ, and ever to be faithful. The door closed, and the kind and good aunt was gone forever!

The Princess was grossly abused and insulted as she was hurried into a carriage, and driven to the Conciergerie.

The next day, together with many ancient nobles, she was brought before the Tribunal. Fouquier-Tinville glared upon her. Twenty-five of the noble ladies and noble men of France were her companions. When they saw the Princess they all arose and bowed. "Of what can Madame Elizabeth complain?" said Fouquier-Tinville sarcastically. "As she beholds herself surrounded by her faithful nobility, she can imagine that she is once more at Versailles." Her trial was a mockery. Accusation fell dead before the holy life of devotion and self-sacrifice she had lived. She was accused of aiding that "tyrant," her brother. "If my brother had been a tyrant," she said, "neither you nor I would be where we are now." Her advocate, Charon Legarde, addressing the jury, said: "She who at the Court of

THE REVOLUTIONARY COURT IN THE WORST PART OF THE REIGN OF TERROR, JULY, 1794.



France was deemed the most perfect model of virtue cannot be the enemy of Frenchmen." But the tiger tyrants were not to be baffled of their prey. She was condemned, together with all her companions. There in that band of the doomed were the aged Count Sourdeval, the Marquis Lamoignon, seventy-six years old, the venerable Countess Bersin, sixty-four, the Lomenies, the Montmorins, the Canon of the Cathedral at Sens, Chambertain, sixty winters whitening his head, and others of humbler rank. Sanson cut the long auburn hair of the Princess, and ignominiously bound her hands. The tumbrils received the devoted group. When the condemned reached the guillotine, they were placed so that the Princess should agonize over the execution of the twenty-four, and herself be the last. It was a fiendish cruelty of the malicious Jacobins. It was in the spirit of Tiberius, who said : " I wish my victims to feel they are dying."

Seated on a rough stone, her face calm but pale, and praying fervently, as each of the noble condemned arose, they bowed to her with courtly deference, as if in a levee of the old monarchy, and so passed up to death. The people were infuriated, and insulted the Princess as they saw these remnants of respect before the very scaffold. Finally Madame Elizabeth was led to the platform, slightly trembling. The executioner rudely tore her handkerchief from her shoulders. Struggling with modest shame, she said softly, " Have pity, Monsieur, and cover me, for your mother's sake." With the piled bodies of her dead companions below, and their gory heads in a heap near by, she was bound to the plank. The cruel knife severed that head from its body. The rude wagons received all the beheaded forms. They were thrown into the fosse indiscriminately. Quicklime was cast over the mutilated remains, and Madame Elizabeth had ceased from earth. Could any scene, witnessed by the eye of man, be more pitiful, and more horrible ?

The executions went on with dreadful vigor. The terror increased, and the prisons were full of anguish and despair. *Murder* was in the very air. The hearts of Robespierre and the Committee were full of *murder*. New schemes of *murder* constantly occupied their minds. The soul sickens and the eye refuses to read these monotonous and excruciating tales of blood ! blood ! blood !

In the Carmes was the fair Josephine Beauharnais. She was separated from her husband and children, Eugene and Hortense, and suffering in lonely agony. She, who was to be the Empress of the mighty Napoleon, now wept in sorrow and despair. Madame de Fontenay, Madame Carrabus and many others shared her captivity. Their numbers was constantly thinned by the guillotine and renewed by fresh proscriptions. In one night three hundred of the best and richest families of the aristocratic Faubourg St. Germain were added to the group.

In the Luxembourg was Count Alexandre de Beauharnais. Statesmen, soldiers, aged nobles, and aristocratic ladies, the matronly, the young, the tender and the beautiful, were all crowded into the prison cell. There could be seen men of science, lawyers, physicians, generals, and naval officers, all alike incarcerated for treason against the Republic. The Abbaye also and La Force were suffocatingly full.

In these prisons the wretchedness was extreme. Every decency of life was violated by the jailors. The prisoners were driven like beasts to their cells. Males and females occupied often the same gloomy abodes. Noxious exhalations filled the air. Food was difficult to obtain. The jailors rattled their chains and came in with fierce dogs in leash, often at midnight, to awaken the unhappy ladies or sleeping men. The victims appealed to them with the most abject tears and prayers. Great families, aristocratic and proud, crawled and groveled in the very dust before their jailors. Spies continually infested the prisons. Lists of pretended conspiracies were daily made. The monsters would place upon these dreaded lists the names of the most lovely and noble ladies, and compel them to exchange their virtue for their lives. With hideous cruelty they would the next day send them to the guillotine. When prisoners were brought in, their clothing was examined by their rough jailors in the midst of armed guards. Ladies of the highest rank were subjected to the most foul and shocking humiliations, amid the jeers of these ruffians.

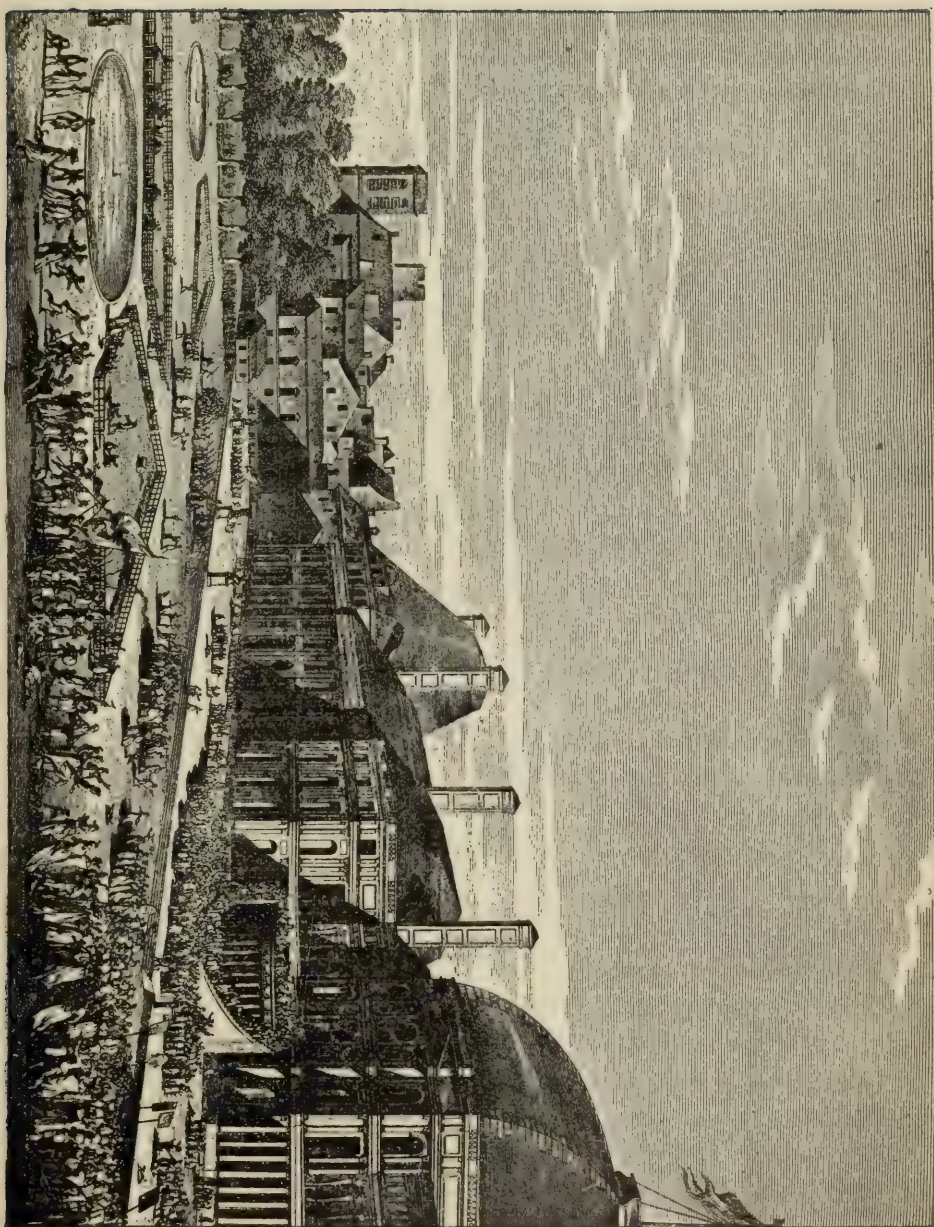
All these hideous facts can be found in the prison memories of Riouffe. The heart totally sickens and shudders at the recital. Day by day the lists of the condemned were hawked through the streets and prisons as "prizes drawn in the lottery of the *Holy Guillotine*." The prisoners would hear the lists read. The condemned would embrace for the last

time their wailing relatives or friends. Mothers would be torn from daughters, and daughters from parents, husbands from wives, and sons from fathers. All affection was outraged, and with blows and curses the condemned would be driven like flocks of sheep to the slaughter of the guillotine. All that can be conceived in Dante's *Inferno* of despair and lamentation was now more than realized in the prisons of Paris. The prisoners multiplied so fast that in June, 1794, there were two hundred thousand in the various dungeons of France, and ten thousand in Paris alone.

In May Robespierre, now exalted above all his rivals, determined to restore professed belief in a Deity and in the immortality of the soul. This inscrutable and terrible man in the midst of his sanguinary career clung to the idea of a God and abhorred anarchy. The Convention, obedient to his behest, passed a decree that "the French Nation recognize God and the immortality of the soul."

A magnificent fête took place in Paris on the 8th of June. A gigantic statue of lath, plaster, and canvas was erected in a space back of the Tuileries. It was called Atheism and Anarchy. It was smeared with turpentine. Inside of this statue, and rendered incombustible, was another, much smaller, of Wisdom, which was to rise from the flames of Atheism, when fire had been applied to Anarchy. It was a gala day. The blue sky was cloudless and the sun shone resplendent on the trees and domes of the Tuileries. An immense amphitheatre was arranged and decorated. In its center rose a tribune resembling a throne. Before this tribune was placed the figure of Atheism. A vast throng filled the seats and stood in holiday dress near the amphitheatre. Robespierre was made president of the day. After keeping the Convention waiting in session for some time, Robespierre appeared. He was attired with the utmost elegance. His coat was a pale blue of delicate shade. He wore yellow breeches and waistcoat of the finest chamois. Top-boots of perfect fit encased his feet. On his head was a round hat with fluttering tri-colored ribbons. He bore in his hand a large bouquet. His sword of almost royal beauty was by his side. His air, his dress, his words of imperious power were those of a Dictator.

Behind him, as he proceeded to the amphitheatre, marched the humbled Convention and obedient Committees. Attired in blue coats of a darker shade than that of Robespierre, and



FÊTE TO THE SUPREME BEING, JUNE, 1794.

faced with red, they each held in their hands a symbolic bouquet.

The people, stupefied, hailed Robespierre as a sovereign, believing that he was about to be created Dictator. Acclamations rent the air, and all hoped that the reign of clemency was now really about to commence.

Robespierre advanced and addressed the multitude. His speech was a denunciation of atheism and an argument for the existence of God. It was a voice of virtue, of justice, of mercy, from the lips of a mocking tyrant, a demon who preached peace and clemency, and renewed the next day with tenfold energy his murders. Descending the steps with stately tread, he set fire to the statue of Atheism, and as its flames ascended, cannons sounded, music filled the air, and the statue of Wisdom was revealed.

The vast multitude, led by Robespierre, advanced toward the Champ de Mars. The drums beat, and salvos of artillery rent the heavens.

Seated on a throne in that immense space, with the Convention by his side, Robespierre glanced proudly over the vast and acclaiming audience. His arrogance, his vanity, his self-conceit were manifest to all in the smirk on his pallid face, and the grin of his sneering lips. The people were in a delirium of hope, but the Convention wore sour and sullen looks. They felt captive and degraded. After consecrating an altar to the Deity and speaking once more to the same effect as before, the Dictator and Convention returned to the Tuileries. The Legislature murmured, and low-toned threats reached Robespierre as he advanced. "It is but a step from the Capitol to the Tarpeian Rock," growled one. "There are Brutuses yet," whispered another. "Look at that man," said a third. "He only believes in God, that he himself may be adored." "He has invented God because he desires to be supreme tyrant," was another sullen voice. "Let him beware," said yet another; "he may be the sacrifice, and not the high priest of the new religion."

The rites of that day thoroughly opened the eyes of the Convention. In the austere Robespierre, now so proud, so distant, treating them with such contempt, keeping them in such humble positions, they saw the dictator.

From that moment a host of enemies sprung up—at first meeting in secret but soon ready for bold and open action. Favored by the people, Robespierre was now ruined with

the Convention and Committees. Fouche, Tallien, Barrere, Collot d'Herbois, Leonard Bourdon, Billaud de Varennes, Vadier, and Amar all turned away in disgust from the idea of a dictator. Some of these men in their vindictive hate of the tyrant now resolved to accelerate the Terror—to hide their crimes behind the bloody name of Robespierre, and by making him responsible for all their cruelty to destroy his power over France.

By the law of the 22d Prarial as it was called, new and dreadful power was bestowed upon the Revolutionary Tribunal. The jury could sentence prisoners, depriving them of all defense. They need ask but a few general questions. They might condemn fifty at a time and send them on to instant death. Armed with this monstrous power the executions soon became mere massacres. The Tribunal was a hideous place from which decency had fled, and where justice had departed. The jury, in red shirts with red caps, rude men drinking and smoking, with Dumas as their stern, pitiless president and Fouquier-Tinville indefatigable to condemn—presented a vivid picture of Hades.

Before these wretches were brought, day by day, lovely and distinguished women, eminent men in law, science, and the church—ministers of state—soldiers of ability and fame, nobles, nuns, monks, priests, Protestant clergymen, laborers and farmers, merchants, and persons of every rank and age, and almost always rapidly condemned to the guillotine. To one they would say "Who are you?" When the name was given, they would cry, "Enough." Another, "You were a servant of the tyrant." "Yes, but I have taken the oath to the Republic." "You are not to speak,—death," would be the merciless answer; monotonous inquiries, and death, ever death. Men were condemned as being their own fathers, mothers under the mistake of being the daughter, strangers as being persons whom the victims did not know and had never seen. Earth has never witnessed, even in the bloody court of Alva or in the cruel senate of the Roman Emperors, more fearful scenes of wrong and injustice than now daily took place in the Revolutionary Tribunal of Paris. Robespierre, in order to prevent any successful assault upon himself by his enemies, proposed the most sanguinary laws and endeavored to cast up around his power a wall of human heads. He would have compelled the Convention to include its own members in the ranks of those he

might possibly proscribe. "If such a law is passed," cried a deputy, "we may all as well cut our throats." The trembling Convention finally decided that the members should be arrested on its own motion. This thin barrier was all that remained between it, and the suspicious and determined Triumvirate of Robespierre, Couthon, and St. Just.

The butchery descended into a mere killing, for fear of being killed. The executions became objectless, except as exhibiting the sanguinary determination to escape the fatal charge of being merciful. Such a saturnalia of useless crime the world will probably never see again, but the pondering American can meditate upon human hate, fear, and passion, when God and the Bible are banished from society and human life.

CHAPTER XLVI.

RIVERS OF BLOOD.

FROM May, 1794, until the fall of Robespierre, was a period of the most horrible and murderous excesses. All Paris and France crouched in abject terror. The guillotine went up and down, and seldom less than twenty heads fell in a day.

Great ditches were dug, into which to cast the bodies of the butchered victims. These ditches were kept open day and night. These were always partially filled with quicklime. Into these rude burial-places the beheaded forms of the most noble and aristocratic men and women were carelessly flung, and shrouded by quicklime.

The stench of the blood around the guillotine became most fœtid and unendurable, and complaints began to be so loud, despite a prostrating fear from the vicinity of the Tuileries, that in June the instrument of murder was removed to the Barrier du Trône. There, in the space of six weeks, over 1400 heads rolled in the dust. The story of these many executions is frightful and pathetic.

One day the tumbril reached the Barrier, laden with young girls. They were from Verdun. They had greeted the King of Prussia on his entrance into the city in August, 1792, and, as we have before described, had danced before him. They had been brought from the prisons of the north to Paris, and were immediately and ruthlessly dispatched to death. The oldest was only eighteen. Clothed in white, their youth, their beauty, their innocence awakened commiseration. The very executioners wept, but nevertheless they all perished.

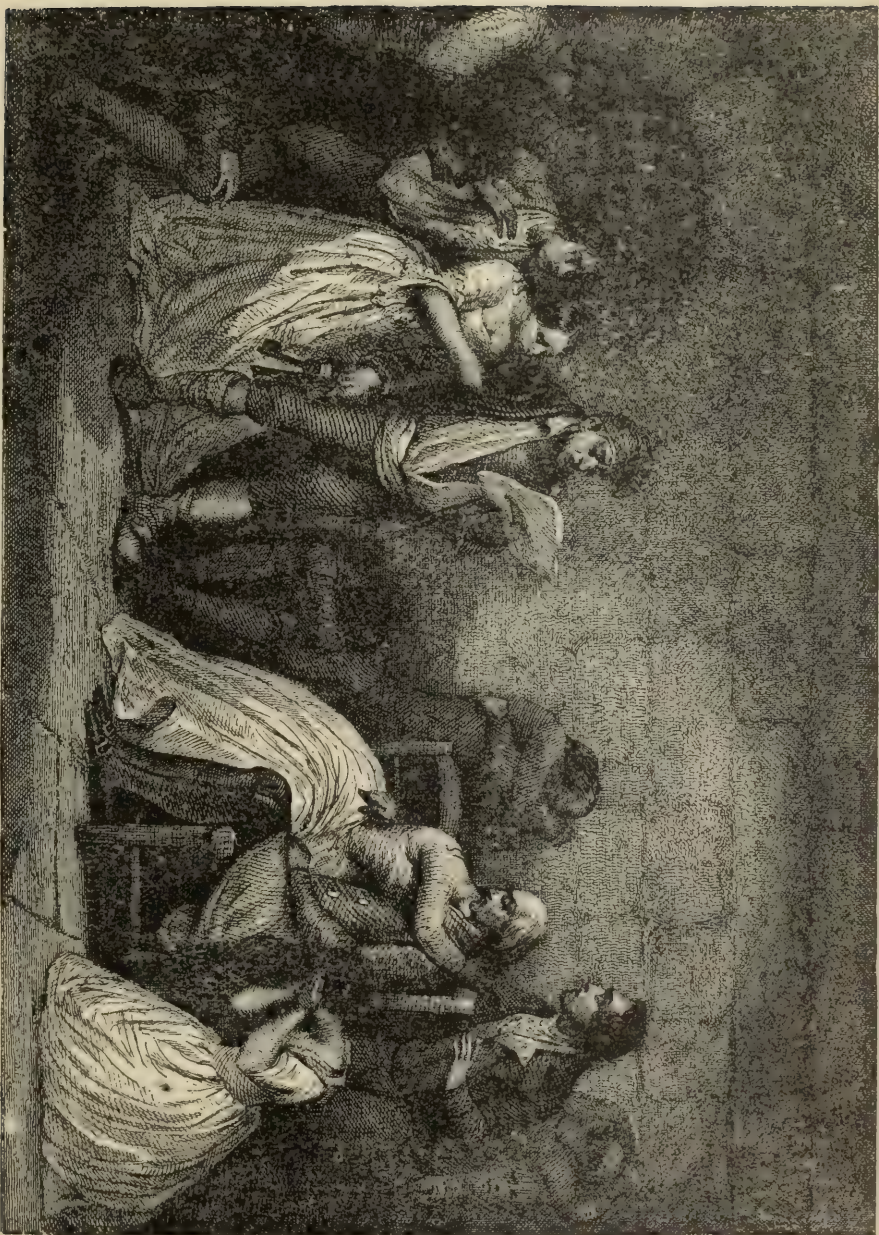
On the next morning after this direful event, a still greater number of carts bore to the scaffold *all* the nuns of Montmartre. These guileless women clustered, as if for help and support, around their superior, who was with them, and who nobly shared their fate. On their way to death, the nuns commenced to chant sacred hymns. They

continued their holy melodies when they reached the scaffold, and their sacred chants of Christian hope and faith did not cease until all were slain.

Soon forty-five magistrates of Paris went under the knife. Pitiful tales are rehearsed of the sufferings of these distinguished and worthy men, in the Conciergerie, before their useless execution. The next day, twenty-seven merchants of Sedan followed, and on the next a whole *fournée* of "aristocrats."

The Abbé Fenelon was an old man, and worthy, on account of his piety, innocence, and benevolence, of his namesake of a century before, the illustrious Archbishop of Chambray. The Abbé's whole life had been passed in the utmost kindness toward the poor, and in acts of Christ-like mercy toward the guilty and wicked. The Revolutionary Tribunal, those believers in Voltaire and Rousseau, condemned this holy man to die. The guiltless Abbé was followed to the scaffold by a host of Savoyard children, whom he had rescued from want and sin, and who bedewed the way with their tears, and implored his blessing. They kneeled at the foot of the instrument of death. The aged saint, with a heavenly smile, extended his feeble hands, and invoked on those children the blessings of Heaven. He turned away, and calmly died.

One evening during this frightful period, Collot d'Herbois said to Fouquier-Tinville: "We must excite the people anew; we must have more imposing spectacles. Arrange for the falling, each day, of *one hundred and fifty heads*." At this monstrous proposal, even the Public Prosecutor was for a moment horror-struck. "My mind," he said during his trial, "was so troubled with horror at this proposal that the river by which we were walking *seemed to run blood*." It is clear to the pondering historian, that this was an effort of the now hostile Committee, headed by Collot d'Herbois, to smother Robespierre in the blood which they proposed to shed in his name. Was he not Dictator? Was he not all-powerful? Did the people know that for six weeks, during the very white heat of the massacres, he absented himself from the Committees in rage, in pettishness, and in a horrible preparation to murder his rivals, and decimate the Convention? Yet this monster is not excused. He made those laws which increased the Terror; he directed the lists of victims, and he had no remorse on account of the most



READING TO PRISONERS THE LIST OF THE CONDEMNED, JULY, 1794.

shameful perversions of justice and the most causeless executions.

The terrible bloodshed went on. The beautiful young Duchess of Biron was sentenced to death. Both she and her mother were in the cart. When it reached the guillotine, it was found that the name of the mother was not on the executioner's list. Did this fact stop her execution? No! Her name then and there was instantly added, and *both* the shrieking ladies were beheaded.

The Princess of Monaco pleaded that she was with child; but it was of no avail. She struggled under the blade of the instrument of death, and the executioner held up her head, stained by tears.

In April, D'Espreménil, so famous in 1787, in the Parliament of Paris, Malesherbes, the noble, venerable and faithful defender of Louis XVI., his daughter Madame Rosambeau, and a host of others, were condemned to die. Malesherbes ascended the tumbril like a philosopher. He was calm, and resigned. He was over eighty years of age. His daughter, the grand and devoted Madame Rosambeau, said to Mademoiselle Sombreuil, "You had the glory of *saving* your father, and I have the glory of *dying* with mine." As the death-carts rolled along, D'Espreménil was next to Chappilier, an old constituent. "Sir," said Chappilier to D'Espreménil, "we shall soon have the solution of a terrible problem." "What problem?" inquired D'Espreménil. "That of knowing which of us two shall be hooted by the mob." The man who dared to face Louis XVI., when in the plenitude of his absolute despotism, coolly answered: "Give yourself no uneasiness, for we shall *both be hooted*"—and they were. In that batch of victims perished Thuriot, so famous in the National Assembly, and who had made its last address, the lovely young Duchess of Chaletet, and the Duchess of Grammont, whose descendant, as French Minister to America, was to lose his life in the wreck of the steamer *Arctic*, on September 27, 1854. Then died also Beatrix Choiseul, a relative of that minister of Louis XV. who added Corsica to France; and many other noble persons, equally distinguished by either rank, talent, or service. Their headless bodies were all alike shamefully thrown into the common ditch, and covered with its destroying quicklime.

We cannot credit, as much as we recognize the demoniac

ferocity of those horrible times, the baneful stories of cannibalism, with which the "French Revolutionary Histories" abound; how that many of the victims were dismembered after execution, as butchers dismember cattle and sheep, and given as food to the prisoners of Paris; how a *soup* was made of human flesh, called "the soup of Ci-devants." Mrs. Farmer, in her compilation which she calls a history, refers to these tales, but we cannot credit such atrocities. Montgaillard speaks of a tannery at Meudon, to which were borne many bodies of the slain; how there princes and dukes, princesses and noble ladies were flayed of their skins, which were sold as hides. Carlyle quotes the horrible fact, and says: "The skins of the men made excellent wash-leather, but those of the women were easily torn, and of but little use." Had France gone back to the habits of the then hideous New Zealanders? and was there really a cannibal race in her capital? We relegate these horrors, as tales of morbid imaginations, to the past.

The real horrors are sufficient.

But daily the *fournées* were now gathered into death-carts.

After the conspiracy of General Dillon and Lucille Desmoulins in April, 1794, a favorite device of the Terrorist government, when all other means failed, was to denounce a pretended conspiracy in the prisons of the city. They enrolled in such a conspiracy a number of persons entirely innocent and not even acquainted with each other, and then condemned them in batches to the awful knife of death. In this way three hundred persons, male and female, were dragged to the Conciergerie at one time. They were divided into "fournées," and all were beheaded within a week. Three hundred living, feeling, human beings, just like ourselves—butchered!!! In one cart the mother, the sister, and the niece of General Lafayette's wife were borne to death. They encountered a furious July tempest on the way, and were chilled and wet. They were treated with the greatest cruelty on the scaffold, the executioners rudely pulling off the caps which were pinned to their hair, and their mantles from their necks. But the aged Marchioness de Noailles, Madam d'Ayen and her daughter, praying fervently, died with courage.

Persons of every rank now perished. The Terror descended from the aristocracy to the mechanics and laborers, and many of these were imprisoned and guillotined.

A story is told of a dweller in Paris, who was so terror-struck that he resolved to endeavor to save himself by absolute silence. For a whole year he did not speak; but this did not enable him to escape. He was condemned as a dangerous and sullen conspirator, and slain.

Another was guillotined for throwing his wheat into a pond of water, and thereby aiding to famish the nation. He proved on his trial that he possessed no wheat, and had no pond of water on his estate. It did not prevent his execution.

But never did love, human affection, and family fidelity shine more resplendent, than amid these depraved and tyrannical scenes. In all the prisons, the Carmes, the Luxembourg, La Force, St. Pelagie, the Abbaye, the most touching exhibitions of parental, connubial, or filial devotion were constantly witnessed. Romance and love among the young prisoners was not extinguished by fear of death. Thrown together day by day in the great halls of common meeting, human nature asserted itself, and hearts were plighted, courtships went on, and even parodies were acted of the guillotine, and death itself. In the dark cells, the son and father, the daughter and mother, learned a deeper devotion, and were eager to share each other's fate.

The young Madame Lavergne, with her babe in her arms, clung to her aged husband, and went with him before the Revolutionary Tribunal. She pleaded for his life, but without avail. He was condemned to die. His devoted spouse resolved to share his fate. She cried out, "Vive le Roi!" It was a cry whose instant punishment, before that stern tribunal, she knew would be death. She was at once condemned. Turning to the crowd in attendance, she calmly inquired, "Is there a mother here who will take my child, and care for it?" "I will," replied a woman of the lower class, stepping forward. Madame Lavergne kissed her babe, gave it to the stranger, and mounting the tumbril beside her husband, she said softly, "Death will not part us now," and both were beheaded together.

When Mademoiselle Gatley heard that her brother was to die, she cried in the court, "Vive le Roi!" that she might perish with him. But the malicious tribunal resolved to balk her desire. Her brother was guillotined immediately, but she did not ascend the scaffold until the *next day*.

A still more pathetic exhibition of affection marked these

murderous and lamentable executions. The aged Maréchal de Mouchy, a distinguished and loyal soldier of the extinct monarchy, was sentenced to the guillotine. His aged wife clung to her venerable husband, and could not be torn away from him. Her husband expostulated. "Madame," he said tenderly, "it is the will of God, and we must be resigned to this afflictive Providence. You are a Christian, and I need say no more." But even his words could not unfasten the clasp of her clinging arms. "If my husband must appear before the Tribunal," she exclaimed, "I must appear also." When he was condemned, "I am guilty also," she cried to the amazed judges and court; "if my husband is guilty, and if he dies, I must die also." She shared his fate, and their aged heads fell into the same gory basket.

M. Loizerolles was incarcerated at St. Pelagie with his son. On the 26th of July, the very day the first attack was made on Robespierre, mistaken for his son, and giving his life for his beloved child, he perished.

The tender and young Madame de Bois-Brezen, her father M. de Malessy, her mother and brother, were all together summoned before the Tribunal. Read this ye anarchists who would wreck our civilization, homes, and Christian life, and inaugurate, had ye the power, a French Revolution in our American Republic. When these four stood grouped before Tinville and Dumas, they were immediately sentenced to the guillotine. "My kind father," said the devoted daughter, "I shall keep so close to you, who are so honest and so good, that for your sake God will receive me notwithstanding all my sins." She cut off the hair of her parents and brother, to prepare them for the scaffold, and then her brother performed for her the same affecting office. On the tumbril she sustained her fainting mother with cheering words. "Be of good courage," she said; "we shall all die together."

M. de Boyer and his betrothed were in the same prison. Boyer was sentenced to death, parted with his devoted companion, and perished. Outwardly calm, she resolved not to outlive her butchered lover. She wrote a letter to Fouquier-Tinville, full of such fervent expressions of Royalism and hatred of the Republic, that she was, on its being read, dragged without delay before the Revolutionary Tribunal. "Did you write that letter?" inquired the stern Public Prosecutor, "in which you acknowledge the son of the

tyrant for your King?" "Yes, monster!" she replied passionately. As that afternoon they bound her to the horrible plank of the guillotine she only smiled and said softly, "It was here that he perished."

A foreign Princess, associated with many trembling victims on the way to death, said: "I go calmly to the block because I am innocent." She comforted her weeping companions. "Take courage, my dear friends," she said, "It is the guilty alone who ought to fear."

The six weeks from the middle of June to the last of July, like weeks and months before in this awful reign of blood, were marked with innumerable victims from every rank and profession.

General Dampierre had been slain in the varying battles of the Republic against the Duke of York and his English, and with the Prince of Coburg and the Austrians in the Netherlands. General Houchard had succeeded to his command. The allies bombarded Valenciennes under circumstances of terrible atrocity, and captured that city and also Condé. In the campaign of 1793, General Houchard gathered his army, reinforced by new levies, fought valiantly at Dunkirk, and while lacking military judgment in some maneuvers, was successful in others. But he did not satisfy the sanguinary Commune. He was arrested while at the head of his soldiers. He was sent to Paris, and was immediately beheaded.

During this period of constant murder, General Hoche was dragged from the Army of the Rhine, and only the fall of Robespierre prevented the execution of an officer who was almost equal to Bonaparte in military capacity.

The fate of Condorcet, the philosopher, was lamentable. He had escaped from Paris, but he endured so much misery that he endeavored to return, vainly hoping to find a safe concealment. He was discovered in an inn by the whiteness of his hands, and was arrested. In his cell in prison he found opportunity to swallow a subtle poison which he always carried about his person, and instantly fell dead.

The name, the relationship, the acts of the relatives of a man, caused him also to ascend the fatal scaffold. Such monstrous perversions of justice as were now common every day in the Revolutionary Tribunal of Paris have hardly a parallel in history. We must look to Alva and his "bloody court" for anything that approaches them. We can alone



LOIZEROLLES GIVING HIMSELF TO DEATH TO SAVE HIS SON, PRISON OF ST. LAZARE,
JULY 26, 1794.

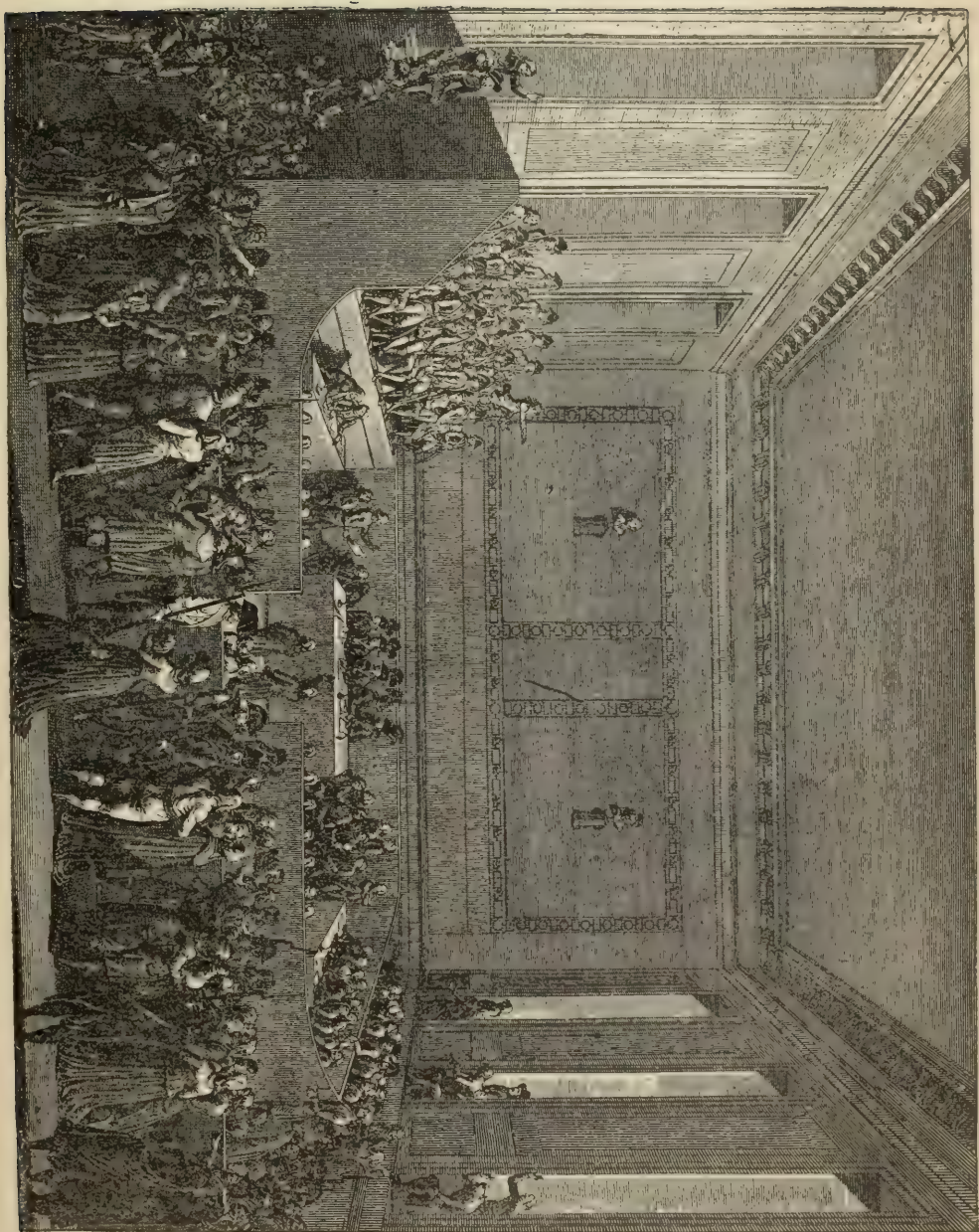
find in the butcheries of the *papal* ruffians a parallel to the butcheries of the *infidel* ruffians. Men have been dragged to death by the thousands by fanatical votaries of the cross, but in obscenities and vileness the crimes of the infidels of Paris were unique. One man died because he had not adored Marat ; another because he had not shown sufficient sorrow over a Republican defeat ; one was killed because he had not hissed Danton ; another for condoning the excesses of Hébert.

Men were slain for having emigrated and returned, and for not having emigrated ; one person as penurious, another as prodigal. Wives were beheaded for not rejoicing at the executions of their husbands or children ; and human beings for *weeping* over the slaughter of their dearest relatives. All that Suetonius records of the insane cruelties of Caligula were surpassed by the Jacobins of Paris, and would be reproduced in our own beloved land had infidel anarchists the power.

The holiest ties of humanity and the purest affections of the heart were assailed, because they were manifested for dear ones under the death sentence. From such accusations and from the constantly repeated charges of conspiracies in the prisons, a host of innocent persons, who were of the noblest blood of France, died in a few weeks. Magistrates, nobles, ladies, soldiers, scholars, lawyers, men of all ranks and degrees of wealth, of all industrial or commercial pursuits, were crowded into tumbrils and dragged day by day to cruel execution. The ancient and proud names of France, the Montmorencies, the Noailles, the Maileys, the Rochefoucaulds, the Montalemberts, the Sombreuls, the Rohans and Condés, all had perfectly innocent representatives, who died under the guillotine of the Barrier de Trône. These facts the infidel anarchists of this day may receive with wincing, but the author appeals to historic truth.

Paris, freed from the terror of invasion by the victories of the French armies in 1794, became in July thoroughly palled with bloodshed. Clement ideas began to prevail. Doors began to be shut while the doomed ones passed by, and windows were closed ; and in many forms a sullen hatred of the 'Terror' came to be more and more manifest.

Robespierre had become acquainted with a family resid-



THE REVOLUTIONARY TRIBUNAL TRYING VICTIMS, JULY, 1794.

ing in one of the aristocratic mansions kept open in Paris, by the name of St. Amaranth. At the same time, early in July, 1794, a semi-insane woman named Catherine Theos, and her companion Dom Gerle, annoyed the tyrant by pretending to hold services and to erect altars to him, as a heathen would erect them to a deity.

This insanity became known to the enemies of Robespierre. Delighted by the news, they spread it assiduously among the members of the Convention, accused the Dictator of seeking to be a pontiff as well as a monarch, and cast ridicule on that hitherto terrible name.

Catherine Theos and Dom Gerle were arrested and cast into prison by the Committee, now in its majority inimical to Robespierre.

Cecile Renault, a young girl, sought to interview Robespierre, but a knife was discovered in the basket which she carried and she was immediately seized and accused of designing to assassinate the Dictator. She protested her innocence, declaring that she only "wished to see how a tyrant might look." These rash words sealed her fate.

Meantime, in order to secretly strike at the Dictator, and cover him with new opprobrium, the Committee arrested as traitors, conspirators, and aristocrats, Madame St. Amaranth, her son, her son-in-law Sartines, and her daughter. All these, with the friends of Catharine Theos, with Cecile Renault and her relatives, and many others, strangers the one to the other, were mingled in one indictment of conspiracy, brought before the Revolutionary Tribunal, and to the number of sixty-two condemned to death! They were clothed in red robes, and their progress through the streets was an affecting spectacle. "You desired," said a victim, addressing himself to Cecile Renault, "to see one tyrant. Look around and behold a thousand." Sartines saw his mother-in-law, yet in her full matronly beauty, his adored wife, and his brother-in-law, loved as a son, all beheaded in his sight, and at length, half dead with grief and terror, his own turn came. This frightful execution lasted an hour and a half, and the whole sixty-two victims perished!

Robespierre winced under the charge of these horrible decimations; but made no sign, and silently prepared for the inevitable conflict between himself and his enemies, which he now saw was to be a matter of life and death.

The reader becomes wearied and disgusted at this eternal monotony and horror of slaughter, and the writer shares his emotions. But there are solemn duties to be performed. These horrors were atheistic horrors. They were wrought by man, when destitute of real Christianity—be his mask religion, or his open avowal infidelity. Any society left defenceless to the meanness, lust, ambition, and spite, the cruelty and wickedness of fallen human nature, would suffer from the same horrors.

To plainly exhibit to the reader the horrible downward dynamics of this infidel Red Revolution, we give, from Crocker, the following statistics of the executions in Paris alone, commencing with January, 1794, and placing in the background all the massacres and butcheries perpetrated before that time :

In January, 1794, 83 were guillotined.

In February, 75 met death. Mostly innocent persons.

In March, 123; including the Hébertists and others.

In April, 264, including Danton and his friends.

In May, 324, including the Princess Elizabeth.

In June, 672 ; an astounding number !

In July, *not* including Robespierre or his agents, 843 !
A still more terrible slaughter.

Not one in fifty was guilty of any crime. It was sheer, cruel, infidel murder !! In *two months* from the first of June, 1794, until the 28th of July, fifteen hundred and fifteen human beings were beheaded in Paris, and if we go back to January 1, 1794, over two thousand heads fell. This butchery was in addition to all those *noyades*, executions, and massacres, taking place throughout France, including battles, which in two years destroyed a *million* of the French people alone.

But this period of murder was now happily drawing to a close. Robespierre began to receive many terrible, yet secret threats. "You live yet, tyrant, but you shall soon die," wrote one. "My eyes are upon you. Wherever you go I shall follow you to strike you," was in a second epistle. Another letter read : "Tremble, tyrant, you shall not escape. Hide where you may, surround yourself with all your myrmidons, this dagger shall surely reach your heart."

The enemies of Robespierre plotted yet more vigorously. All those who were endangered, all who believed they were on Robespierre's secret list to be destroyed, united in a

purpose to conquer the Dictator or perish. Billaud-Varennes, Collot d'Herbois, Tallien, Legendre, Barras, and others, met constantly in secret, and arranged for defense as well as assault.

Abroad France was stigmatized as Robespierre's land, the soldiers as Robespierre's troops, the government as Robespierre's satellites.

That hateful name began to represent everything bloody, shameful, and wicked, to France as well as to the world.

The men who proposed to overthrow Robespierre were astute, crafty, and cautious ; recognizing fully how formidable was still the power of the Dictator.

They were not animated by humane sentiments like the Dantonists, but by a reckless determination to save themselves. They knew that the time was close at hand, when either they or their enemies must perish. They were marked men ; but many of them were as much steeped in crime as the man whom they proposed to destroy. Collot d'Herbois was ensanguined with the blood of the Royalists whom he had so mercilessly butchered in Lyons. Tallien had, with fiendish tyranny, slain hundreds of the purest, wealthiest, and best of the citizens of Bordeaux. But by a romantic love he was now transformed into an enemy of that Terror which he had formerly so vigorously enforced. While he was Proconsul at Bordeaux, there lived in that city, as we have already intimated, a beautiful lady named Teresa Carabbus. She was Spanish by birth, and of magnificent beauty. Her manners were bewitching and fascinating, in the highest degree. Tallien saw her, loved her, and became her slave. She was a kind and clement woman and abhorred bloodshed. She employed the influence she had acquired over the terrible Proconsul to assuage the terror paralyzing the city. She saved many lives, and was blessed by the people. Tallien, led by her gentle and merciful hand, turned from his sanguinary career ; and the executions languished, and finally almost ceased. When the Proconsul returned to Paris and Madame Carabbus followed him, Robespierre was not blind to the change in Tallien, and its cause ; and while he secretly marked him for destruction, he caused Madame Carabbus to be arrested, and confined in the prison of the Carmes.

Tallien, a man devoted by the cruel tyrants of France to destruction, became aroused and desperate, when he learned of the arrest of the woman whom he so devotedly loved.

Spurred on, it is said, by a letter from Madame Carabbus, in which she declared she was doomed if he did not instantly act, Tallien immediately joined with the other plotters against the government of Robespierre, Couthon and St. Just, and prepared for decisive action.

In the prison of the Carmes was also Josephine Beauharnais ; she was designed to be destroyed by the cruel Jacobins, and three days before the execution of Robespierre, the jailor sullenly entered her room, and removed her bed. Madame Carabbus, who had become her fellow-prisoner and intimate friend, wept. The jailor answered the remonstrance of Josephine, by declaring she would have no more use for a bed. " You are to go to the Conciergerie in a day or two," he growled, " and from there to the guillotine." Josephine smiled when he had departed. " I shall not perish," she said confidentially ; " I shall live and become Queen of France, and then you shall be my maid of honor." Her companion wept the more ; supposing that the shock and terror had driven the beautiful Creole insane. Josephine based her remarks upon an experience in her early life, while dwelling as a maiden in the island of Martinique. An aged negress one day took her hand and traced her fortune. She had told Josephine that she would be married twice ; become greater than a Queen ; and die in a hospital. History reveals how great was her Imperial grandeur as the wife of the mighty Napoleon, and the palace of Malmaison, where she expired on May 3d, 1814, was once a hospital.

Only a few days before the fall of Robespierre, her imprisoned husband was led to death. He ascended the scaffold with courage, and died with the heart of a patriot and soldier. Among those who went to the guillotine on the last day of the Terror, July 27th, 1794, was the gifted poet André Chenier, whom Parnassus and France will ever mourn. " I had something here," he said, striking his forehead as the executioner seized him.

Vital events were now to take place, and the conflict between Robespierre and the Committee and Convention could no longer be postponed.

CHAPTER XLVII.

THE FALL OF ROBESPIERRE AND END OF THE TERROR.

ROBESPIERRE, ever since the celebration of the festival of the Supreme Being, had become more and more morose and secluded.

He was, however, as yet the undisputed head of a triumvirate which governed and terrorized France. Couthon and St. Just were united with him, and were his obedient servants. The Jacobin Club was his devoted slave. The Commune of Paris almost unanimously rallied to support his cause; Henriot, the commander of the sections, constantly eulogized him; and the Revolutionary Tribunal was packed with creatures of his own selection. Such a despotism, so concentrated and so formidable, so bloody, and so terrible, Europe had never before witnessed, and its menaces might appall the stoutest hearts.

The forces of the antagonists of Robespierre numbered the energetic and dreadful Committee of Public Safety and the equally strong Committee of General Security, both of which committees held their sessions near the Convention, and in wings of the palace of the Tuileries. The Convention, whose hall was in the center of the chateau, yet cowered under past recollections, but had among its numbers strong and defiant men, like Tallien and Barrere, Barras and Billaud-Varennnes, who were resolved to conquer or to perish.

The whole of the *Jacobins of the Convention*, who must be clearly distinguished from the *Jacobins of Paris*, and who were known as the Mountain, formerly so devoted to Robespierre, when he and Danton were friends, but now soured and alienated by the execution of their great leader, only waited the moment of revenge on his murderers. France was thoroughly tired of the Terror. Any body of men who were the enemies of Robespierre were in the minds of the myriad prisoners of Paris and the departments from that

very fact friends of clemency. Victory over foreign foes had brought mercy to the hearts of the French people.

Trembling and praying, the afflicted families of the city whispered the hope that Robespierre might possibly be destroyed. Yet so tremendous was the power of the Dictator even then, that to attack him seemed to many like leading a forlorn hope in battle.

On the 26th of July, 1794, or the 7th Thermidor as it is called, the decisive struggle commenced. The Convention assembled in silence, but with a profound secret agitation of mind and heart. The long spell of Robespierre's terror yet froze many of the deputies. All were uncertain of the future, and many feared that destruction alone would be the result of any antagonism against the will of the Dictator. Tallien, Billaud, Barras, Collot, all were silent, stern, and sombre, as men well might be who were pre-occupied with preparations for a death struggle. They spake to each other but little. The Convention, the Commune, the Committees, Paris, France, the whole of Europe, might have been said to have fixed a glance of hate, or hope, upon Robespierre and his enemies in this supreme hour.

When Robespierre left the abode of Duplay to proceed to the Convention, he appeared more disturbed than usual. "You are about to incur a great danger," said Duplay. "Pray be accompanied by armed friends." "No," answered the confident Robespierre proudly, "I am protected by my name. The bulk of the Convention are pure, and they will support me."

The Dictator was attired in the same elegant costume which he wore during the fête of Reason, a sky-blue coat, spotless ruffled linen, and nankeen vest and breeches. His adherents, St. Just, David the painter, and Couthon, had preceded him to the Assembly.

Robespierre entered the Convention pale and calm, and quietly took his seat. Presently he arose, and with a haughty air of self-conscious superiority he advanced to the Tribune, and surveying the silent Convention with an assured glance, prophetic, as he believed, of coming victory, he stood for a moment, his white, sharp features displaying unusual but repressed excitement, and then in a firm voice, gazing upon the deputies while he spoke, he commenced his last oration.

"Citizens," said Robespierre austerely, little imagining

what was soon to follow, "others may flatter, it is for me to tell the truth." He here entered into an elaborate defense of the past; described the dangers of the state from the Hébertists and Dantonists, and how that peril had been overcome by himself. He declared emphatically that the Commune had never menaced the Mountain.

"They call me tyrant," he said passionately. "If I was so they would grovel at my feet. I would gorge them with gold. Tyranny is attained by the assistance of plunderers. Who am I that they accuse? A slave of liberty, a living martyr of the Republic, the victim as much as the enemy of crime. All men of infamy insult me. The most indifferent, the most legitimate actions, on the part of others, are considered in *me* crimes. A man is calumniated from the moment that he knows me. When the victims of their perversity complained, they laid the responsibility on me. 'It is Robespierre who desires it, we are helpless.'

"They charge me with all their iniquities, with all the wrongs of fortune, and all the severity rendered requisite for the safety of the country. They say to the nobles, 'It is Robespierre alone who prosecutes you'; at the same time to the patriots they declare, 'Robespierre desires to save the nobles.' To the persecuted patriots, 'It is Robespierre's work.' To the prisoners they say, 'Your fate depends on him alone.' In the place where the enemies of their country expiate their crimes, they affirm as the axe falls, 'Behold the unhappy condemned. Who causes this blood? It is Robespierre.'" Becoming infuriated as he seemed to recount his wrongs, Robespierre charged upon his enemies that the work of the Tribunal, the recall of generals, the prejudices of the deputies, all were laid upon him. "I declare to you," he said, "that we walk upon a volcano." He next assaulted with every form of invective the deputies who had leagued themselves against him. He constantly and defiantly explained and tried to demonstrate his own virtues, and closed with the threatening exclamation: "Let us defend the people; let us expel the traitors, and let them hasten to the scaffold, conducted by the crimes which they have committed."

A dead silence succeeded this speech. The Convention again seemed paralyzed by that denunciating and terrible voice. At length a single member—an obscure deputy by the name of Lacointre—broke, with his trembling voice,

the awful stillness. "I demand," he said, "that the speech of Robespierre be printed." If this motion should be carried, then the Convention, by that act, would adopt the speech as its own sentiments, and authoritatively send it before the people.

At this moment Bourdon de l'Oise arose. He knew the deep hatred of Robespierre toward himself, and that he was upon the Dictator's secret list of those whom he destined to perish. His danger made him calm and firm. "I oppose," he said, "the motion for the printing of Robespierre's speech at this time. It is so important that it should be thoroughly examined. Many things contained in it may not be true. It should be referred to the Committees of Public Safety and General Security for examination." Let the reader understand that these committees were now the most decided and deadly enemies of Robespierre. It was a bold step to move to commit a speech of the Dictator to these hostile bodies. The Convention was silent, and made no opposition. Robespierre was astounded. He heard the proposition with the most intense amazement, and at once saw the abysmal depth of his fall from power, which yawned before him. He tried to measure it, but its dark recesses of concealed hate and revenge were bottomless. A few days before, the mover of such a proposition would without delay have been sent to the guillotine.

Barrere, the Belial of the Republic (an incarnation of selfishness and conceit, worthy the able invectives of Lord Macaulay), was in his seat. With customary duplicity he proposed to play a double part. It is said that at that moment Barrere had in his pocket two entirely *different* speeches—the one full of abject eulogies of Robespierre, and to be used in the event of his triumph,—the other bristling with the sternest anathemas and denunciations. We do not affirm that this report is true, but it is expressive, in its very existence, of the popular estimate of Barrere.

At this moment, with wily words, he supported the printing of the speech. His language was artful and flattering, when he addressed himself to Robespierre.

After some agitated debate the printing of the address was finally voted, and that by a large majority. But the enemies of Robespierre were now in too deadly a peril to hesitate. To abandon at this stage the victory to the tyrant was for all of them to ascend the scaffold before a

week had passed. They could only die, and if they must they resolved to perish fighting to the last. The stern Dictator had his bloody finger upon their names, and *that finger* had always meant *death*. They rallied at once with a tremendous and terrible sense of common danger. They resolved to make a desperate struggle.

"It is no longer time to dissemble," cried the fearless Chambon, springing from his seat and rushing to the tribune. "One man alone *paralyzes* the whole National Convention, and his name is Robespierre." Robespierre, yet more astounded, made some apologies to Chambon, and endeavored, in a conciliatory and retracting way, to restore his lost prestige. But it was too late.

The horrified and desperate Convention was about to rend its chains. Its paralysis of terror departed. "We must pull off the mask from any countenance upon which it is placed," cried Billaud-Varennes. "I would rather that my body served as the footstool to the tyrant, than be silent now, and become an accomplice of this despot," and then in a voice of thunder he added "this Robespierre." He was followed by the usually phlegmatic Vadier, now red-hot with rage. "Robespierre," he fairly screamed, "not alone seeks to be a tyrant, but like the horrible Caligula of old, he wishes us to worship him as a prophet and demigod. Witness the confessions of Dom Gerle and that fanatic who long since should have been slain, Catherine Theos. It is Robespierre who protects these slaves of his from the guillotine."

These brief and fervid words shook the Convention to its center. The intensity of feeling was increased by Panis accusing the Dictator of having *his* name on his secret list for slaughter. And now advanced the handsome, lithe, and determined Freron, a soldier, and a suitor for the hand of Caroline Bonaparte, then only a sister of the general of artillery, Napoleon Bonaparte. Freron was bright, strong, and brave. He had himself been a severe and murderous satellite of the Convention. His very name was a terror in some districts of oil and olive, of the deep green, sunny, and white-roaded south. But now Freron the terrible was the apostle of a new era, and of destruction to Robespierre. "We must," he cried, "break these chains; we must annul this action. I move two decrees: first, the annulment of the printing of Robespierre's speech, and second, the decree

which permits the legislators to be arrested." The Convention with a last shivering of terror annulled the printing of the speech, but yet quivered and hesitated as to the inviolability of its members.

The speech of Robespierre was ordered to be sent to the committees for criticism and examination. "That," yelled Robespierre, "is to hand it to my enemies." "Name them, name them," cried the Convention; but Robespierre, with a saturnine frown, sank into his seat, and became contemptuously silent.

It was a fatal mistake on his part. His spell of power and terror was yet upon the Convention. Those enemies were as much men of blood as himself. We recall again that Collot d'Herbois, his persistent enemy, was the butcher of Lyons. Tallien was the murderer of Bordeaux. Billaud was the executioner of many victims. These ruffians were only united to destroy Robespierre in order that they might save themselves from the guillotine. But had Robespierre clearly pointed out even then a ten, or a twenty, or a thirty of his enemies, and said, "These are the men whom I wish to feed the guillotine, and no more," as more than one historian affirms, it is doubtful whether they would not have been given up, as Octavius gave up Cicero to Antony, and Robespierre's power have been confirmed. Tremendous and terrible meanness and selfishness of depraved human nature when subjugated by fear! But it was not done, and each member might now fear that his own name was on the list of the savage and remorseless Robespierre for destruction.

Robespierre retired from the Convention, surprised and astounded at the resistance that his essentially egotistical and narrow mind could not appreciate. But he was an acute though limited man. He did not despair. *Revolutionary Paris was yet his own.*

He resolved to hasten to the Jacobins, whose club was not ten minutes' walk from the Tuileries, and there rouse his adherents. His entrance into that body was greeted with shouts of applause. His strength among these men and in the city made him hesitate to use the armed force. He had scruples of legality, and defects of will, which caused him sometimes to draw back in decisive moments. He again repeated his speech. It was heard with clamorous applause and with rage against the Convention. "It is my

last will and testament," said Robespierre, with a pathos assumed, or real. "No! no!" shouted the furious Jacobins, "you shall live, you shall not die, or we will die with you." "Yes," insisted Robespierre, with feigned resignation, "it is my last testament. I have seen to-day a league of scoundrels stronger than I. I cannot hope to escape them. I leave to you my memory. It will be held precious by you, and you will defend it."

The Jacobins were affected to tears. Coffinhal, David, Le Bas, and others sprang to their feet, and vehemently abjured Robespierre to defend his country. Henriot declared that he had yet sufficient cannons and force to compel the Convention to yield. "Well then," said Robespierre suddenly. "Yes; march—free the Convention from the wretches who oppress it. Restore liberty as you did on the 31st of May, and on the 2d of June. Advance, and save the country. If your efforts fail, you shall see me drink the hemlock." "Robespierre," cried David, afterwards the courtly painter of Napoleon's Empire, "If you drink the hemlock, I will drink it with you." "We will all perish!" cried a thousand Jacobins, "if you perish."

Collot d'Herbois was secretly present and watched these proceedings. He was discovered, but he escaped.

Couthon insisted on at once marching to the Tuileries, and after arresting the Committees of Public Safety and of General Security, to purge the Convention.

The armed force was ready with its stern cannoneers. Henriot its general was impatient to proceed, and the plot at that moment could have easily succeeded. The Convention were without troops as yet, or leader, or general, and could have been quickly overthrown.

But Robespierre hesitated. He could not be induced to consent to an insurrection, until all other means proved unavailing. He hated the march of armed bands. He believed that his eloquence, prestige, and moral power, as he termed it, would suffice to quell all his enemies. This illusion destroyed his last chance of success. Had Henriot marched at that moment upon the Convention, its members scattered, its committees embarrassed and unprepared, he would have triumphed, and Robespierre's power have been confirmed. So hard it is to overthrow the most blood-stained tyrant, in the citadel of his strength. But despite Robespierre's reluctance, Coffinhal and Payan resolved to

try the conclusion of arms. They hastened to Henriot, and that general promised to have his forces in readiness, if danger on the morrow should menace Robespierre.

The Convention was not idle. Though not in session, yet during the whole night its individual leaders were desperately active. Tallien and Collot d'Herbois, Freron and Barras, Billaud and Barrere, were busily engaged. Their effort was to unite *all* parties in the Convention for the overthrow of Robespierre; to name a new general for the National Guards, and to summon the armed forces of the loyal sections to their rescue. Their unremitting efforts succeeded. The Jacobins of the Mountain, Plain, and Marsh, as they were called, were finally united against the Dictator.

"Do not flatter yourselves," said Tallien to the small remnant of the Girondist party yet existing, "that the tyrant will spare you. You have committed an unpardonable offense in being freemen. Let us bury our ruinous divisions in oblivion. You weep for Vergniaud, and we weep for Danton. Let us be united, and rejoice their ghosts, by striking Robespierre."

The same fervent and crafty orator, thoroughly aroused to the danger of the position of himself and his coadjutors, hurried to the Jacobins of the Mountain. "Do you still live?" he said; "has the tyrant spared you this night? But your names are foremost upon his death list. If you do not take his head, in a few hours he will have yours. For two months you have shielded us from his treacherous strokes. You may now rely on our support and gratitude." The Jacobins of the Mountain at first resisted any coalition with those who had assisted Robespierre in the overthrow of their beloved leader, but at length, convinced of the pressing necessity of uniting all forces against the yet formidable power of Robespierre, the full coalition was finally made.

The morning of July 27, 1794, saw the whole Convention of every party united against the Dictator. The members were present in strength. "This day," said Tallien, "shall witness the triumph of freedom. This night Robespierre shall be no more." Such was his confidence and that of the Convention in their crowning triumph.

St. Just was the first of the adherents of Robespierre to appear. He was followed by the Dictator, who in silence

took his seat directly opposite the Tribune to intimidate, it is said, the speakers by that stern look and severe countenance which had hitherto never failed to make them tremble. But the wand of the bloody wizard was already broken. He could terrify the deputies no more. St. Just commenced the attack upon the Convention in a speech, in which, while he pretended to belong to no party, he strongly anathematized the deputies and eulogized Robespierre as the purest of patriots, the most self-sacrificing of statesmen, the most devoted of all men to liberty, and as the most peaceful and merciful. The Assembly heard these words with a bitter smile of incredulity. Tallien sprang to his feet. "Shall the speaker," he said, "forever arrogate to Robespierre and himself all virtue, and denounce and threaten the Convention? Shall he conjure up imaginary dangers to overawe our freedom? After the enigmatical expressions of the tyrant yesterday from the tribune, can it longer be doubted that St. Just will propose proscription and death? I will tear the veil!" he shouted in a loud and impassioned voice. Tallien then in fervid words recounted the meeting at the Jacobins the previous night, and the language Robespierre used, as to assaulting the Convention. He told of the violent speeches of the Jacobins; the orders to Henriot to gather his armed bands; the proscription of the deputies by the Triumvirate; and of Robespierre's purpose to exterminate all his enemies in the public body, and to assume over their remains an imperial power. He affirmed that the Dictator was about to slay the committees and cement his authority by their blood.

The Convention heard these words, shuddering, and arose in fury. The deputies glared at Robespierre with the courage and hate of desperate men. They shook their fists at him and cried, "We will not perish!" "I name as the leaders of this conspiracy," continued Tallien, "the atrocious Dumas, the bloody president of the Revolutionary Tribunal, and Henriot, the infamous commander of the armed forces of the section. Shall we overthrow tyrants and crouch before the most sanguinary of them all? The crimes of Robespierre are already in your hearts. Can any here deny the oppression and despotism of the tyrant? Tremble, tyrant!" he furiously continued, turning to Robespierre: "Tremble! See how with horror freemen shrink from your polluted presence. We enjoy your agony,

but public safety demands that it shall be brief. I swear," he cried, lifting high a dagger, in a theatrical but earnest manner, "that if the National Convention hesitates to decree the accusation of Robespierre, *I will myself stab him to the heart!*" He approached the Dictator. Robespierre shrank back pale and trembling. He was overwhelmed by the power of the tremendous invective of Tallien.

Amid tumultuous applause the Convention decreed the accusation and arrest of Henriot, Dumas, and their associates, and their own permanent sitting. "I move," cried an obscure deputy, "*the arrest of Robespierre.*" The liberated Convention passed the decree, amid frenzied shouts of applause.

Robespierre rushed to the tribune and endeavored to speak. The clamor of the deputies and the incessant noise of the President's bell drowned his voice. He gesticulated hoarsely and foamed at the mouth. He looked around the Convention and only met faces livid with hate or frozen with horror, as they surveyed him. "Down with the tyrant!" resounded on every side. In his despair Robespierre, like a hunted beast, rushed to the benches of the Girondists. "Retire from those benches," thundered the surviving members of that decimated party. "Vergniaud and Petion have sat there." Robespierre staggered in dismay to the Mountain. "Pure and virtuous citizens," he pleaded, "will you give me the liberty of speech which those assassins refuse?" There was no reply. He again rushed to the tribune. He gnashed his teeth, his eyes rolled in desperation, his face was livid, and the foam fell from his lips. "For the last time," he yelled, "President of assassins, will you permit me to speak."

The scene now became fearful in its intensity and uproar. "How hard it is," cried Tallien, "for a tyrant to die! Wretch," exclaimed a voice from the Jacobins of the Mountain, "you are choked with the blood of Danton!" "Ah," answered the exhausted Robespierre, "You would avenge Danton. Cowards, why did you not defend him?" "Liberty is about to be restored," cried Billaud-Vareennes. Robespierre became more calm. "Say, rather," he replied, "that crime is about to be victorious."

Robespierre's younger brother generously, and with fraternal devotion, demanded to be included in his brother's proscription. "If he is guilty," he said, "I am guilty also."

His wish was granted. The whole company of Robespierre and his satellites were brought to the bar of the Convention, and were afterwards conducted to imprisonment.

It was now five o'clock in the afternoon.

Worn and exhausted, and sorely needing physical refreshment, the Assembly imprudently adjourned for two hours, to meet again at seven o'clock. It was a mistake to do so during this tremendous crisis, and came near ruining all their plans, nullifying their success, and giving the victory to Robespierre.

During these exciting events, a large body of Jacobins had assembled at the Hôtel de Ville, the seat of the power of the Commune. Henriot was present, when the astounding news was brought to them that Robespierre and his party were totally defeated in the Convention and were under arrest. The Commune was at first stupefied, but it soon recovered its courage and resolution. Robespierre's friends instantly resolved on an insurrection, and the deliverance of their adored leader. The tocsins were sounded; the Jacobin Club declared its sitting permanent, and rapid communication was established between the two great centers of revolt, the Jacobin Hall near the Tuileries and the Hôtel de Ville a mile east. Henriot was ordered to endeavor to arouse the Faubourgs of St. Antoine and St. Marceau.

At the head of his hussars Henriot dashed along the quays toward St. Antoine, crying, "To arms, citizens, to arms! Save the country." As he rode on, half-intoxicated and waving his sabre furiously, he saw approaching the tumbrils which were filled with their imploring victims, on the way to the guillotine. Sixty persons were in the carts. Men were there in agony. Women were there writhing in their bonds, weeping, shrieking, and imploring rescue. The people were roused. Pity filled their hearts. They had stopped the carts and they clamored for pardon for the condemned. Tidings of Robespierre's fall had reached them, and they pressed around the tumbrils in a desperate effort to save the victims. But the ferocious and bloodthirsty Henriot dashed up. He forced his way, with his cavalry, through the surging mass, and yelling to the drivers and cursing them, he commanded them to proceed. A loud wail arose from the tumbrils. Amid the most terrible cries, the procession moved on. It reached the guillotine, and the stern general saw every head fall, before he left the place of car-



THE LAST VICTIMS OF THE REIGN OF TERROR, JULY 27, 1794

nage. Among those who then perished was the young and gifted poet André Chenier.

Henriot proceeded upon his mission. But the Convention had also sent agents into the Faubourgs. The people turned away, indifferently and horror-struck, from Henriot's appeals. As he rode on, suddenly the Commissioners of the Convention encountered him. "Hussars," they shouted, "arrest that ruffian! The Convention has proscribed him." The cavalry obeyed. They arrested and bound their general and conveyed him to the Tuileries. There he was incarcerated in one of its rooms, near the Committee of Public Safety.

Robespierre had been sent to several prisons, and refused reception. Finally he was placed in the Conciergerie. At the time when the Convention suspended its session for two hours, the Commune heard of the rash act, and determined to profit by it. Tidings of events were conveyed with telegraphic rapidity. They resolved to rescue Robespierre. A detachment of soldiers was sent to the prison. Robespierre was brought forth in triumph, and conducted, amid applause, to the Hôtel de Ville. There he found himself surrounded by his most devoted partisans. Coffinhal hurried at the head of two hundred cannoneers to liberate Henriot. These troops, as soon as they reached the Carrousel, dispersed the guards of the Convention stationed at its gates, entered the wing of the palace where Henriot was a prisoner, unchained and delivered him, and carried him off to the Hôtel de Ville. All these stirring events transpired between five and seven o'clock in the evening.

The Convention, now thoroughly alive to the gravity of its mistake, rushed to its hall. The terrible tidings of the insurrection at the Hôtel de Ville, the liberation of Henriot and Robespierre, and the sounding of the tocsins for revolt, met its startled ears.

In the midst of the confusion produced by these tidings, the members of the committees, who had been driven by Coffinhal's cannoneers from their rooms, hurried in among the legislators, breathless with agitation. They declared, with the exaggeration of excitement, that the armed bands of Henriot were surrounding the National Palace.

The agitation was at its height, when Amar entered, and asserted that the terrible cannoneers of Coffinhal were pointing their pieces against the walls of the Convention.

"Citizens," said Collot d'Herbois, covering his face with his robe, "the hour has arrived to die at our posts." "We are ready to die, all of us!" was the sublime answer of exalted purpose, from the deputies.

The Convention arose to the necessities of the crisis. It declared Robespierre, and all his aiders and abettors, *outlawed*. It appointed Barras General of the National Guards, deposing Henriot from that command. It sent deputies into all sections of the city to beat the *generale*, and to summon the trusty National troops to arms. These heroic messengers went faithfully and fearlessly into every part of Paris. In the sections faithful to the Commune, the insolent answer was returned, "We will come to your bar, but at the head of the insurgent people."

The cannoneers brought by Coffinhal had been left in the Carrousel. Henriot hastened to induce them to open fire on the Legislative Hall. It was a fearful crisis. Had they obeyed, the Convention would have perished before its rescuing forces could have arrived. But with a lingering respect for the representatives of the people, the cannoneers refused to fire. They limbered up their guns, forsook the Carrousel, and departed, followed by the reluctant and not yet sobered Henriot, to the Hôtel de Ville. There they placed their guns in front of the palace of the people.

Time was needed to save the Convention, to bring its forces together, and to march on the insurgents. Entire Paris was now in great uproar and confusion.

Night had fallen, and conflicting forces passed each other in the dimly lighted streets. A new moon was in the sky. The tocsins of the Commune sounded from all the steeples of Paris, while the drums of the Convention summoned its defenders to its rescue. Cries of "Vive la Convention!" were heard from some columns, and those of "Vive la Commune!" from others. Cannons by torchlight rolled toward the Hôtel de Ville, and infantry hurried on toward the Tuileries to save the Convention.

The news of Robespierre's arrest had reached many sections, as the drums of the Convention were beating in their streets. The emissaries of the Commune were first on the ground, but obtained no recruits. When the tidings of the fall of the Dictator reached those sections which he had ravaged the most by his tyranny, women, old men, and children timidly issued forth. They gathered around the

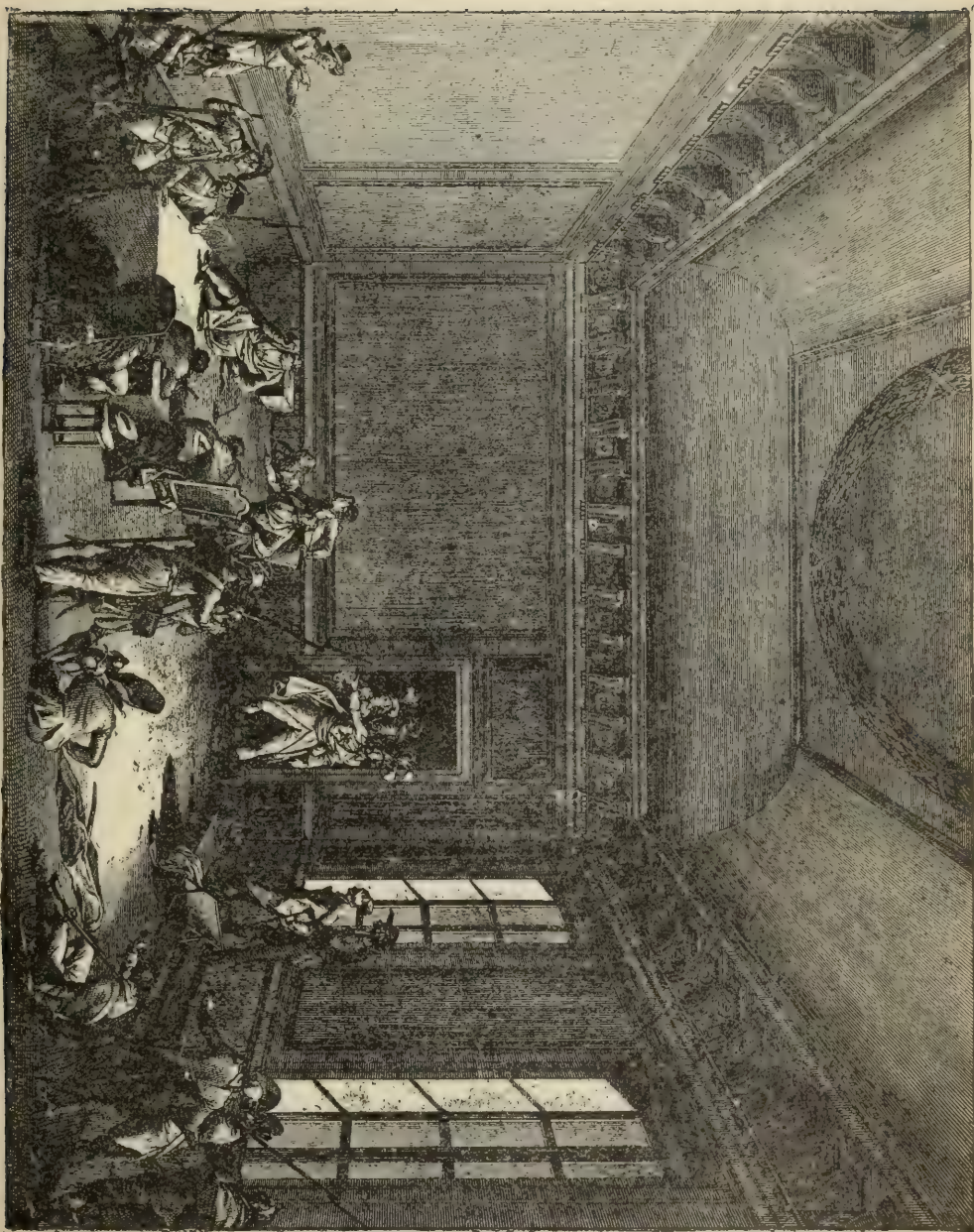
assembling National Guards. They wept ; they besought them to march to the Convention, and assist in the destruction of a monster whose death meant life to all whom they loved, and whose bloody guillotine hung over the devoted heads of their imprisoned friends and relatives.

All these different and affecting influences were moving the troops, and large bodies of infantry now began to march by torchlight toward the Tuileries. Their ranks were constantly and rapidly increased as they moved forward. In serried array and with gleaming bayonets three thousand loyal National Guards entered the Carrousel. Barras appeared, and assumed command. The soldiers greeted him with loud cries of " Long live the Convention ! Down with the Commune and Robespierre ! "

Barras gave the immediate command of this force to Leonard Bourdon. " The moments are precious," cried Freron, " the time for action has arrived. Let us march this moment, soldiers, against the rebels ! Let us summon them in the name of the Convention to deliver up the traitors ! and if they refuse let us level the Hôtel de Ville with the dust ! Let not the rising sun shine on one conspirator alive ! " A few cannons, and a few National Guards, whose numbers were now constantly augmented, were left to guard the Convention against any possible surprise. The drums beat and the column of Liberty set forth. The feeble moonlight dimly silvered their bayonets. They were twenty-five hundred strong. In close column, and gaining in numbers as they proceeded, they marched along the quays and on to the Hôtel de Ville. The Faubourg St. Antoine, the former great resource of the Commune, had now failed the conspirators. It remained quiet, cold, and sullen. " What," it said, " has that Robespierre done for us ? We are starved ! Does he think that like cannibals we can feed on the blood and dead bodies of the innocents he has slain ? He has done nothing for us, and we will do nothing for him ! "

The troops which had entered the great square of the Hôtel de Ville, called the Place de la Grève, in order that they might aid the Commune, were dismayed and discouraged when they saw no reinforcements coming to their support. When the distant drums of the approaching Conventional Army were heard, they began in sullen silence to retreat. Some dispersed to their homes, but others awaited

CAPTURE OF ROBESPIERRE, JULY 27, 1794.



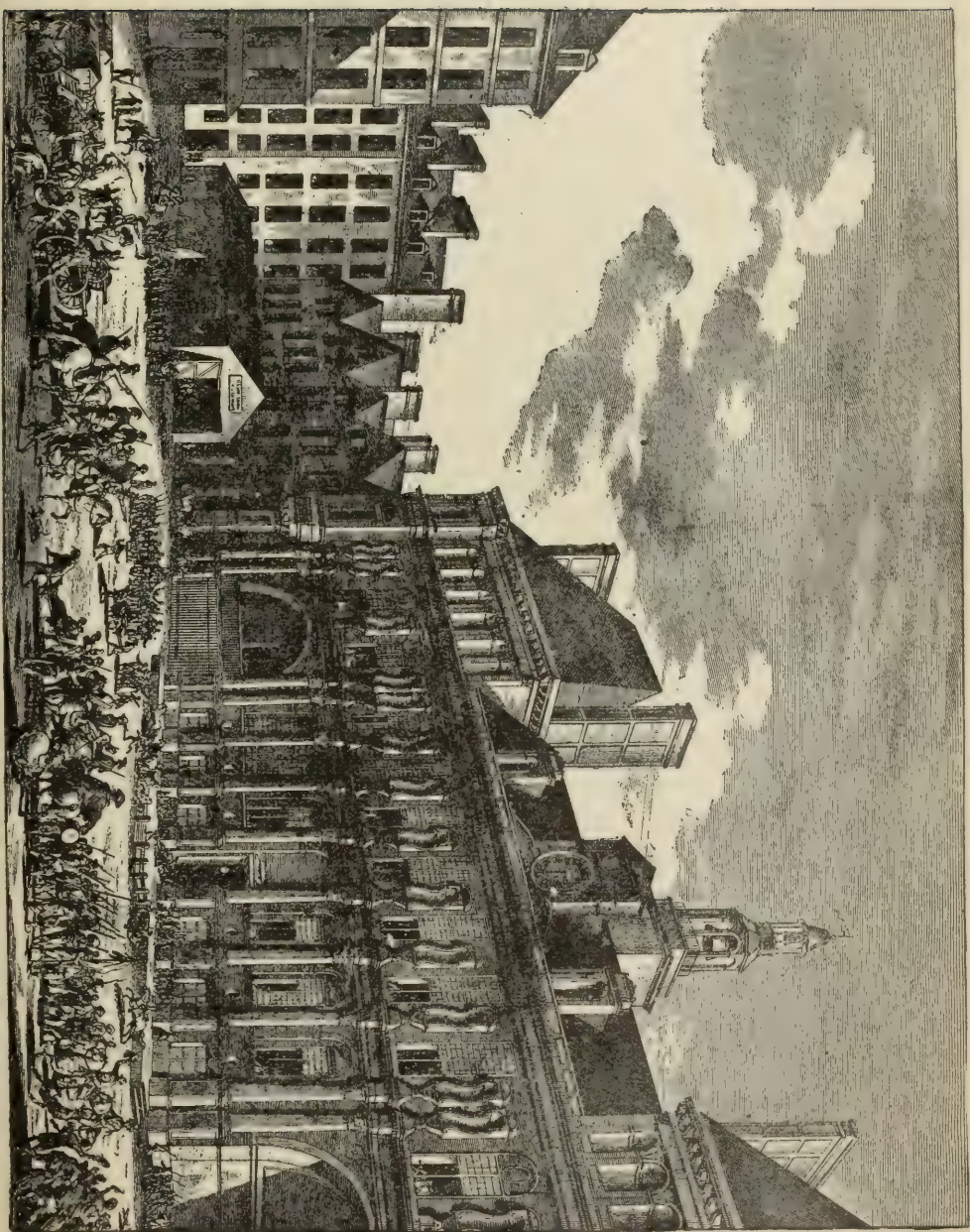
the forces of Bourdon, and raising their muskets in the air, and crying "Vive la Convention!" they united with the head columns of the approaching battalions, which began now to appear in great strength.

In the People's Palace the greatest confusion and dismay existed. The defection of St. Antoine had chilled all the rebels with despair. And now Leonard Bourdon with his troops surrounded the Hôtel de Ville. The deputy Payan approached the cannoneers of the Commune, and read to them the decree of the Convention. Those grim soldiers were standing with lighted matches by their guns. They were greatly agitated. As the forces of Bourdon began to fill the open space of the Place de la Grève, the cannoneers saw the futility of any further resistance. They immediately blew out their matches, limbered up their guns, and, while some retreated to their homes in sullen silence, others ranged themselves in the ranks of the conquerors and united their applauding cries of "Vive la Convention!" with those of the army of the Liberators.

The victory was complete. The drunken Henriot staggered down the marble steps of the Hôtel de Ville. He saw the cannoneers dispersing. "What," he cried, "did those rascally fellows rescue me a few hours ago, only to desert me now?" He returned somewhat sobered to his excited coadjutors above. All was indeed lost, for Robespierre and his murderous crew. Coffinhal furiously seized Henriot and threw him headlong out of a window down upon some refuse below. "Lie there, wretched drunkard!" he yelled. Le Bas placed a pistol to his heart, fired, and fell dead.

Robespierre endeavored to commit suicide, but only succeeded in shattering his jaw in a most frightful manner. He fell over, that man of blood, choked by his gore. The Christian gazes at him shudderingly, and says: "With what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again." "The bloody and cruel man shall not live out half of his days." Directed by the firing, the soldiers of the Convention rushed up into the room, led by a gen-d'arme named Meda, and for a moment started back at the horrible spectacle which presented itself.

Robespierre's young brother had leaped from a window, but had only broken a limb, and lay groaning below. The dead body of Le Bas was stretched upon the blood-stained



ROBESPIERRE BEING CARRIED BEFORE THE COMMITTEE OF PUBLIC SECURITY, JULY 28, 1794.

floor. Robespierre appeared insensible. St. Just stood proud, beautiful, and calm. The paralyzed Couthon had fallen under a table. Coffinhal had disappeared, but was captured a few days afterward.

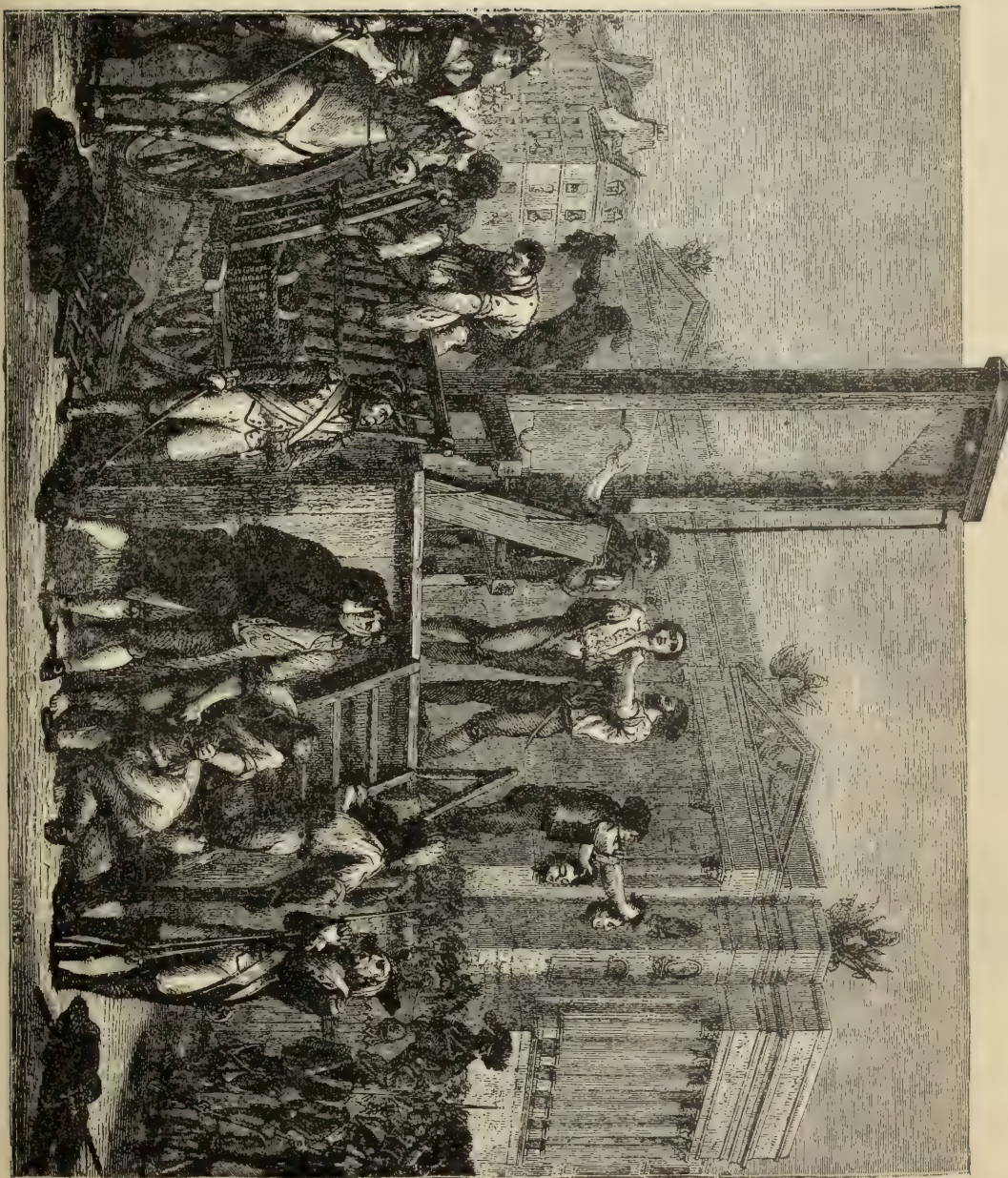
Robespierre was laid on a table, a pile of books was placed under his head, and a sponge and vinegar were brought to his side. He lay silent, dim-eyed, a horrid spectacle, his elegant attire spattered with blood. From time to time, with a feeble hand and with the sponge and vinegar he wiped his shattered jaw. A surgeon presently came and bound up his face, but his misery was extreme. The morning dawned, and a crowd pressed in. Robespierre was treated, not as a human being, but as a ferocious and frightful wild beast, wounded, and soon to perish. The wives, the husbands, the children of his many victims came thronging to gloat over his fall. They abused him, shook their fists in his face, and poured into the deafening ears of the suffering tyrant the most bitter curses. The soldiers pointed him out to strangers and joined in the invectives.

"Ha, ha, tyrant!" cried Legendre as he gazed upon him, "yesterday the Republic did not suffice thee, and now this table will do." Robespierre remained, his eyes closed, in seeming calmness or insensibility.

About ten o'clock he was carried to the Convention. That body with a shudder of disgust refused to see him. They commanded that the Dictator and his adherents should be brought before the Revolutionary Tribunal with instant despatch. It was done.

The dreadful court was filled with his creatures, and yesterday his word there was law, as of an emperor. The infamous judges gazed upon him without any apparent emotion. Fouquier seemed to betray no feelings, and the Tribunal sentenced Robespierre and his adherents to instant execution. Dumas, its late terrible President, it condemned as readily as the rest.

They were shorn and bound, and at four o'clock in the afternoon of July 28th they were driven like beasts to the tumbrils—twenty-six in all. The frightful catalogue of this batch as given in the *Moniteurs* exhibits some of the most blood-stained wretches of the Revolution. Robespierre was there, bound, his head bloody and bandaged. There also was his brother, half insensible. He lay upon the floor of the death-cart. Simon, the torturer of the little



THE EXECUTION OF ROBESPIERRE AND HIS COMPANIONS, JULY 28, 1794.

Dauphin in the Temple ; St. Just, erect, straight, bound, a fanatic in sincerity and insensible to all human pity, but of magnificent personal beauty ; Henriot, covered with filth, and Couthon, all were in those death-tumbrils of the Revolution. The dismal cortège set out. The streets of Paris were crowded as they had never been before, with almost the whole population of the capital. The great multitudes were filled with fury, and yet elated by extravagant joy. All the Rue St. Honore was thronged with an excited mass of rejoicing men and women, who sang, and anathematized, and danced in a delirium of rapture around the tumbrils containing the hated tyrant and his gang.

A woman followed the cart in which Robespierre was jolted along, and splashed it from time to time with blood from a pail which she held in her hand. A female of evident refinement cried out, " Murderer of my kindred, descend to hell with the curses of every mother in France !" Howls, groans, execrations followed the doomed men.

The guillotine for this special service had been again erected in the Place de la Révolution, where Louis XVI., his Queen, and so many innocent victims of the Jacobins had perished. After a long, slow, fearful journey, through surging crowds of enemies, the instrument of death was finally reached. The whole vast area was packed with a cursing, hooting multitude of infuriated men, women, and children. The carts stopped, and one by one the victims ascended the scaffold and died. As St. Just was called, he turned calmly to Robespierre and with a sad smile on his proud, handsome face he uttered the single word " Farewell." His head fell a moment after into the basket. The miserable Henriot followed, and then at last Robespierre appeared.

Yesterday he was so great, so terrible, so strong, but now none more pitiable nor abject than he. The executioner tore the bandage from the victim's face, and as his shattered jaw fell upon his bosom, Robespierre gave a shriek of intense pain, so fearful that it was heard to the extremity of the great square. A moment after the guillotine separated the head of that frightful tyrant from his body. The executioner held the hideous trophy up high above his head, and slowly walked around the scaffold amid frenzied shouts from the great concourse of " Vive la République !" " Vive la liberté ! "

"Yes, Robespierre," cried a spectator, "there is a God."

During that day the triumphant Convention had gathered into its net seventy-two more enemies, the whole of the rebellious Commune of Paris. On the 29th, all these to the number of seventy-two were beheaded. This terrible execution took an hour and a half. The formidable Commune of Paris perished *en masse*. Coffinhal had hidden on an island on the Seine. Hunger compelled him to return again to the city. He was recognized, arrested, and guillotined.

Thus ended the Reign of Terror, which has filled the world with horror. A century has only had the effect to deepen and intensify the hatred and execration of mankind as the awful record is perused or read. With some mysteries, it presents the most tremendous period of butchery under pretended legal forms that history can reveal. Its solemn lessons, read in the white, clear light of facts and truth, should impress upon humanity how weak and self-deceiving is man when left to his own devices ; how certain the punitive results of crime and sin ; and that the only safety for a people is in obedience to those laws of mercy, justice, temperance, purity, and truth which flow forth both from Sinai and Calvary, to bestow liberty under law, and the peace and prosperity and happiness of *righteousness*. "Blessed is the nation," says the Bible, "whose *God* is the *Lord*."



CHAMPIONNET.



KLEBER.



BEOURNONVILLE



DESSAIX.

MILITARY HEROES OF 1792 TO 1796.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

LIFE AND FREEDOM ONCE MORE.

ON the morning of July 31st, 1794, a curious visitor to Paris, had one such dared to enter that lately terrible city, would have found manifested the most stupendous changes. The Triumvirate which had so long dominated by means of the Commune and the guillotine were all beheaded. The Commune itself was destroyed by the dreadful execution, upon the 29th, of seventy-two of its members. A new era had finally dawned upon France.

The composition of the Paris Commune had been formed out of almost every pursuit and profession. In the Revolutionary list of the names of those beheaded the day after Robespierre, we find the jeweler Boulanger, the clerk Lys, the toyman Remy, the miller Deltroit, the painter Bigout, the farmer Lesire, Charlemagne the schoolmaster, Vincent the builder, Gilbert the pastry-cook, Belletier the wine-dealer, Mercier the joiner, Lasnier the lawyer; several engravers, carpenters, a musician, a locksmith, a book-keeper, a mason, a tailor, a gardener, and through these ruffians, a representation of almost all the useful arts of the mechanical and business professions. But the tyrants were all now dead, and Paris was under the full control of the enemies of Robespierre.

Hitherto the reader has followed us in a long, sad, yet suggestive record of crime and cruelty. Like Bunyan's Pilgrim we shall now pass from this crimsoned valley of the shadow "and reality" of death, and enter upon milder times and a period of clemency. The Terror was overthrown, not to be renewed again in Paris, until in 1871 when another and as bloodthirsty a Commune again usurped the control of the city.

The Thermidorians, as they were called because of the name of the month on the Republican Calendar in which the great deliverance from Robespierre's tyranny took place,

were driven by an unyielding public sentiment, now armed and triumphant, into immediate measures of clemency.

France arose against a restoration of the régime of Jacobinism. The general demand, outside of the Terrorists themselves, was to free the prisoners, and transform the Revolutionary Tribunal into a regular and just court. And now the changes were rapid, and all in the line of a return to law, justice, and mercy. The Revolutionary Tribunal was continued in name, but destroyed as to its terrors. Its old members were either guillotined or banished. A new and decent body of men formed its juries and judges ; but for a moment Fouquier-Tinville was left as public accuser.

The inhuman and tyrannical decrees of the 22d of Prairial, under whose sanction the *fournées* had become possible, were abolished ; and all the cruel laws made by the Terrorists since the 31st of May, 1793, were abrogated. The remaining Girondists were invited to take their seats in the Convention, and once more were heard the voices of Louvet, Lanjuinais and other eloquent and able men of that party, who had survived the massacre of their coadjutors.

The Convention decreed early in August, 1794, " that all persons detained in the prisons of Paris, or France, on account of any political opinion whatever should be immediately released, and that only regular criminals and deserters from the armies of the Republic should be retained in bonds." As affecting as were the scenes in Naples in 1860, when the liberating army of Garibaldi marched in, and the victims in St. Elmo were brought forth in the arms of wives, sons, fathers and mothers ; those scenes were more than paralleled in Paris during the happy days of August and September, 1794.

The guillotine was taken down and hidden away, and the tumbrils of death were laid up. Instead of weeping and trembling captives gathered in the prisons, those gloomy abodes were now daily the witnesses of the utmost joy. Throngs of rejoicing people surrounded the Luxembourg, the Carmes, the Abbaye, and all the prisons of Paris. Husbands greeted sons, and wives husbands ; brother embraced brother ; and those who were freed were led off to their abodes amid the tears and joyful sobs of the cheering people.

Thomas Paine, Madame Carrabus, General Hoche, Josephine Beauharnais were only a few among the thousands now liberated, and returning to their shattered homes. The streets were filled with gay throngs, laughing and singing with ecstasy, and while the Jacobins growled in their clubs, like Giant Pagan in the *Pilgrim's Progress*, their day of ascendancy had gone by forever.

The same blessed spectacle of deliverance was exhibited everywhere in France, except in La Vendée which was again in arms, and in Brittany where a Chouan war had begun. The blood was cleansed from the Barrier du Trône, and once more a light-hearted people could walk forth in freedom.

Of twenty thousand prisoners in Paris, and two hundred thousand throughout France on the 27th day of July, 1794, on the 1st of October not one remained in bonds except seventy-three Vendéans, and they for merciful purposes. Human language cannot more strongly reveal the cruelty of the Terror, and the greatness of the changes wrought by the fall of Robespierre, than these simple statistical facts.

While Robespierre and his crew were being dragged to the guillotine on the 28th of July, the victorious Barras as general of the National Guards visited all the posts of the city. Reaching the Temple, where the captive Dauphin yet remained in all his hideous misery, Barras said to one of his escort, a kind-hearted West Indian by the name of Laurent : "Call on me to-morrow, for I have something to say to you !" Laurent promptly obeyed, and was appointed that very day as guardian of the little Prince. He went to the Temple. Laurent had heard that Louis Charles had been much abused, but he had no conception whatever of the horrors he was to encounter. How could a human being have any conception ?

On the 29th of July, and in the afternoon, Laurent entered the ante-chamber, and approached the den in which the ill-treated child lay. The stench was so appalling that he was driven back, he tells us, twenty feet. He summoned some deputies near by, who were kind-hearted men, and were Thermidorians and just appointed. The deputies were so astounded and horrified that they could not speak. In doubt as to whether even a remnant of human life could exist in such a place, they presently called in kind tones to the child within. There was no answer. They called again,

and finally a voice from that dark abode of horror feebly replied, "*What do you wish.*"

Workmen were instantly summoned. The pitying laborers assailed the door, and opened it. The window was unchained and unbolted, and the light from above faintly entered the pestiferous place. No dismal imagination of an Edgar A. Poe, no lugubrious visions of a Dante, could surpass the harrowing spectacle then presented to those men, who gazed around them with shaking nerves and quivering lips. Come, ye anarchists and terrorists, and gaze also.

The room was foul with filth. The bed was in an indescribable condition, and there, stretched upon it as if dead, lay the boy who a few years before had been surrounded by the devotion and affection of Versailles. There was the very child who in his little garden at the Tuileries had charmed even the Jacobins : and whose sunny smile, filial devotion to his parents, beautiful face, and amiable ways had made him at one period the darling of the French.

Because he was the son of his father, and the child of the hated Marie Antoinette, because armies were contending in his name, and he was called by Europe Louis XVII., therefore to this condition had Jacobin hate and inhumanity reduced a boy, at that moment only nine years old.

The Dauphin was covered by a ragged pair of pants, and a dilapidated coverlet. His eyes were closed as if he was in insensibility. His face was green, and covered with filth and sores. His hair was matted, and his head a mass of putrefaction. Vermin crawled in and out of his tangled locks. His arms were skeleton in thinness, and his nails were long like those of a wild beast. It was one of the most dreadful spectacles of a human being left alone and deserted, to corrupt and die, that this world, wicked as it is, has ever witnessed. For a hundred years humanity has shuddered and wept as it has read of the story of this hideous sight.

The Red Revolution had degraded the Prince's mind, as well as his body. His once beautiful eyes were dim, and his once intelligent understanding seemed reduced to a species of idiocy.

Water was immediately brought by the shuddering visitors, and the almost lifeless boy carried out into the adjacent room. While his den was being thoroughly cleansed and fumigated, the walls whitened, and the floors washed ; a new

bed and new bedclothes procured, and comfortable arrangements perfected, the child himself underwent a tender renovation.

He was washed, and carefully attired in clean linen. His hair was tenderly and pityingly combed and cleansed; a bed was made for him in the anteroom, while his own chamber was being prepared; and then the benevolent deputies and the kind Laurent endeavored to cause him to speak.

They asked him what he wished. The Prince feebly answered, "*I wish to die.*" Men had become to him objects of terror. The outrages and cruelties he had received, the neglect and solitude he had experienced, had broken all his courage, and reduced him to an emaciated wreck. He gazed on human beings as he would on tigers. All his woes had come from them.

From that day Laurent, when he was allowed, was constant in the most devoted and faithful attendance, and the gentleness and tenderness of the good West Indian soon won on the affections and awakened the dormant mind and gratitude of that gentle boy. The Deputies in the Convention listened with emotion to the report made to them of the condition in which the Prince had been found; but they feared each other; political considerations intervened to deaden their natural sensibilities; there were powerful anarchical tendencies yet existing in Paris and in France; and, as they were but the victors of a week, they dreaded by any special act of kindness to the Prince to give an opportunity for the defeated Jacobins to affirm that the Thermidorians were *Royalists*. Nevertheless they decreed that the Dauphin should have all necessary comforts, that he should be decently clothed and kindly treated, and be given good and sufficient food. To this, however, they added the harsh injunction, that he must remain mostly by himself, and entirely so at night. Laurent, during the hours of daily intercourse which he was permitted to have with him, ameliorated the condition of the poor child as much as was possible. He abolished among the Temple functionaries the use of the word "Capet" when addressing the child. The more respectful title of "Monsieur Charles" was adopted, and in the future was invariably used both by himself and the attendants of the Prince, in addressing him.

A suit of fine slate-colored cloth, consisting of trousers, waistcoat, and jacket, soon attired the person of the Prince, and careful surgeons healed his sores. These petty details, in view of his past suffering, are not beneath the attention of history. The beautiful blue eyes of the Prince which he had inherited from Marie Antoinette now brightened. His sunny curls again covered his head. But the greater portion of the day and night he remained alone.

He had good food, the kindest treatment, and Laurent was greatly pained that he was restrained by the Convention to only a few hours of daily attendance.

One day the Prince sadly said to Laurent : "Alone, always alone." The Dauphin's complexion now gradually lost its greenish hue, through excellent and even delicate food, united to careful medical supervision and abundant ventilation, and the constant effort made by his affectionate attendants to have perfect cleanliness in all his surroundings. Despite his sorrow and solitude, the little Prince seemed to recover his fresh complexion, delicate beauty, health, and strength. Alas ! it was a flattering illusion. A year of horrible suffering had sown within his tender frame the seeds of an early death. His seeming health was only as one of our beautiful Indian summers, in which the air is soft, a golden and hazy mist is on the fields, and the skies smile, but nevertheless winter comes, and coldness and death. Thus it was with Louis Charles.

At this time the Convention, at the request of Laurent, added two attendants to assist him, as the West Indian also attended upon Marie Theresa, who was in another part of the Tower.

They were named Gomin and Lasne, and were both thoroughly worthy men. Gomin was kind and considerate, but Lasne especially was a man of the most tender and sympathetic nature, and soon became passionately devoted to "his Prince." So great was already the change as to service upon the child since the fall of Robespierre, and so strong the reaction from the Terror.

The gentle trio did everything that the Convention would permit them to do, to assuage the irksome captivity of the unfortunate child, but mercifully withheld the fact that his dearly loved mother was dead.

By persistent efforts they succeeded in obtaining the privilege for him to once more walk in the upper gallery.

Supporting tenderly in their loving arms his weakening form, they led him to the platform. Oh, after months of desolation in that den of darkness, how beautiful now to the poor boy were the blue sky, the white clouds, down below the abundant trees in the Temple gardens, the birds singing their autumn songs, and the fresh, free air ! How heavenly to this sinking child the scenes of rural nature ! His eyes suffused with tears of gratitude at thus enjoying the common beauties of heaven and earth, from which he had so long been excluded, because he was the son of a King.

At intervals, rough unfeeling men would appear as visitors, and words would be uttered to wound him. One day a Commissioner called Hébert, a fit harsh representative of that name, uttered the remark : " There are many children whose lives are more important than his." The Prince heard him. His head drooped. Tears of sensibility came into his eyes, and for days after he repeated the remark as though in sorrowful meditation.

One day he asked about his mother. The kind keeper led him gently from the subject. The Prince's face grew yet more white and sad, and he asked no more. So passed the Prince's life through the autumn of 1794, and the winter and spring of 1795.

His greatest privation was in his forced solitude ; that he could not see his sister ; and that, a timid and nervous child, he must be left alone at night. A lamp was hung in his chamber, and this alleviated some of his distress. As the spring came his cheeks hollowed, and his strength failed. His faithful keepers alarmed the Convention, and able physicians were immediately sent, and a careful medical treatment inaugurated. But the hand of death was on that lovely boy. One day the dying Prince said : " I do not know why I am separated from you at night. I never injured any one in the world." Tears were in his eyes, for he learned to love devotedly his good keepers. Their constant gentle anxiety and most affectionate care caused him to nestle to the very hearts of the warm-souled Gomin and tender and fatherly Lasne. Poor bird, tossed and swept so fearfully in the bitter storm of the Terror, there he found in the ark of those hearts a shelter and a rest. Lasne caused beautiful flowers to be placed in the room of the departing Prince, and in May he obtained permission to

pass the entire day with the little sufferer. The same privilege was accorded to Gomin.

They walked with him in the court below. As he became increasingly ill, they were like anxious mothers, and begged the Convention to allow them to remain with the Prince during the night as well as the day. The Convention permitted them to add the evening until ten o'clock to their daily attendance, but withheld permission to remain during the night itself.

The Prince continued to grow more ill. The good keepers endeavored to soothe his languishing with music. They formed a little trio, and the Prince himself sometimes made it a quartete. They sang to him beautiful songs, and now and then his low, sweet voice mingled in the melodies. Sometimes they would endeavor to cheer him with harmless verses from the merry operas of children. The Prince laughed at and was much amused by one refrain, which he often repeated :

“ By zig and zoc
Both to and fro,
By fric and froc
The oxen go.”

describing oxen in the furrows, toiling on their course.

The simple-hearted, loving Lasne and Gomin rejoiced when they could wreath his beautiful lips with a smile. Laurent was occasionally present, but was principally employed in the service of Marie Theresa.

In May, 1795, Laurent succeeded in having the Prince removed to a comfortable room in the main tower. It was well furnished and large. It had wide, open windows, which looked out freely upon the sky, the city adjacent, and the green fields and beautiful gardens beyond.

The sympathy in Paris for the dying Prince now became great, and especially after the May revolt of 1795, presently to be fully described. An abundance of flowers, fruit, and delicacies were sent daily by loyal and commiserating friends in the city to the little sufferer. The Royalist reaction at this moment was strong in Paris. It relied on the National Guards of Lepelletier, forty thousand strong, and it took all the genius and cannons of young Bonaparte, on the ensuing 5th of October, celebrated in the Calendar of the Revolution as the 13th Vendemiaire, to defeat the growing

tendency to place Louis XVII. upon the throne. Hence he had become an object of great attention. But the Convention was in power, and ruled as decidedly as ever, and the Royalist expressions, while freely tolerated if confined to sympathy for suffering and to physical gifts, were sternly watched when the political field was entered.

Many at this moment believed that the day was very near when the little Prince would leave the Temple, and, arrayed in royal robes, would ascend the throne of St. Louis. But it was not to be. Cruelty had done its work. Ten months of constant kindness from Lasne, Laurent, and Gomin could not undo the effectual efforts of the drunken, brutal Simon to destroy the child ; and that long six months of terror, solitude, and neglect had accomplished its purpose. With increased and most tender solicitude, as though he was seated upon the throne of France at Versailles, Gomin and Lasne respectfully and tenderly administered to the dying Prince. As under Simon he had endured an extreme of cruelty, so under Lasne and Gomin he could die happily, in the arms of the utmost kindness.

The Convention did what it could (despite the growing acrimony of parties as the vote for the Directory became nearer) to assuage the last pangs of the dying Dauphin. He could no longer leave his bed. Watchers were ready to answer a call, but unaccountably the Convention continued the needless cruelty of allowing no one in his room at night after ten o'clock. Then again, emotion had given place to political distrust. Masses were rallying in the name of the dying child. He was a King if royalty was to be renewed, and he became a dangerous political power if Lepelletier should conquer. It is fair to realize that this boy was not a dying child alone, but to Europe, to England, and to all the Royalists in France, he was a dying *King*. Hence Republican Moderates were—even with all their human sympathy—affected by this grave and patent fact.

But the days of the poor Prince now drew rapidly to a close. His room was high up in the Tower above the din and turmoil of the busy Paris below. The air, invigorating and sweet, was wafted in from the stainless skies.

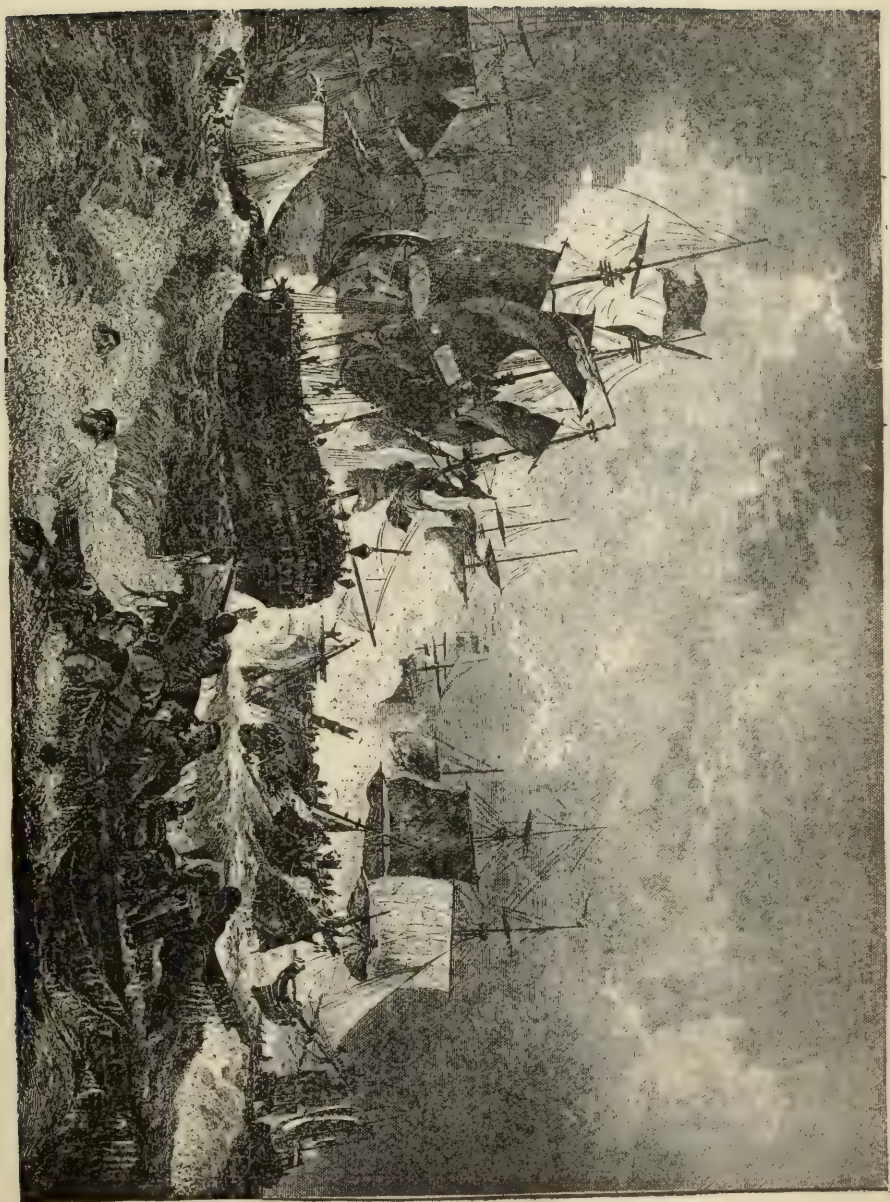
The night before the Dauphin's death, he feebly called Lasne and Gomin to his side. Lasne knelt, took the child's hand with the greatest tenderness, and said in gentle tones :

"What is it, my dear child?" "Do you not hear that music?" said the dying Prince. "Music," said the astonished Lasne, "what music? There is no music that I hear." Now all *was* really silent without the Tower, and all within was sympathetic and still. "*But I hear it,*" said the dying Prince, his eyes brightening, "and it is so beautiful. There are a multitude of voices, *and above* them all, and *sweetest* of all is the voice of my *mother*." He clasped his faded hands in a kind of ecstasy, while Gomin and Lasne bowed their heads. There was, we doubt not, oh yes! music not of Paris nor of this world, but from that "land o' the leal" into which that blessed child was passing. Music of greeting in which that fond martyred mother joined; music of welcome to the departing Prince, whom even then his sister could not see; music to encourage him as his tender boyish footsteps reached the deep, dark river; music which was to uphold him as like Bunyan's Christian he breasted its gloomy tides; music which was to receive him into the arms of that mother, that father, in that glorious world where the abused, yet beloved child should find "that the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest."

The next day, as all that night, he seemed to lie in a silent ecstasy. Joy and smiles were on his pale face, and a supernal happy light illuminated his dying eyes. He seemed in a trance, as though in soul he was already with "Mother" in the heavenly city. Gomin and Lasne were overwhelmed with grief and wept copiously. Officials, solemn and subdued, entered, gazed with emotion on the little dying Prince, and passed out, unable to hide their tears. On the last day of his life he opened his eyes, and beckoning to Lasne he said with a faint smile of ineffable sweetness, "Come here, I wish to tell you something." Lasne fell on his knees at his bedside, took his hand, with infinite affection, and said softly, "What is it, my beloved child?" There was no response.

Lasne felt of the child's heart. His eyes were yet bright, but his hand had dropped, and his heart had ceased to beat. The abused, suffering Prince of the past, but now so tenderly treated for many months, *was dead*. It was half-past two o'clock on the afternoon of a beautiful June day, the eighth of that month, 1795. Louis XVII. had entered into a world where God is light, and where, deprived of his earthly, he was to receive his heavenly crown.

The Convention heard the announcement of his death as



THE BATTLE OF CAMPERDOWN, 1797.

to its majority with respectful and solemn indifference. But there was a minority who shed many sorrowful tears. In Paris itself there was an outburst of sympathy and commiseration which for a moment seemed to strengthen the royal cause.

The next day the body of the Prince was examined. While his emaciated form lay under the surgeon's knife, an humble woman approached the gate of the Temple. She was sobbing bitterly. A gen-d'arme presented himself. "Oh!" she cried, "I wish to see him, the dear child who made me sit down in his garden in the Tuileries." The gen-d'arme told her kindly that no one could enter. "But," she said weeping, "people are always allowed to go to the dead. I wish to lay these flowers, which he gave me, upon his coffin." She held up some faded flowers of 1790 which the little Prince had given to her. She was led compassionately away.

The Prince was buried a few days after, with but ordinarily decent solemnities, in the Cemetery of St. Marguerite. The ground was leveled over the grave and there his body reposed until the Restoration of 1814.

"Human depravity," says a thoughtful author, "and revolutionary frenzy had done its work, and retired."

As soon as the Dauphin's death was known to Europe, the Count de Provence assumed the title of Louis XVIII., King of France and Navarre, and issued one of his grandiose proclamations to the various courts of the Continent, announcing the fact.

Through all these eventful years of terror, blood, and tears, England had vigilantly pursued her naval warfare against the Republic. She defied the fleets of Holland and Spain, when those powers allied themselves with France. In 1797 Sir John Jervis defeated the Spaniards off Cape St. Vincent, and the same year the veteran Lord Duncan gained a victory over the Dutch fleet in a great naval battle near Camperdown.

CHAPTER XLIX.

THE THERMIDORIAN PERIOD.

THE law of action and reaction, suggested to Galileo by the motion of the lamp swinging in the cathedral in Pisa, traverses not alone the physical but also the whole moral and spiritual universe. The "*via aurea media*" of Ovid is always the safe road. Extremes beget extremes, and this truth never was more evident than in the French Revolution. Where some of the most terrible atrocities of the Jacobins had been committed, there in the reactions of the Thermidorian rule came the most bloody reprisals. The author of this volume is the farthest removed from all bigotry. He writes his history as a truth. He endeavors to give truth. He recognizes what Prescott quotes in his Conquest of Mexico, "That the religion of Jesus has been the cloak for more bloodshed than that of any religion the world ever saw," as a fact. But it was but a cloak. True Christianity is always on the side of mercy, peace, justice, pity, industry, temperance, charity, and helpfulness to all men. Its illustrations are best found in John Bunyan suffering for conscience's sake; in Wesley evangelizing England into righteousness; in Swartz carrying the torch of the gospel to Tranquebar, and Carey, the same blessed light to India. It is seen in all its brightness in the consecrated devotion of Judson in Burmah; Livingston in South Africa; in Wilberforce battling for the freedom of the slave, and in Robert Raikes gathering the poor children into the first Sabbath school of the world; in Howard reforming the prison systems of Europe, and in Moody Christianizing the dark places of the great cities of the earth.

Immediately after the fall of Robespierre a cruel and atrocious reaction began in southern France, born of human revenge and a sense of outrage and wrong. That section, which had experienced such cruelties exercised by Jacobi-

nism, now naturally felt a thirst for the blood of its cowardly enemies.

Bands of Catholic ruffians were formed bearing the blasphemous title of "Companies of Jesus," and some that of "Companies of the Sun." In September, 1794, these bands traversed the districts around Lyons, Aix, Tarascon, and Marseilles, and filled that region with murder, massacre, and fear. They hunted the Terrorists just as they themselves had been hunted by the Terrorists in the autumn of 1793. To see and recognize a Jacobin was to kill him at once. At Lyons they pursued and slew the Terrorists without mercy, filling the Rhone with their dead bodies. The infuriated Royalists set one prison on fire, and then massacred all its inhabitants. Invoking the name of a parent, sister, or friend who had been butchered during the Terror, the enraged Royalists, crying "Die, assassins!" plunged their swords into the hearts of the shrieking Jacobins.

In the fort of St. John at Marseilles were confined, and seemingly forgotten by the Terrorists, the sons of the beheaded Philippe Egalite,—the Duke de Montpensier, and the Count de Beaujolais. On the 6th of June, 1795, a terrible noise awakened those princes. A mob of several hundred men rushed into the fort and massacred alike the lately imprisoned Jacobins, and some Royalists. Isnard and Cadroi were present. The first, who had been so distinguished during the Girondist efforts for a Moderate Republic, now interfered, and at last put a stop to the murderous outrages of the Royalists. The younger portion of them gathered around the Girondist deputy, and cried, "We want arms to march against the Jacobins of Toulon." "Take," said Isnard, "the bones of your fathers, and with them march against their murderers."

The sons of the Duke of Orleans were soon after liberated, and re-united to their brother, Louis Phillippe, then in the forests of America. They, however, died young, leaving the Duke of Orleans, a brotherless man, to combat for many years the sorrows of life, until in 1808 he found a refuge in Sicily, and one of the most devoted of wives in the daughter of its King.

The Republic during the worst of the Terror, and during the Thermidorian period also, had been successful in its foreign wars. It is not our purpose to dwell upon the campaigns of the Prince of Coburg, nor those of the Duke

of York, against France. Early in 1794 General Jourdan entered the Netherlands. On the 12th of June, the Republican forces besieged Charleroi. The Austrians made a desperate effort to recover that city, and for a moment they succeeded. But the French under General Jourdan—seventy thousand seasoned warriors—again crossed the Sambre. On the 26th of June, 1794, Jourdan met the Austrians on the plains of Fleurus. A terrible conflict ensued, during which Kleber and Bernadotte greatly distinguished themselves. The Prince of Orange and the Austrian General Beaulieu met the assault of the French with great valor. A long and doubtful battle ensued, but at length, still presenting a formidable front to their enemies, the Austrians retreated. The Prince of Coburg fell back and took a new position upon the afterwards historic fields of “Quatre Bras” and “Waterloo.” The Prince, less fortunate than Wellington twenty-one years later, finally abandoned Brussels, and on July the 10th, Pichegru and Jourdan in triumph entered that city.

The English and Dutch retreated toward Antwerp. At this vital moment the Committee of Public Safety in Paris arrested the progress of the united armies of one hundred and fifty thousand victorious French, and for a brief period paralyzed all their movements. It issued forth the command, worthy alone of savages, to slay all the prisoners whom the French might capture. But the reluctance of the brave and humane Republican veterans rendered the barbarous order a nullity.

In July Robespierre fell. With him fell also the cruel St. Just, and the armies were thereby freed from his impetuous and merciless control. A totally different régime, as we have seen, now governed Paris and France, but it was not less active in pursuing military success.

The able Carnot, “that organizer of victory,” as Napoleon called him, yet remained in the war office. Carnot was celebrated for his military and organizing faculties, and he directed the armies of France to new triumph. It is his grandson, Sadi-Carnot, who now (1890) is President of the Third Republic.

The Republican forces advanced, and by the 1st of August, Landrecy, Quesnoy, Condé, and Valenciennes were all recovered.

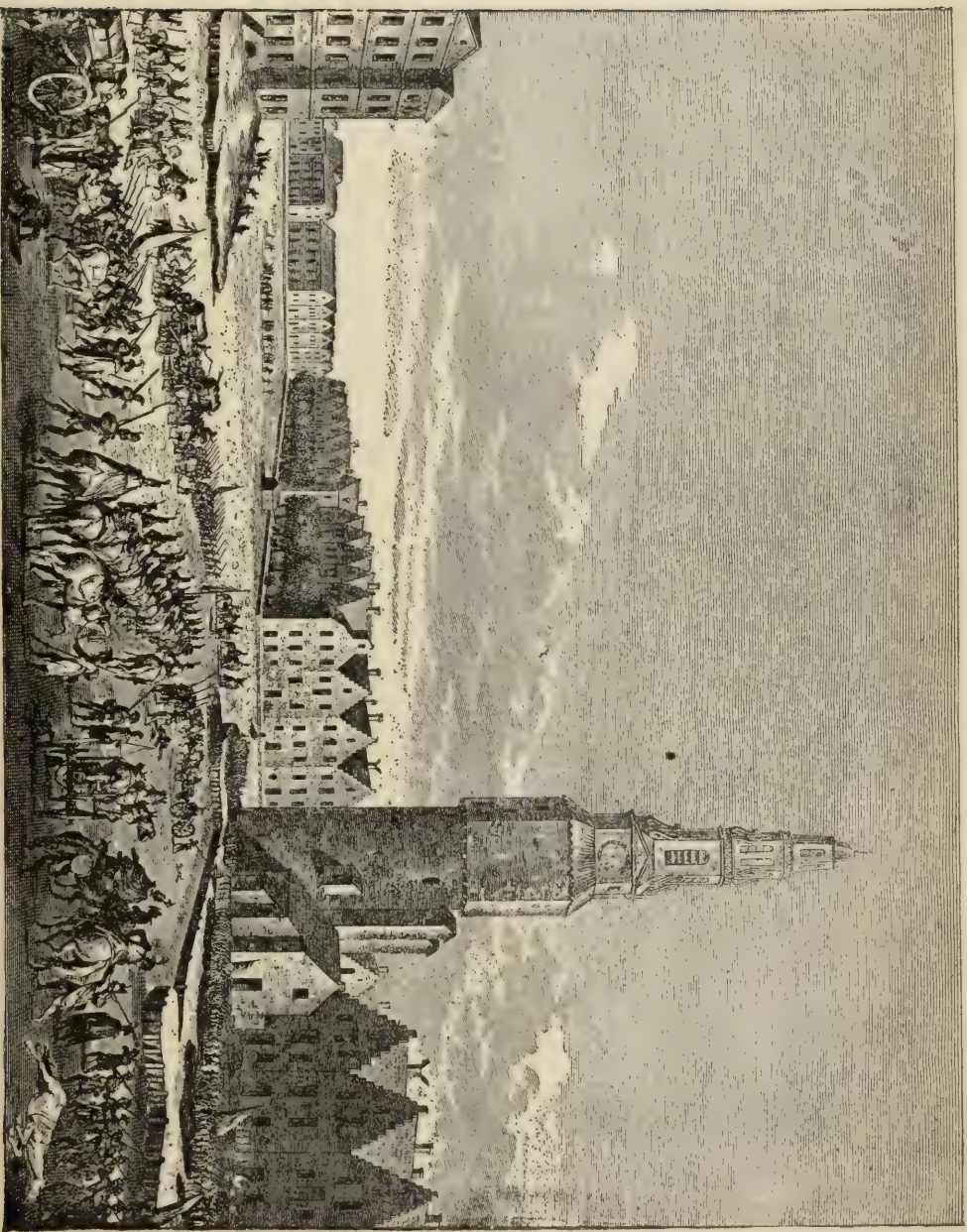
The Prussian army around Mayence maintained a feeble

war. Satisfied with a slight advantage over the troops of the Republic gained at Kaiserslautern in May, 1794, the King of Prussia, despite the strenuous efforts of the Austrian and English courts, could not be induced to remain on the Rhine. On his Eastern borders was Poland, and by uniting his conquering troops with those of the despotic Empress Catherine the Second, he might assist to destroy that ancient state and might obtain a large share of its territory for himself. His interest in the French war, now that both the King and the Queen of France were slain, was but feeble, and soon altogether ceased. Very different from the Prussia of 1890, he had but a few remote and scattered territories in the Rhine region. The bulk of his own territory lay almost entirely beyond the Elbe.

On the Alps and facing Italy a Republican army had existed since 1792. Skirmishes and assaults, and the annexing of Savoy and Nice, marked the success of the Revolutionary troops, but the tri-color banner had never as yet passed the highest ridges of the Alps, and it needed, in 1795, the genius of Bonaparte to guide the commander-in-chief of the French troops, Dumerbion, to those successes on the Col-di-Tende, which in 1796 opened the way for that young conqueror to seize Italy. Old Dugommier, from Toulon and its triumphs, had been transferred to the Pyrenees. Thirty-four thousand men were furnished to him by the tremendous Republic of France. He encamped beneath the Republican ramparts of Perpignan. Here he continued to recruit his forces until he saw sixty-five thousand warriors under his banner. He then advanced and attacked and defeated the Spaniards; pursued them over the Pyrenees to Figueras; captured one hundred and forty cannon, fifteen hundred prisoners, and eight hundred mules; and prepared to besiege that fortress. On the 26th of May, 1794, Figueras surrendered. A second French army took St. Sebastian, and a third captured Pampeluna in Spanish Navarre. By January, 1795, the troops of the Republic in Spain were victorious on all the lines north of the Ebro.

Of the innumerable conflicts during the autumn of 1794, between the French and their antagonists, the Dutch and the English, under the Duke of York, and the Austrians under the Prince of Coburg and General Clairfayt, this history cannot make record.

By December, 1794, the British had retreated into Hol-



THE ARMY OF PICHEGRU ENTERING AMSTERDAM, 1795.

land, and Pichegru prepared to follow them and to conquer. He entered Holland, and drove the British before him; took Amsterdam, and completed his conquests, by capturing with his cavalry the Dutch fleet in the Texel, which was environed by ice. The British retreated toward Hanover, and from its German ports finally embarked for England.

Let us return to Paris. A great change had come over that city, as well as over France itself. Those who had ruled, or had murdered, were now raging in helplessness, or were dead under the knife of the guillotine. The panic of the Jacobins, however, like all panics was only temporary.

Robespierre and the Commune were destroyed, but Jacobinism remained, and soon again reared its head. Billaud-Varennés and Collot d'Herbois were as true to their murderous instincts and as cruel as they had ever been. Their revolt against Robespierre was not as a murderer, for they also were murderers, but as a threatener of themselves.

Demoniac and ugly, worse in many ways than even Robespierre, they were chagrined and astounded at the mighty uprising of France and Paris in favor of order, decency, justice, and mercy.

But the reaction in France and in the city was irresistible. The victims of the Terror were all liberated by October, 1794. These persons entered into society, and revealed their wrongs. They recounted to sympathetic and indignant throngs the horrors they had endured, and the shameful injustices and tyrannies they had encountered. They mostly belonged to the wealthy, and usually powerful classes of society. Returned to their yet splendid residences in the Faubourg St. Germain, they increased the enthusiasm for clemency then filling many hearts.

Tallien and Legendre ranged themselves decidedly with the moderate party, and began to strenuously advocate the cause of mercy.

The Jacobins in the Convention, mourning Danton, and recalling that their cherished idol had perished in an effort to abate the Terror, were earnest and active friends of those who were determined to totally abolish the political conditions upon which the past activity of the guillotine had been based.

At this crisis, two great events increased to an uncontrollable height the stern determination of the French

people to destroy the power of Jacobinism at once and forever. The impolitic Billaud-Varennes, the equal of Robespierre in pure lust for blood, true to his sanguinary instincts, had the impudence to propose in the Convention a new modeling of the Revolutionary Tribunal, with Fouquier-Tinville still remaining as Public Prosecutor. This stupid motion, from a *friend* of Fouquier, aroused all the latent anger of the Convention against that cruel and depraved man. Freron, actually foaming with indignation, instantly sprang to his feet. "I move," he screamed, "that that monster be this moment arrested, and sent to hell, that he may lick up there the blood he has spilt." Immediately a decree for the arrest and trial of Tinville was carried by acclamation. The brazen, bloody, cruel revolutionist, as atrocious a specimen of human nature in its sins as this earth has ever produced, compared to whom Nero, Domitian, and Caligula might seem almost harmless persons; the atheist and tiger was arrested, and brought to trial. No anathemas are too vehement as associated with his name. It was a solemn and regular trial, before the now upright and just Revolutionary Tribunal—with upright judges, jury, and full court privileges. The witnesses and relatives of his victims appeared. Go, reader, to the narrative of French prisoners of the Terror contained in that awful series of depositions, and read the dismal and dreadful record there embalmed of cruelty and injustice. In those depositions it was shown how Tinville had jeered at a poor paralytic, saying, "It is not your tongue but your head we want"; how he had said to a youth of sixteen, indicted as a man of sixty, "What matters? you are old in crimes"; how to an innocent person who had been indicted under a name not his own he had scoffed, "But you deserve to die. *Your name!* come! quick! give it"; how he caused the Tribunal to be prepared like an ancient Roman amphitheatre with circling benches, so that he could gather his shivering victims around him. His obscenity, his jeers, his mistakes, his laughter, his scoffs, his total disregard of every human principle of justice and decency, were all now plainly revealed and in the presence of a vast multitude, so pale, so astounded, so silent, that literally a pin might be heard to fall.

Paris was roused from any lingering faith in Jacobinism, to an almost universal horror against it. The Jacobins of

the Mountain, hating all the Jacobins outside of themselves, wept at these terrible recitals. The Thermidorians in the Convention, who had been nearly all of that body, cried out "Death to Tinville ! death to the Terror !" Amid cries of joy and hatred, Fouquier-Tinville was condemned to the same guillotine to which he had sent such a multitude of male and female victims. But this wicked man was no coward. He did not display the slightest fear. He looked upon himself, with the self-delusion of such men, as a hero and a martyr for liberty.

Fouquier calmly ascended the fatal cart. A raging and an infuriated multitude of men and women followed him, hurling at him every possible invective. He received all the curses of the people with a sardonic and unmoved smile. He serenely yet bitingly referred to the famine, which at that time they were so severely enduring because of the scarcity of wheat. He jeered at this want as a fruit of the Thermidorian victories, and as cool as though he was about to retire to his couch, Tinville mounted the scaffold, mockingly bowed to the execrating populace, and was executed. Human nature contemplates itself astounded, ashamed, and appalled, and asks fearfully, "Was this being a man ?"

Seventy-three Vendean prisoners were purposely left by the Thermidorians in their prison. But the physical condition of the captives was instantly alleviated. They were profusely fed. The officers, the soldiers, the jailors, all treated them as distinguished and important guests.

These men were the remnant of one hundred and fifty unfortunate sufferers, whom Carrier, during the last days of the power of Robespierre, had sent to Paris for execution. The Thermidorians, confident in the triumphant acquittal of these innocent prisoners, determined as a formality to let their trial proceed.

The Vendean told a harrowing story of cruelty which sickened every heart. "On their journey," they said, "from Nantes to Paris, they were tied neck and heels like cattle. They were starved, beaten, exposed to the cold, and half of their number from suffering had perished." The sad statements confirmed the growing antagonism of Paris against the Terror. The Vendean were triumphantly acquitted, and were received by the people with tenderness and applause.

But during this trial many of the inhumanities of Carrier

were also revealed, and the indignant Convention resolved to bring that cruel murderer to punishment. He was immediately arrested and brought before the now just and respectable Revolutionary Tribunal. The Vendéans and others appeared as witnesses against him. All the cruelties we have already rehearsed were told to the shuddering court and spectators. Carrier, sweating, and in the toils, strenuously endeavored to defend himself. He asserted that he had but carried out the orders of his superiors in Paris. But his sophistries were not believed, and did not avail. He was unanimously condemned, and in a few days, accompanied by the anathemas of the people, he was beheaded.

These trials added to the power of the Thermidorians, and wrought a vast change among the French in favor of clemency.

Tallien, taking advantage of this feeling, inaugurated against the Jacobins a radical step. He organized into many bands the young men of the city and the vicinity who were hostile to Jacobinism.

The wealthy and upper classes sent forth multitudes of brave youths, who were bitter antagonists of the Terrorists. From their wealth, rank, and elegant attire they were called, "*La jeunesse dorée*"—"The gilded youth." Nearly all of these ardent young men had lost relatives and friends by the guillotine. These "*Jeunesse Dorée*" cut off the collars of their coats, to show that those near and dear to them had been beheaded; and, armed with heavy canes and clubs, they assaulted the Jacobins wherever they met them. The gardens, avenues, quays, streets, and parks became a scene of constant warfare between these "gilded youths" and the Terrorists. Usually, the advocates of moderation prevailed. The rough females of the city were terrified by the threats of sinister punishment which they received from *La Jeunesse Dorée*, and slunk back dismayed from the streets to their homes.

The young warriors proceeded presently to the Pantheon, and taking from that place the bust of Marat, they hurled it into the gutter.

Seventy-three Girondist deputies, who had been mysteriously spared by Robespierre, resumed again their place in the national body. These recruits greatly increased the strength of the Thermidorian party, and the new deputies voted with them, favoring all their principal measures.

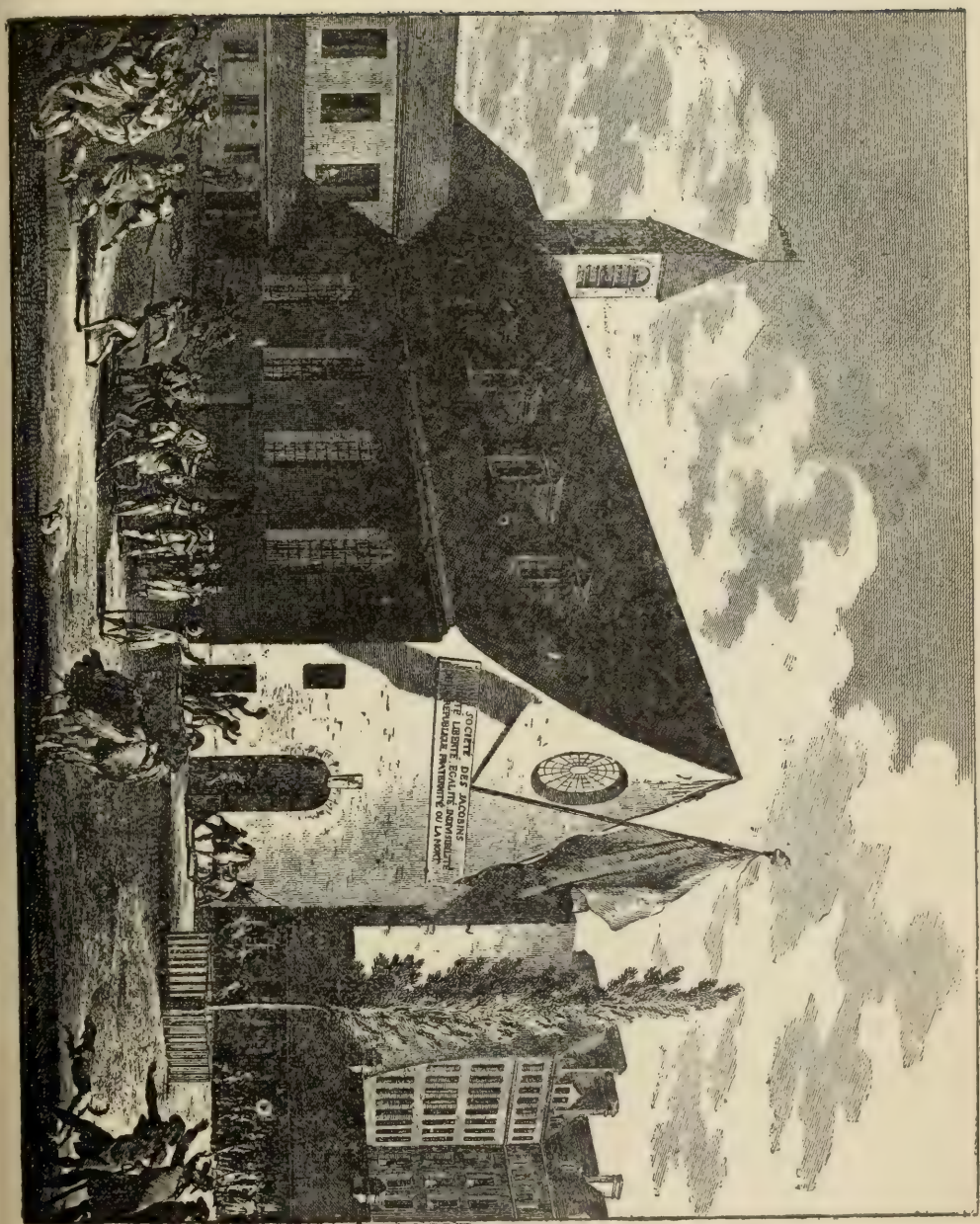
The unwise and vain law of the *maximum* was repealed, and all laws robbing of their property those who had been confined in the prisons. Such property as was not sold was immediately restored. "If," said Legendre, "I held an acre of the land of these unfortunates I should see on every rosebud an orphan's tears."

The conflicts between the moderate youths of Paris and the Jacobins gave Billaud-Varennes deep offense. "The lion sleeps," he said, in the clubs of the Jacobins, "but his awakening will be terrible." These remarks, reported among the Thermidorians, instantly roused a violent storm.

The National Guards and Jeunesse Dorée sprang to arms; marched against the Jacobin club; assaulted its doors; drove out its members, and dispersed them. Many of the Jacobins hastened to lay their complaint before the Convention, but there they met with no sympathy. Rawbell arose, and addressed the deputies. "Where," he said earnestly, "was the Reign of Terror organized? At the club of the Jacobins! Where did it find its supporters and satellites? Among the Jacobins. Who have covered France with mourning, peopled its soil with Bastiles, and rendered the Republican yoke so odious, that a slave bent beneath his fetters would refuse to live under it? The Jacobins! Who now regret the hideous yoke from whence we have so recently escaped? The Jacobins! If you have not the courage to pronounce on their fate at this moment, you have no longer a Republic since you have the Jacobins." These caustic and truthful words swayed the legislators. The Convention, after an agitated debate, provisionally suspended the sittings of the Jacobin Club.

But the Terrorists again assembled the next day in their den of conspiracy. Stern, roused, and determined, the National Guards and "Gilded Youth," with cries of "Long live the Convention!" and "Down with the Jacobins!" marched a second time against them. The Jacobins made an ineffectual resistance, and finally were driven from their club.

On the next day, the 8th of September, 1794, commissioners from the Convention entered the deserted club-room. They sealed up the papers found there and removed them. They finally closed its doors, and thus ended for ever the farther sessions of this turbulent and gory body. An imposing force of soldiers assisted them in the work,



and watched the building until all danger of the Jacobins reassembling had passed away.

Relieved of the terrors and cruelties of the Jacobin rule, Paris began again to resume its ancient gayety and suavity. Elegant equipages appeared on the streets. Balls were inaugurated in which males and females wore their hair as it was wont to be arranged for the guillotine. This grotesque method of remembering executed relatives and friends caused these assemblages to be designated as "*Les Bals des Victims.*" A new hymn was composed, "*Le Reveil du Peuple,*" and constantly sung by the "*Gilded Youth,*" when they marched against or made attacks upon the Jacobins.

The Thermidorians in the Convention were greatly encouraged by these successes, and now determined to impeach the Terrorist leaders still remaining in that body. These were Billaud-Varennes, Collot d'Herbois, Barrere, and Vadier. Tallien made an able speech in which he accused them of seeking to revive the Terror.

"Revive the Terror!" he said. "Consider what has been its effects in the past. A government can never inspire terror, but by menacing with capital punishment. It must menace without intermission, distinction, or investigation all who oppose it. It must daily strike with relentless hand in order to inspire new terror. Over every action and over every fault, it must hold a punishment. You must make every family traitors against all whom it should love, and every tribunal a place of assassination. You must put every citizen to the torture by the massacre of multitudes, and the subsequent punishment of the very executioners, lest they become too powerful. This is the system of governing by terror. Does it belong to a free, a humane, or a regular system of government, or to the worst and most atrocious tyranny?" This eloquent speech of Tallien's produced an immense impression. The opposition against the Jacobins became irresistible, and a return to the Terror impossible.

But these bold words excited the most violent emotions and anger among those of the Jacobin party, scattered among the people, and yet feebly existing in the Convention. Billaud-Varennes and Collot d'Herbois now became more defiant and bitter than before.

At this point it seems proper to again enter the gloomy

Temple and follow to their close the fortunes of its only remaining royal inmate, the young Dauphiness.

After her separation from her mother on the night of the 2d of August, 1793, the budding Marie Theresa for nine months had the consolation and companionship of her aunt, the saintly Elizabeth. During the dreadful autumn of 1793, and amid the outer horrors of 1794, Madame Elizabeth employed all the counsels which the most affectionate fidelity could suggest ; all that she found in the inspired volume ; all the consolations of sympathy and fondest love, to mold, to teach, to elevate, to educate, and to comfort the spiritual nature of her niece.

Marie Theresa rapidly grew into a beautiful maiden, with auburn hair, expressive blue eyes, and a noble person. During the day these captive women read, or sewed, or prayed ; during the long nights of autumn they conversed upon God and heaven, upon the departed father, and the mother whose fate they then did not know. Often they were roused from their rest by insulting commissioners or rude jailors ; but a halo of dignity invested them, and gross abuse was not added to poverty and imprisonment.

While her aunt was going to the guillotine on the 10th of May, 1794, the innocent Princess, hoping for her return, asked what had become of her. The commissioners answered evasively that "she was taking the air." Ignorant of her mother's fate, and believing that Marie Antoinette might yet be alive, she entreated to see her. The officials only replied that "they would think of it."

On the 11th of May, the day after the execution of Madame Elizabeth, the Princess was visited by Robespierre. She did not address to him a word, but handed to him a paper. It read : "My brother is ill. I asked of the Convention the privilege to go and nurse him. They have given me no reply. I now repeat my request." She turned away after she had given Robespierre the letter and began to read. The tyrant made no response to her appeal. Her life now passed monotonously. She was suffering a poverty which was actual destitution, but she grew more strong and vigorous every day.

Soon after the close of the Terror, when Laurent had assumed the care of the Dauphin, he also visited the Princess. She was seated upon a sofa, seeming to be employed in embroidering. She neither spoke nor raised her eyes.

Laurent bowed low as he left the room, and the Princess saw the courtesy. She had not been used in this respectful manner for sixteen long months. The eyes of the captive girl filled with tears. Laurent continued to visit her each day, and eventually won her confidence by his courteous, and devoted attendance. The Princess finally addressed him. She said that she desired some clothing, and a light. In gentle and delicate ways Laurent presently discovered that Marie Theresa was destitute of both stockings and shoes. The daughter of a King was compelled to hide her bare feet under her dress, to conceal her distressing poverty.

As confidence matured, the Princess pleaded in the most earnest and affecting manner to see her brother. The Convention steadily refused this request. She agonized at night, and wept often during the day, over the sad fate of her beloved and dying relative. Laurent gradually assuaged her distress by assuring her that the Prince was most kindly treated and that Lasne and Gomin were faithful and gentle attendants.

Ten days after her brother's death, on the 18th of June, 1795, a petition was presented to the Convention for the liberation of "Marie Theresa Charlotte de Bourbon." The words of the petition were echoed throughout Paris. A general pity was immediately exhibited for the solitary maiden in the Temple. Better food and clothing, books and female delicacies, were demanded for the only surviving member of the family of Louis XVI. When the Princess made a modest and hesitating request for certain essentials, double what she desired was freely sent, and many articles of female toilet were added. Hope began to flicker from the ashes of that sad heart. Were she freed from her prison, Imperial Austria stood, with wide-open arms, ready to receive, to welcome, and to console her.

Camus and the deputies delivered up by Dumourier in March, 1793, still languished in the power of the Austrian monarch. The French Republic now determined to enter into negotiations with Austria to exchange Marie Theresa for these prisoners. The Emperor eagerly responded, and offered to exchange on the borders of France the three deputies for the Princess.

While these negotiations slowly proceeded, a marked change took place in the treatment of the Princess by the



MARIE THERESA IN HER PRISON IN THE TEMPLE, 1794.

Convention. From that time, in the writings and speeches of its members, she was referred to as *Madame Royale*. The same terms of respect which had been used at Versailles were now employed by all her attendants when she was addressed, and she was permitted to take the air in the garden of the Temple, and without hindrance to walk in its pleasant solitudes. She sat often for hours under an apricot tree and looking up to the sky.

In the month of August the Convention decreed that Madame Royale should henceforth have a lady attendant to be her waiting-maid and companion. Madame Boequet de Chantereine was chosen for this position. She was a fine musician, a lady of thorough education, and most tender sympathies.

To her it was assigned to reveal to the Princess the truth as to the sad fate of her parents and aunt. Marie Theresa was yet ignorant of her mother's fate. Even her brother's death had been carefully concealed from her knowledge. When the young girl eagerly asked about her mother, Madame Chantereine replied tenderly: "Madame has lost both her parents." "And my brother?" she wept. "You have no brother now," said her attendant, in a low voice. "But my aunt?" There was a pause. "What," she cried, "Elizabeth also? With what could they reproach that angel?" The details of the last hours of her mother, brother, and aunt were given to her, interrupted by her convulsive and despairing sobs. She almost fainted. "It is finished," she said, weeping, "and I am alone in the world."

Madame Chantereine administered to the afflicted Princess every possible consolation. She was like a mother, and sought to amuse the desolate girl, and reconcile her to her bereavements. Among many other methods she used her harpsichord. The power of its gentle tones soothed the weary heart of the poor Princess, as David was soothed by his harp. Gomin and Lasne came to visit her, and all the officials in the Temple vied in using words of kindness, and in performing for her sympathetic services.

One municipal officer, just before she was about to leave for Austria, handed her a poem which he had composed. It was written to commemorate her approaching departure from that fatal abode of suffering and death. One verse read :

“ Unhappy maiden, calm thy woe ;
Soon shall ope these gates of steel.
Soon, thy bonds unloosed, thou'lt go
Where purer skies bright life reveal.
But yet, though this abhorred pile
May never claim one faint regret,
Ah ! recollect the hearts the while,
That beat for thee within it yet.”

Madame Royale read the poem with emotion, and sent her thanks to the gifted and devoted officer.

The Convention permitted Madame de Tourzel, that faithful friend of her mother, and former governess of the little Prince, to visit the Princess. When they met, Marie Theresa rushed into her arms, embraced her again and again, and sobbed upon her bosom. During the quelling of the Sections by Bonaparte on the 5th of October, 1795, she heard the distant thunders of his cannons. At that moment Gomin entered her apartment and found her bathed in tears. “ I am weeping,” she said, “ for the blood that is being shed.”

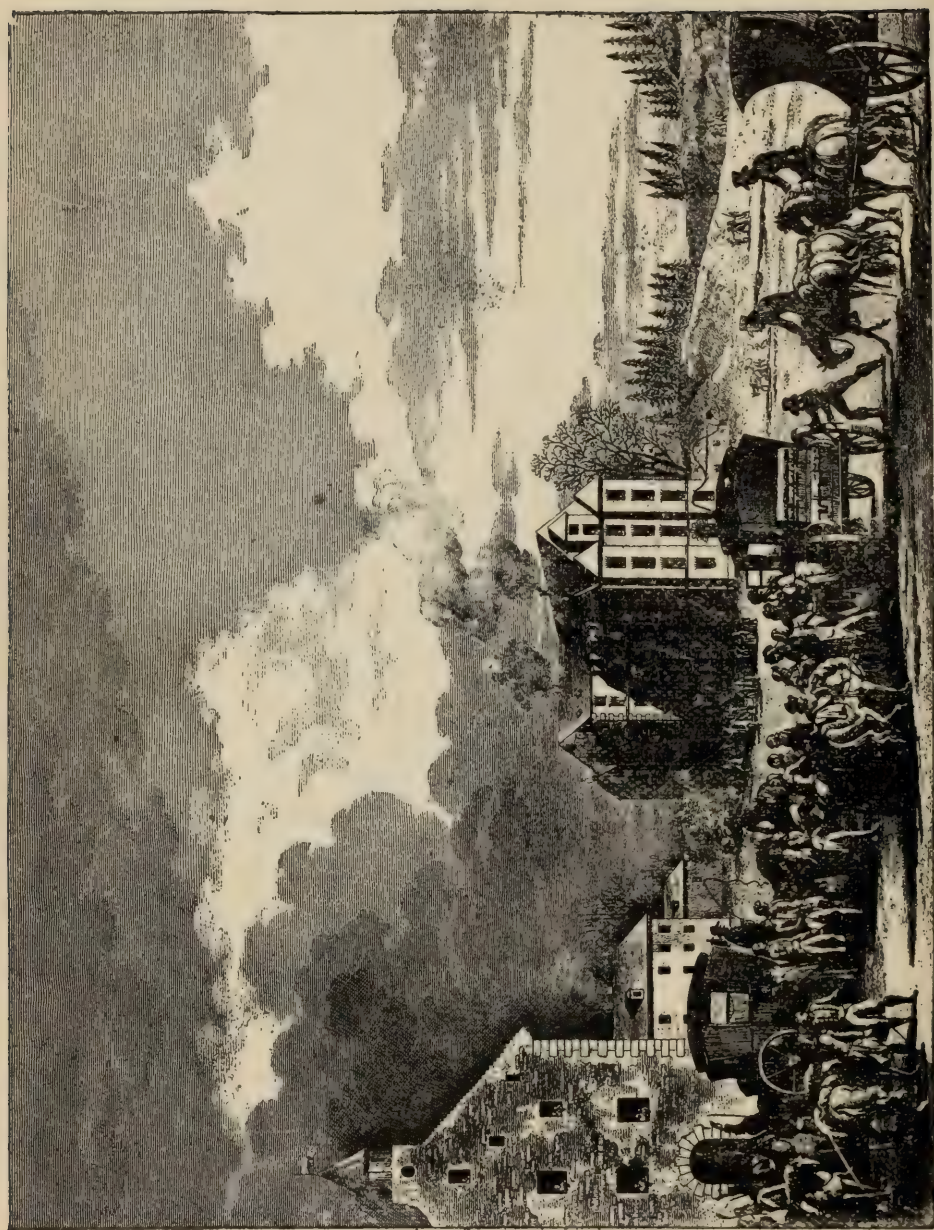
At length, under the new Directorial Government, the treaty of exchange was perfected, the Princess furnished with a magnificent outfit, and at midnight, December 18th, seated in a carriage, she rolled away from that dismal Temple which had so long been her abode.

The Minister of the Interior, M. de Benezech, was by her side. She had entered that gloomy prison upon August the 13th, 1792, only a child. Her father, her mother, her aunt, and her brother, who were then with her, had all perished. She alone had escaped the hand of death.

On her rapid journey through France the Princess was constantly greeted by the people, when she was recognized, with sympathy and respect. Her exchange was consummated in a suburban chateau near Basle, in Switzerland.

The Austrian envoys gathered in its sal  n were anxiously waiting her advent. Presently a carriage rolled up the stately avenue, and a beautiful lady stepped forth and made her appearance in their midst. This was the daughter of their beloved and lamented Marie Antoinette. With tear-dimmed eyes the Austrian warriors gathered around her, kissed her hand with the most chivalric devotion, and manifested the utmost affection and respect.

Camus, Drouet, and the other prisoners were freed and delivered to the Republic. The exchange was completed,



MADAME ROYALE EXCHANGED, DECEMBER, 1795.

and the French minister, M. Bache, as he placed the hand of the Princess in that of the Austrian negotiator, bade her be of good courage.

After an elegant repast,—respectfully saluted by all the French present,—the Princess again entered her carriage, and, surrounded by imperial cavalry, renewed her journey. “It was,” says Beauchesne, “seven o’clock in the evening. The weather was cold, and a bright moon silvered the distant mountain heights and the snow-covered ground.” The Princess was received at Vienna with great tenderness. The rank and palace of an Arch-duchess was bestowed upon her, and every effort was made to console her sorrows.

She soon after married her cousin, the Duke d’Angoulême, eldest son of the Count d’Artois, her father’s brother. She was childless, but lived for many years a quiet life with her cousin, in the little court of Louis XVIII., first at Mittau in Russia and then at Hartwell in England.

After the Restoration she returned to France, and when Napoleon landed from Elba she made a strenuous though vain effort to retain the fidelity of the French soldiers in Bordeaux. They respected her, but cried, “Long live the Emperor!” Napoleon said of her: “She is the only man of her family.” Throughout the reign of Louis XVIII., she led a quiet and religious life, devoted to priests, to the hateful Jesuits, and to her church. When Charles X. ascended the throne in 1824, as wife of the Dauphin she exercised a great and unfortunate political influence. Controlled by the Jesuits, and hating the name of liberty, it was by her advice that Charles X., in July, 1830, abrogated the charter and the freedom of the press. These tyrannical edicts roused Paris into a righteous revolt, which after three days of conflict was successful. Charles X. was driven from France, and the throne of the Citizen King, Louis Phillippe, was established. The ill-fated Princess partook of the wanderings of her family. She lived in Scotland, and then once more in Austria, and at length, worn out, she died at Frohsdorf, in Germany, on the 19th of October, 1851.

CHAPTER L.

THE LAST EFFORTS OF THE JACOBINS.

LORD BACON says pithily "that the worst rebellions are those which proceed from the stomach." Paris in 1795, and especially in the spring, was to illustrate this truth. Famine and misery existed in a multitude of homes. To add to the public distress the assignats had greatly depreciated. Over eight thousand million francs in this kind of money had been placed in circulation throughout France. Its influence had been prodigious in providing the Republic with the sinews of war, but its value was now reduced to almost the level of our own Colonial money in 1782.

The winter had been severe. The icy winds penetrated the cellars of Paris, and caused the poor to endure the rigors of cold as well as hunger. Hollow-eyed and desperate men were to be seen on all the avenues, vainly seeking help, and even the rich were reduced to the most meagre fare. Bourrienne in his *Memoirs of Napoleon*, and Madame d'Abrantes in her lively work, give to us many striking pictures of the scarcity among the rich as well as poor during this period.

The food supply was entirely insufficient for the comfortable support of the city. The terror, the anarchy, the marching armies, the disorganization of society and the State, had all performed their share in producing these natural results, and the want was affecting and terrible. The suffering people, just as they had ascribed the famine in October, 1789, to the machinations of Louis XVI. and his wife, and that of March, 1793, to the Girondists, now charged it to the Thermidorian reactions and legislation. Billaud-Varennés and Collot d'Herbois, with other Terrorists, took advantage of this state of feeling to organize a revolt against the Convention, and effect a restoration of Jacobin rule.

On the first of April, 1795, a hideous and drunken mob

forced their way into the Convention. Vile women formed the advanced guard. Formidable bands of "Petitioners" followed. Red caps were upon their shaggy heads, their faces were begrimed with squalor, their clothing in rags, and as they danced the Carmagnole, they leveled their pikes. These ruffians represented the worst gangs of the Terror. They shouted "*Vive les Jacobins!*" clenched their fists, and threatened the deputies. They endeavored to harangue the mob from the benches of the Mountain, and shook their pikes in fury. But times had now changed. Forces of order were organized. The Convention had sounded the tocsin placed on the Tuileries, and it roused thousands of the *Jeunesse Dorée*. Armed with clubs and muskets, and under the lead of General Pichegru (who had just returned to Paris) they came marching into the hall of the representatives. They sang loudly as they entered that *Marsellaise* of the Thermidorians, the "*Reveil du Peuple*." The firm array of these aristocratic bands awed the malcontents. The women became terrified, the pikemen disordered, and this threatening body of insurgents gradually dispersed and sought their miserable homes.

The Convention immediately arrested Collot d'Herbois, Billaud-Varennes, Barrère, and other extremists for being the instigators of the revolt. They were tried and condemned, but a punishment very different from that inflicted during the Terror now awaited them. Instead of sending them to the guillotine, the Convention banished them for life to the penal colonies of Sinamari and Cayenne in South America.

The captives were conveyed to the port of Rochefort,—afterwards to witness the despairing efforts of Napoleon,—and after a long voyage, during which their vessel was often in danger of capture by the British cruisers, they at length reached their prison-house.

The Terrorists were confined in the fort of Sinamari. Under a torrid sun, under the light by night of strange stars, in enforced idleness, with only tropical forests, blue skies, and blue water to engage their attention, there sadly dwelt these stormy Revolutionists. The restless Collot endeavored to foment an insurrection among the blacks, and failed. Being more closely confined, he, in despair, drank great quantities of pure spirits, and died.

Billaud-Varennes, ceasing to hope, expended his energies

in teaching a parrot to converse. After several listless and weary years, longing for France, and cursing God and humanity, he also passed to judgment. His body was buried in that far-off land.

Barrere clung to life with tenacity. In 1797 he was brought back to prison in France, and from his cell he constantly besought each changing Directory to release him, but his entreaties were unheeded. When the firm hand of young Bonaparte seized the helm of power, in November, 1799, among the early acts of clemency which marked the Consulate was the pardon of Barrere.

He returned to France. He lived obscurely many years, being employed as a literary hack by the First Consul and by Napoleon when he became Emperor. After the Restoration Barrere fled into Belgium and died at Brussels in 1831.

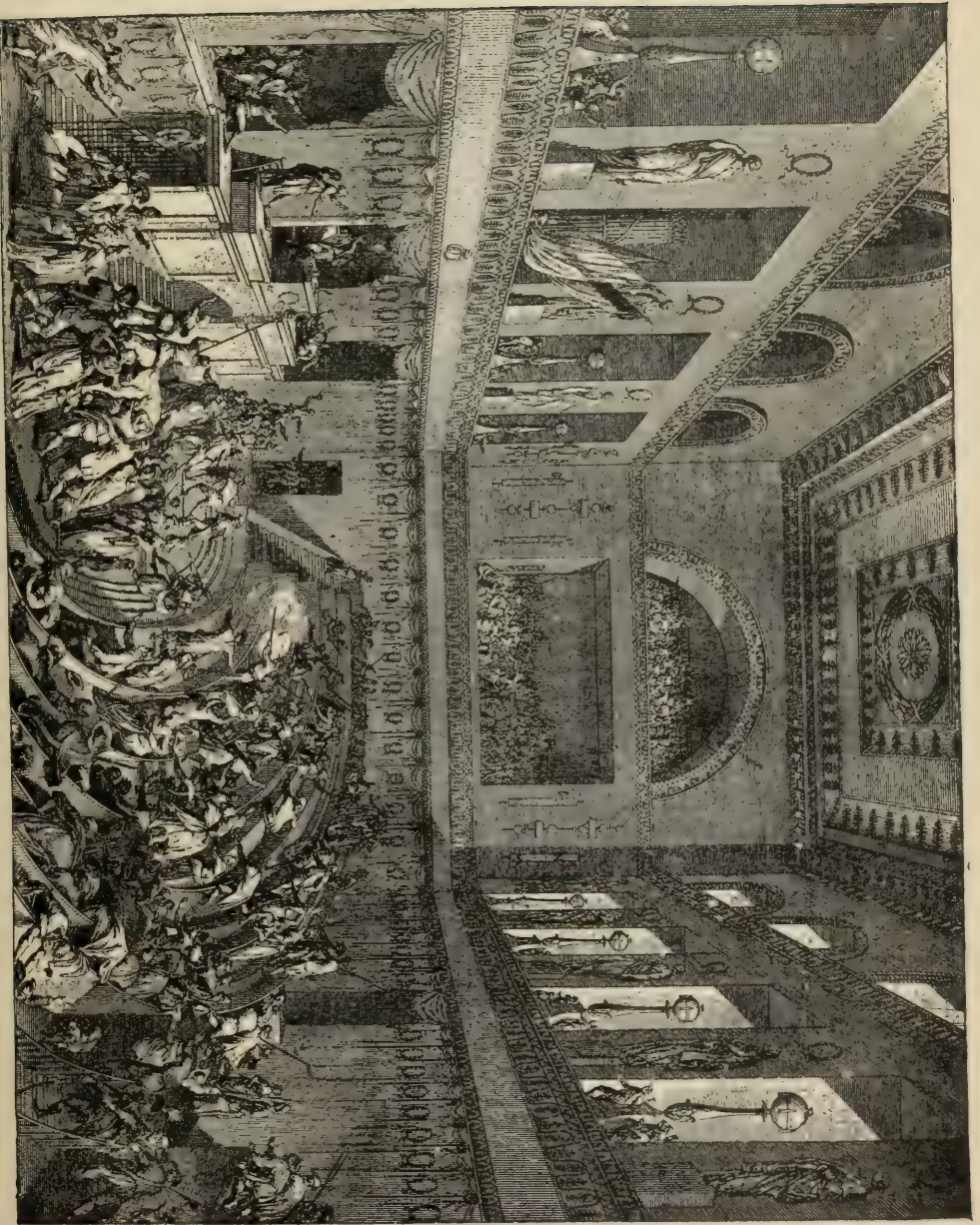
The trial and punishment of these leaders enraged anew the Jacobin factions yet existing in Paris. Though they were without cannons, their clubs abolished and the Commune destroyed, yet they still possessed muskets and men. They resolved to make a final, and they hoped a successful, effort to overthrow the Thermidorians, and to reëstablish, as they termed it, "93."

The leaders were obscure persons. The immediate purpose of the insurgents was to surround the Convention and to compel that body to recall their exiled leaders, to restore the Constitution of 1793, to organize on its old basis of terror the Revolutionary Tribunal, to renew the law of maximum,—and, in a word, to again bestow the supreme power upon the bloodthirsty Jacobins.

These intentions were plainly declared by their committee of insurrection in a proclamation, which in printed form, on the night of the 19th of May, 1795, was freely distributed among the Faubourgs. In earnest and inflammatory language, this proclamation urged the people to rise the next day, to march to the Convention, and there to demand their rights. It enjoined on all the insurgents to wear on their hats the inscription, "Bread and the Constitution of 1793."

For the last time during what remained of the eighteenth century, the sounds of a popular insurrection were heard in their ancient centers of St. Martin and St. Antoine, by the startled people of Paris. Women ran eagerly about the streets calling on their female neighbors to come forth and

THE ÉMEUTE OF MAY, 1795.



to head the revolt. "They will never," they cried, "dare to fire upon women. The troops will not attack us." Early upon the morning of the 20th of May, 1795, the whole north-east of Paris sprang to arms. The Faubourgs St. Antoine, St. Denis, and St. Martin, surrounding the region of the Temple, revolted.

Drums stormily beat everywhere. Men seized their muskets, clubs, or such weapons as they possessed, and though destitute of cannons or influential leaders, still guided and led by obscure individuals, they started on their last march to assault the Convention. Meantime, the Convention was not idle. Some time before it had caused a gigantic bell to be hung in the central tower of the Tuileries. That rousing tocsin had been rung with good effect on the 1st of April, and now its deep bellowing voice was heard, telling to the city that its representatives were in danger, and calling it to arms.

It must be remembered that the Convention itself occupied the central portion of the Tuileries ; The Committee of General Security was in the north wing, and the Committee of Public Safety in the south wing of the palace, near the quays and the River Seine.

And now the mob came roaring along. They numbered several thousands, and loudly cried "Bread and 1793." Drunken men, drunken and furious women, a few regularly armed battalions of the sections, and pikemen whirling aloft their weapons, all advanced in a disorderly and furious manner toward the Tuileries. They poured into the Carrousel, they forced the gardens ; and by ten o'clock they had occupied all the outlets of the palace, and had surrounded the government as completely as Henriot did on the 31st of May, 1793. Though the rabble possessed sympathizers in the deputies Groujan, Romme, and Duroi, with a few others of the decimated Terror, these men were in ignorance of the exact time of the insurrection, and were in doubt and confusion when it actually occurred.

The Convention convened at an early hour, and Isabeau read to it the proclamation of the previous night sent out by the insurrectionary committee. People had already crowded the galleries, and began to cry, "Vive 1793 !" "We can die at our posts !" cried a deputy. "Yes, yes," responded the Representatives. The Convention rose to its feet and swore to be faithful to its duties.

Amid a dreadful roar and tumult without, a large body of women forced their way into the hall. They were armed with pikes and spears, axes and other weapons; they wore red caps on their disheveled heads, and shouted, "Bread, and the Constitution of 1793."

Venier was the President of the day. He haughtily placed his hat upon his head and called for silence. "Your cries," he firmly and coldly said, "will not alter one iota of our measures; they will not hasten by one second the arrival of provisions; they will only retard them." Meanwhile upon the left door of the hall the most violent blows were heard. Its hinges began to crack, and the plaster to fall. The noise was terrific. A few soldiers and young men endeavored, with their guns and *whips*, to drive out the raging women, so gaunt with hunger. Giving way for a moment, like waves of the sea, the female mob returned with tenfold fury. They furiously stormed against the doors, while new crowds surged and beat their way into the hall by every avenue of entrance.

The Convention became dismayed. The scenes before it were the most dreadful of the entire Revolution. Like a dying wild beast, the expiring struggles of the Terror were most frightful. Despite their oath, some of the deputies now fled in terror, while others retired along the benches of the Mountain. A few soldiers gathered in this part of the hall and formed a thin cordon for protection around the agitated Representatives.

The whole legislative chamber and the galleries were filled with a crowd of red-capped, inebriated men and women, yelling, hooting, and crying for the "Good Robespierre and 1793."

Venier had given place in the Presidential chair to Boissey d'Anglais. Boissey displayed the most sublime and Roman courage. While the mob shook their fists into his face, and threatened him with instant death, pale and calm, his features set in the mould of indomitable resolution, he maintained his seat all through that fearful afternoon.

A patriotic young deputy named Ferraud, one of the most virtuous and gifted men in the Convention, seeing the danger of the President, rushed forward to protect him.

The mob turned their rage upon Ferraud. They struck him down and dragged him out into an area. After piercing his body with their pikes they cut off his head. Fer-

raud's head was lifted aloft on a spear, his representative's scarf, plumed hat, and coat were elevated upon a second pike, and the murderers, entering again the hall, approached the President, and held up before him the ghastly countenance of his would-be protector and friend. Boissey d'Anglais bowed mournfully and respectfully to the gory and pallid face, but remained as firm as before.

In the midst of this tremendous tumult a few Jacobin deputies of the Convention now came forward, among these being Romme and Goujon. The constant noise and changing and threatening throngs had continued all the afternoon, and evening had darkened in the hall. At this moment Venier again succeeded Boissey d'Anglais, and was as constant as that brave man.

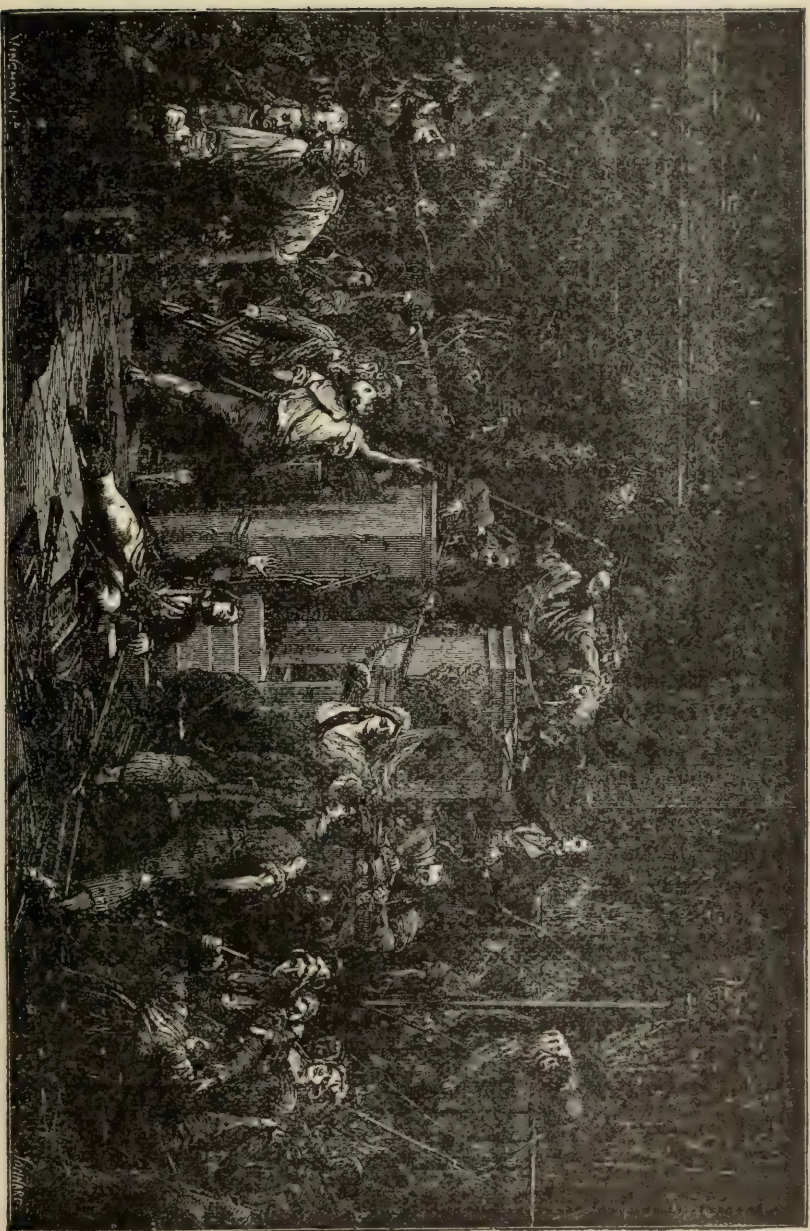
The insurgent deputies assembled a few frightened Conventionists, and despite the constant protest of the President, they passed a series of decrees, restoring the Constitution of 1793, the Revolutionary Tribunal with its ancient terror, and the Commune of Paris,—in fact everything indicated in the proclamation of the preceding evening. The Jacobins seemed to have gained a complete victory. But it was brief.

The Committees had remained in the two wings protected by a few soldiers. They could not be reached by the mob. These now proved the salvation of the Thermidorians. They employed themselves, through their agents, in sending out emissaries to creep through the enviroing mob, and rouse the sections. At ten o'clock at night the tardy bands of the National Guards began to appear. They poured into the Carrousel and gardens of the Tuileries by armed thousands, the Section Lepelletier leading the way. With leveled bayonets, and led on by the deputies Legendre, Kervelgan, and others, they charged the mob, driving the hordes of men and women to either side and forcing their way into the hall of the Convention.

The pikemen rallied, and a furious conflict ensued. The rebels fought with desperation. They were driven over the benches, out of the various doors, and out of the windows, cursing and shouting like a horde of Huns. The Jeunesse Dorée, who now also arrived in strong force, aided the Guards.

The National Army charged the swaying, retreating mob on every side, cutting them down and threatening them

HOLDING UP BEFORE BOISSEY D'ANGLAIS THE HEAD OF FERRAUD, THE DEPUTY, MAY, 1795.



with the cannons now rumbling into position. The Jacobins fought desperately, but were steadily forced from the Carrousel, the palace, the gardens, the quays, and finally breaking in despair and terror, they fled back to the Faubourgs and dispersed.

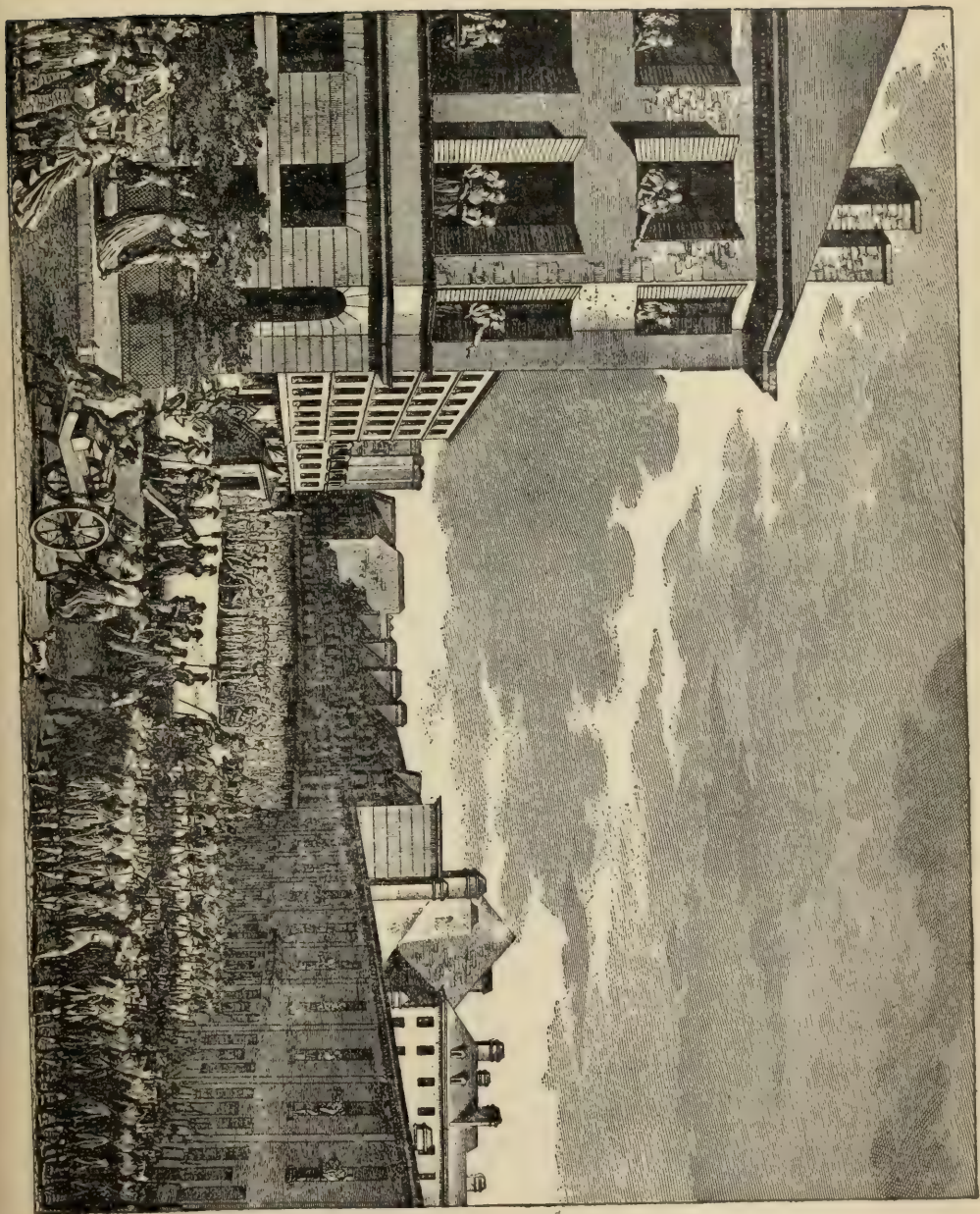
The rescued Convention assembled at midnight, and immediately abrogated all the decrees of the insurgent body, and restored the laws as they had been in the morning.

They caused the arrest of Romme, Albitte, Goujon, Salicette, Borie, and many others. "I demand vengeance," cried Tallien, "on the murderers of Ferraud," and it was promised.

The most important Jacobin deputies were delivered to a kind of military commission, and immediately brought to trial. Several were condemned to transportation for life, and some to death. Among the latter were Goujon, Romme, Albitte, and Quesnoy. They were enthusiastic, noble-hearted, but misled young men. To them, death by the disgraceful guillotine was unbearable. As they descended the stairs to prepare for execution, suddenly Romme drew a small dagger, and, stabbing himself, handed it to Goujon. Romme fell, and died. Goujon inflicted upon his breast a mortal wound, and soon expired. The bloody knife was quickly seized by Quesnoy, who in a similar manner perished. In the midst of the greatest confusion, the remainder endeavored to slay themselves, but did not succeed. They inflicted wounds, but these were not fatal. They shouted feebly, "Long live liberty!" were carried to the guillotine, and there beheaded.

This unexpected tragedy horrified Paris, but while it produced humane sympathy, it made the Terror yet more hateful to the people.

Great changes now took place. The Revolutionary Tribunal was abolished, and the National Guards were reconstructed on an aristocratic and class basis. The Royalists in its ranks drove out all the democratic and poor element, and made it a strong support for the furthering of their own monarchical intrigues. Upon the 26th of May, 1795, the Convention decreed that the Faubourg St. Antoine and the other insurrectionary sections should surrender all their weapons to the constituted authorities, on penalty, if they refused, of immediate bombardment by red-hot shot and



GENERAL MENO attacking the FAUBOURG ST. ANTOINE. JUNE. 1795.

shell. An army of twenty thousand men under General Menou, and a large body of the Jeunesse Dorée, marched for the center of so many revolts. Cannons were unlimbered, furnaces prepared for heating shot, and the entire quarter was surrounded. The Faubourgs trembled, and surrendered. Searching parties entered into all the houses, and brought forth the muskets, the pikes, the sabres, the clubs, and all the weapons which had so frequently and terribly figured in the massacres and revolts of the Jacobin rule. They were placed in many wagons and safely escorted to the guarded arsenals of the city.

Thus, after six years of turmoil, the insurrections of the lower orders were finally ended. With that day the people as a factor in the many changes to come ceased to have either power or influence, and remained quiet under each régime until July, 1830. The time of the Bourgeois, the Royalists, and of the regular army had arrived.

The Convention established a camp of six thousand regular troops at Sablons, a suburb of Paris, and also placed there a large park of artillery. These veterans were held as a constant threat against the renewal of popular tumults.

There was to be another insurrection, but it was to be that of the Royalist National Guards, and was to be met by the soldiers of the line around Paris.

It is this event that we shall now describe.

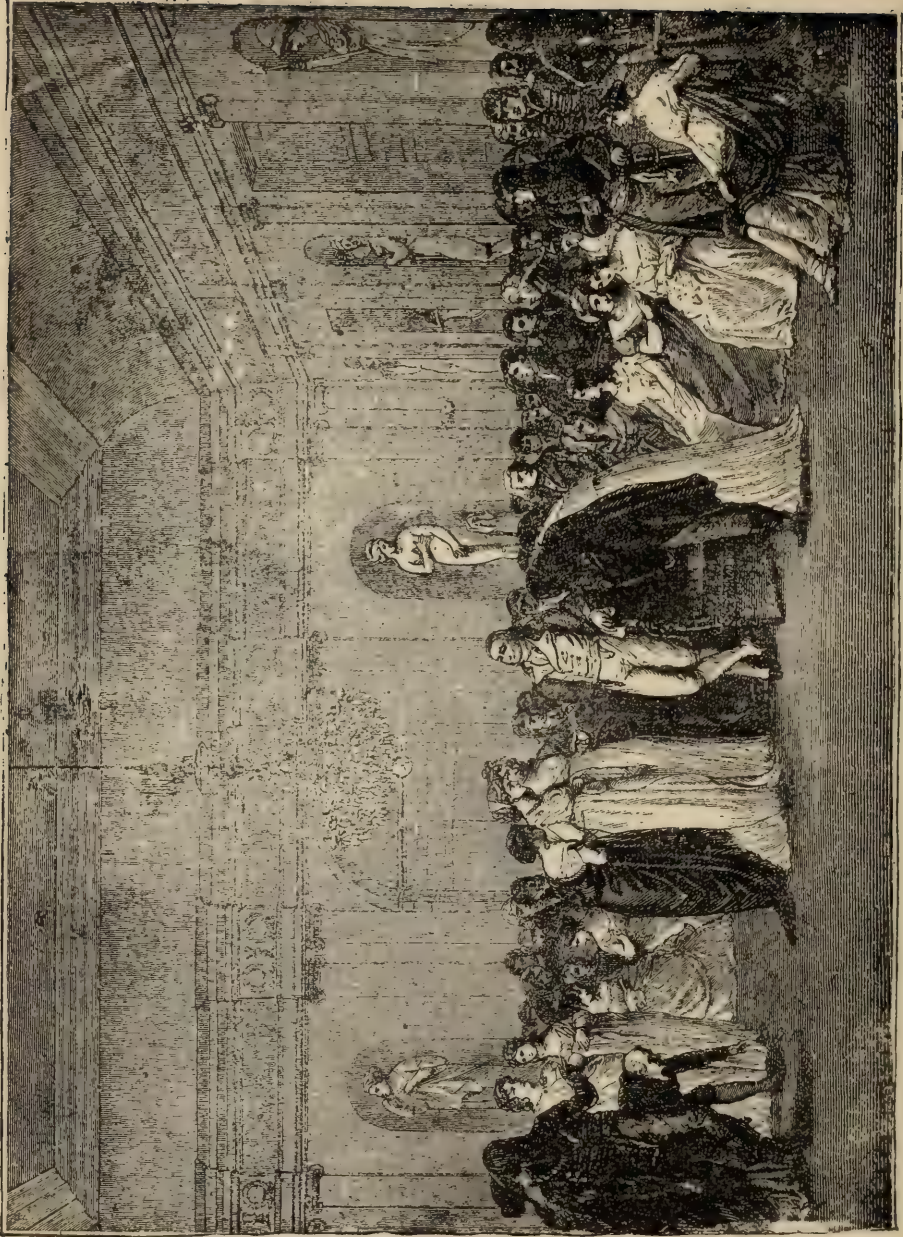
CHAPTER LI.

THE THIRTEENTH VENDEMIARE (5TH OF OCTOBER), 1795,
AND OVERTHROW OF THE SECTIONS BY BONAPARTE, WITH
THE ESTABLISHMENT OF THE DIRECTORY.

THE Jacobin portion of Paris had been subdued. The city was impregnated with Royalist sentiment, and the National Guards, in the immense reaction from the Terror, had become a body favorable to the restoration of a monarchy. A vast number of emigrants had taken advantage of the decrees of the autumn of 1794, and were again prominent and influential in shaping the political sentiment of the city.

But in the Convention itself there was a great majority for the continuance, under some form, of the Republic. The regular army, that immense force which was driving back the enemies of France upon every border, and which had poured out its blood freely on a hundred stricken battle-fields for liberty, was decided and determined in favor of the existing institutions. "No King, no Bourbons, no royalty," were the unanimous shouts of the soldiers of the line and their officers and generals.

Pichegru was the sole exception. The people of France abhorred Jacobinism and the Terror, because of the blood which had been shed and the crimes which had been committed, but they did not hate the Revolution itself. The French had purchased largely of confiscated estates, and they had acquired a vast amount of revolutionary property. This property was divided into those small estates which have so totally changed the agricultural character of France, and proved such a blessing to the masses. Peasants and small proprietors by tens of thousands were found all over the land, whose only title to their property lay in the assignats of the Revolution with which they had purchased the soil, and in the decrees of the Republic which guaranteed their possessions. To these landed proprietors the restoration of royalty meant the forfeiture of their homes and farms, their estates



THE SALÓN OF MADAME TALLIEN, 1795.

and buildings, and a possible return to the cruel absolutism of the past. They were therefore on the side of the Republic, but desired a reign of law, order, and peace.

The great success of the war, which this history does not undertake to minutely describe, rendered the French Republic in 1795 in the eyes of Europe imposing and terrible. The tri-color banner had advanced to the whole western border of the Rhine, and dominated over Holland.

Spain, Prussia, and the German States and Princes had by the summer of 1795, by different treaties, all made peace. The only antagonistic forces in arms against the victorious Convention on the continent by July of that year were the soldiers of Austria, Piedmont, and Naples. Great Britain was secure in her island inaccessibility.

It was at this time that the expedition of British and emigrants sailed to the Norman peninsula of Quiberon. A thousand Royalists landed there on the 27th of June, 1795. They were met by Generals Hoche and Tallien, and driven in rout to the end of that point of land. A number escaped to the British fleet, but six hundred were taken prisoners, and were by Tallien's orders mercilessly shot.

The Convention after this bloody victory occupied its time during June and July in rapidly, yet carefully, drafting a new Constitution. In this document, called the "Third Constitution," it assiduously avoided preceding mistakes. It had witnessed the bloody rule of demagogues and factions, ignorant, incapable, and demoralized, but called the *People*. It had seen its members decimated by popular insurrections, led by crafty and unscrupulous flatterers; and those same members dragged to cruel imprisonment and unjust death. It had beheld anarchy triumphant, with only itself between the nation and disintegration. It had seen the folly, during the heat of a revolution, of a single Assembly which was at once executive and legislative, and which was swayed day by day by the violence of passion, of hate and of ambition, and by the clamor of attending mobs in its galleries and on its floors.

To avoid these errors of the past, and constitute a stable government, something on the model of England, for the present, was its determined aim, and for this end it created the Third Constitution. If that Constitution was adopted, if it was submitted to by Paris and the people, the fears of

the nation and the hopes of the Royalists would alike be destroyed.

A stable government would succeed to a rule of temporary expediency and revolution, which by its very nature could not last. The Republic would be tranquillized, solidified, and at last take its place among the established sovereignties of Europe.

The Constitution was finished in August, 1795, and presented immediately to the Convention for their approval. It was adopted by that body, by the regular forces in Paris, by the people of France, and by the troops of the line, who received it with acclamation. It was opposed by the Royalists in Paris, and by portions of the National Guard led by the Section Lepelletier. This force numbered forty thousand well-equipped and uniformed infantry, but was without cannons, and destitute of cavalry.

The Third Constitution, while it presented a somewhat complicated system of government, was far in advance of the cruel code of the Reign of Terror, and in many ways more wise and practical than that of 1791. It divided the Legislature into two bodies, a Council of Ancients and a Council of Five Hundred.

It created an Executive of five Directors, who were to be equally sovereign, and receive a salary commensurate to their responsibilities, duties, and positions. These Directors were to inhabit, while in office, the palace of the Luxembourg, were to wear official garments of elegance and splendor, and were to be protected by a body of regular soldiers, to be known as the Directorial Guards. This body of select troops was the primal beginning of that mighty corps of warriors, who under the succeeding names of Consular and Imperial Guards, and under the banners of Napoleon, chained victory to the French standards at Austerlitz and Jena, at Eylau and Friedland, on the plains of Italy and amid the snows of Russia.

The Directory were empowered to execute the laws. They commanded the army and appointed all civic, military, and naval officers. They held the Treasury, and disbursed its moneys through their appointees. A portion of them went out each year, and gave place to others.

They were assisted by a body of ministers, as in the old monarchy, and they had the power of proposing to the two Councils either war or peace with foreign powers.

No one could belong to the Council of the Ancients who was not forty years of age, and no one to the Council of Five Hundred who had not seen thirty years. Each body had its peculiar dress. That of the Five Hundred was a long red mantle with a red square cape and fringed neck-band. The President of each body was attired in robes of state, and in some respects, as to style of dress, the Venetian Senate was copied.

The Convention, taking warning by the self-denying ordinance of the Constitutional Assembly in 1791, erred to an opposite extreme. Instead of making themselves simply eligible to office and trusting to the vote of the people, they decreed as a part of the Constitution, and inseparable from it, that at least two-thirds of the Convention, as it then stood, must form a part of the two new councils, and that the people, by the limited property suffrage they had established, could only elect one-third.

This decree stirred the Royalist sections to revolt. They declared they were willing to accept the Constitution. They would leave the members of the new council to the vote of the people, but for regicides and converted Terrorists, whose hands were stained with every crime, and whose lives were polluted with every cruelty and vice, to force themselves on a reluctant and disgusted country—this they would not endure. Such men, they argued, would be in the majority, and under another name their rule would still continue. The real objection was in the death-blow such an arrangement struck against the Royalist conspiracies for a monarchical restoration.

This party was working, not for a Republic in any form, but for the return of Louis XVIII., the next successor to the throne after the death of the son of Louis XVI. They sought for a King and a Court. But they were themselves divided. Some desired the constitutional monarchy, as it was in August, 1791. Others the absolute monarchy, with a few modifications, as it was in 1788, before the States-General had met. Some Royalists proposed a King in the Tuileries, with a tri-color banner; others a King in the Tuileries with the white flag alone; and yet others, a King reigning at Versailles, as potent as Louis XIV. in the plenitude of his power.

But setting aside diverse views which success must have made irreconcilable divisions, the Royalists, directed by

General Pichegru, now all united to overthrow the Convention. They accepted the Constitution, but resolved to have as an interregnum in which to mature their designs, a Directory, and two Councils, of Royalist proclivities, which should all be elected by the people. They were willing in this way temporarily to govern France until the moment came to welcome once more a monarch.

The elective franchise was confined to land-owners and citizens of the wealthy and middle classes. The masses of the people were entirely shut out. Paris, favorable to royalty, now became greatly agitated. As the seat of all former disturbances had been in the Faubourgs of the People, so in the new insurrection it was in the Faubourgs of the Aristocracy. The Faubourg St. Germain took the lead. The section Lepelletier, which under a new name was the old Royalist body of the Filles de St. Thomas, was ready to a man for battle.

The Royalist committees which had been organized in Paris, with vehement oratory openly assailed the Convention. The speakers said at its very bar, with an audacity born of belief in their forty thousand coöperators in the National Guards: "Deserve our choice, do not seek to command it. You have held a boundless authority. You have united in yourself the executive, the legislative, the military power. You have made laws, revised them, and executed them. Recollect how fatal concentrated power was in ancient Rome, and how a military despotism was inaugurated."

The Press of Paris had become Royalist, and now teemed with invectives against the ambition and despotism of the Convention. The South of France flamed with indignation. That hot-bed of reactionary Royalism sent addresses to Paris, to stand firm against the Convention. But the faithful army and the masses of the people, from causes already enumerated,—the millions of France,—were on the side of the National Legislature, and its two-thirds decree.

In one of the Royalist meetings an orator said, as reported by Lacretelle: "Will the Convention never be satisfied? Is a reign of three years, fraught with more crime than the whole annals of twenty other nations, not sufficient for those who rose in favor under the auspices of the 10th of August and the 2d of September, 1792? The Convention has done nothing but destroy. Shall we now intrust it with the work of conservation? What reliance can be

placed on the monstrous coalition between the proscriber and the proscribed? They are irreconcilable enemies. They have only entered into an alliance in order to resist all France, who hates them. We have forced on them ourselves their tardy humanity. The men so defiled by past bloodshed and crimes would now force themselves upon us. Can there be found two-thirds of the Convention whose hands are not stained with blood? Shall we be governed by a majority of regicides? intrust our liberty to cowards, our fortunes to the authors of rapine and confiscation? The glories of the Convention are only in the brave armies it has neglected. They have marched unpaid, ill-fed, ill-clothed, and won its victories. Let us leave to the Convention its sins alone. Let us preserve the glory of our armies! Let us demand justice and the right of suffrage, and leave the result to the people's vote." Such discourses were constantly repeated.

Paris seemed to change rapidly from a hot-bed of Revolution into one of rabid Royalty. The disarmed Faubourgs—the workingmen, the red caps of liberty,—looked on with bitter indifference; but the National Guards and the *Jennessé Dorée* were on the side of those who resolved to rise in arms and wrest from the Convention submission to their desires.

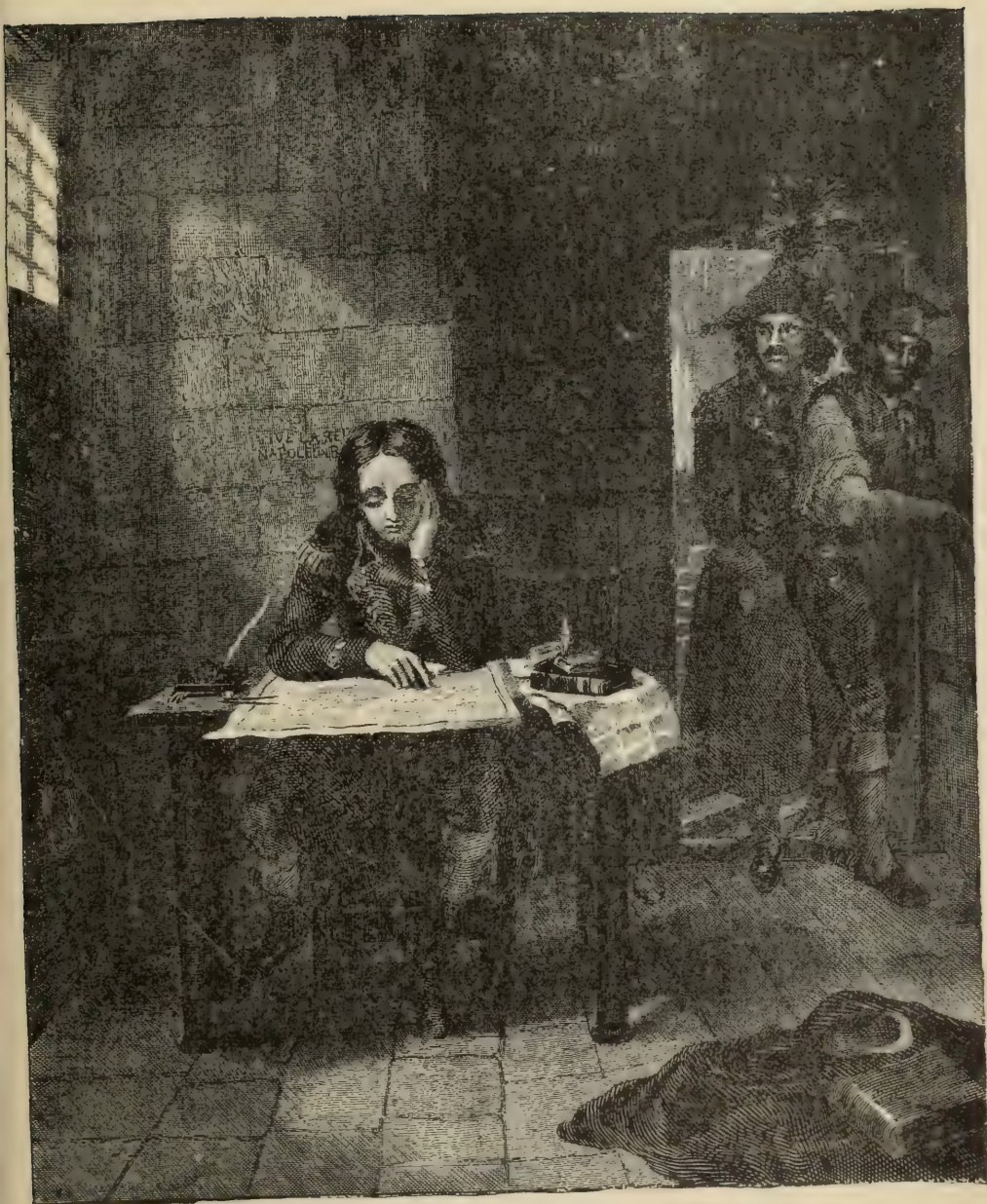
The National Guards, as we have said, were forty thousand strong, able, fairly disciplined and trained soldiers. The regular armies were on the frontiers, or in provincial cities. In Paris there were six thousand soldiers of the line, and at Sablons a large park of artillery. But all these troops were select veterans. They were steady, tough, true, firm Republicans, and obedient to the legislators. On these warriors depended, and *on these alone*, at that critical hour, the success of the National Convention of France.

The Convention realizing its dangers, and the shortness of time before it, for it was now the last of September, appointed General Menou, who had conquered St. Antoine, to the command of their army. The section Lepelletier beat to arms, and poured forth into position. It entrapped for a moment the careless Menou into a cul-de-sac, in the very midst of its own forces. Only by the promise of humiliating concessions did he escape from a dilemma, which for a time promised to be a second Caudian Forks to the army of the Convention.

That body was in dismay. It saw ruin and overthrow before it, and was in the greatest agitation and alarm. It needed a *General*. Menou was totally unequal to the tremendous task of conquering with six thousand men forty thousand National Guards and the tens of thousands of people who believed with them.

It was night, the 4th of October, 1795. The debates were loud, the time pressing, the danger instant. The next day the sections would march in full strength on the Convention. Its natural supporters, the common people, had by itself been rendered helpless. At this moment a thin, pale, young officer was standing among the crowd in the gallery, gazing on the tumultuous scene below and listening to the speeches of the deputies. Of a classic and noble countenance, with features a Greek might have envied; eyes penetrating and luminous with genius; a firm mouth and chin; long, lank black hair, that fell behind on his shoulders, and a swarthy olive complexion, the young officer presented an appearance of incipient power and talent, which neither his rough gray coat nor his slovenly dress could efface. He was born in Corsica upon August the 15th, 1769. He had been educated at the military schools of Brienne and Paris as a King's scholar, and had won honors for mathematical capacity. He had been for years a sub-lieutenant of artillery in the regiment of La Fère, stationed at Valence in Dauphiny.

There he had resumed his studies and was a diligent reader and a hard student. In the Revolution he had sided with the Republic, had been raised to the rank of chief of brigade of artillery, and after some skirmishing in Corsica, had, as we have described, taken an important part in the fall of Toulon. A friend of the brother of Robespierre, though not a Jacobin, after that tyrant's overthrow he had been imprisoned at Nice for a few weeks, but liberated on proof of his innocence. He won some fame in planning the attacks by which Dumerbion won Saorgia and the passes of the Alps, but had been transferred from the artillery to the infantry, and appointed to the war in La Vendée. He refused to go. He considered it an insult and a degradation. His enemy Aubry, at this time Minister of War, in March, 1795, cashiered him from the French army, on account, as he charged, of insubordination. He returned to Paris, and at this period was wandering through



NAPOLEON IN THE PRISON AT NICE, 1794.

the streets, was living on his friends, was visiting the theaters, and was engaged in mighty schemes, which then appeared the wildest of the freaks of a fervid imagination and daring intellect. This young man was Napoleon Bonaparte.

As Bonaparte was gazing on the stirring scenes transpiring below in the Convention, Barras raised his eyes and saw him. That look changed the fate of entire Europe for twenty years. Barras at once remembered Napoleon and his wonderful success at Toulon. He leaped to his feet as by an inspiration. "I know," he cried, "the man we need for this hour. He is now in the gallery. He is a little Corsican officer who so distinguished himself at Toulon. His name is Napoleon Bonaparte, and he will not stand on ceremony."

Bonaparte was immediately called to the floor of the Convention, and favorably impressed all by his modest demeanor, the sagacity of his words, and his look of superior genius. Barras was appointed general-in-chief of the forces in place of Menou, and Bonaparte his second in command, with entire power in the present crisis. Bonaparte said, like General Grant when made chief of the American army: "I will accept if I am in no way interfered with, and if my commands are obeyed. Victory is only possible on these terms." The Convention, panic-stricken, cheerfully conferred on him all the authority that he desired.

It was now eleven o'clock at night. Bonaparte was in a moment all vigor and action. He descended into the court, assumed the command, and immediately dispatched in the darkness Murat, a major of cavalry, with a force of dragoons to bring to the Tuileries the cannons at Sablons. Murat, afterwards his brother-in-law and King of Naples, set off at a gallop; reached the camp, secured the cannons, and rapidly returned to Paris. Within half an hour after he had departed from Sablons, a band of the insurgent National Guards arrived to seize the same guns.

But the star of Napoleon had now risen. The insurgents were too late. The man of destiny was on horseback, and not only sections, but nations and armies and empires and kingdoms were to go down before him, before his blood-red star had set. The cannons reached the Carrousel at five o'clock in the morning. Bonaparte immediately stationed them on all the avenues and bridges leading to the Tuileries. He placed his six thousand infantry in the most advan-

tageous positions. He caused the cavalry to be held in favorable places of reserve. It was the first independent move of the after conqueror of Arcola, of Marengo, of Austerlitz, of Jena and of Friedland—the first step upwards in a series of successes which never ceased until he occupied the imperial throne, and until his standards melted and froze in the fires of Moscow and in the snows of Russia.

Bonaparte, having made his dispositions, snatched a few hours' repose. On horseback again at an early hour, he ordered eight hundred muskets to be sent to the Convention. They desired, in surprise, to know what they were for. The iron Bonaparte replied: "You must be a reserve force. We must win in this battle, even if the Convention has to fight." They knew then the mettle of their general.

At dawn the tocsin of revolt sounded from all the Royalist sections. The sections of Lapelletier, the Jeunesse Dorée, and other insurgents ran again to arms. Forty thousand National Guards from all the streets, and along the opposite quays, marched suddenly on the Tuileries. Bonaparte was everywhere present. He inspired his soldiers and officers with the greatest enthusiasm. Thin and bronzed, yet pale, he sat on his horse like a statue. His voice was sweet, but imperative. His eyes of genius surveyed all his defenses and planned for every contingency.

At ten o'clock the head columns of the sections began to appear. They were commanded by the Royalist General Danican. They approached from the quarter of the Church of St. Roche, advanced into line, and commenced the attack. Bonaparte withheld his entire fire, until the insurgents in close and in compact array pressed almost upon his artillery. The first discharges of his cannons were, by his command, over the heads of the revolted sections. They jeered and cried out that the soldiers of the Convention dared not fire.

But the next discharge was grape and canister, full into the faces and bodies of the compact thousands of the National Guards. The roar of the cannons of Bonaparte was incessant and terrific. The insurgents fell like stubble before the scythe. The bridges and streets were piled with the dead. The cannons—Bonaparte encouraging the artillerymen—were run forward as the insurgents retreated, and again fired and yet again.

The National Guards, panic-struck at this fearful carnage,

broke, threw down their arms and fled. Some endeavored to escape by the Church of St. Roche. The cannon-balls pursued them. Others by the river, but still the rolling thunder of death was at their heels. It was a total rout.

Bonaparte rapidly returned to the opposite side of the Tuileries, just in time to meet a new assault from other portions of the insurgent sections. The same terrible cannonade, unremitting and irresistible, met the swarming armed multitudes there gathered.

The city shook with the awful clamor from Bonaparte's bronze throats of death. Houses trembled, window-glasses were shattered, and the streets around the Tuileries were strewn with débris. The sections saw lines plowed through their crowded ranks by the cannon-balls of Napoleon. They fiercely endeavored to stand their ground, and made a desperate effort to return the decimating fire. It was in vain. They shook ; they broke ; they fled, cannons and the six thousand troops of Bonaparte pursuing and slaughtering the Royalists all through the streets of Paris.

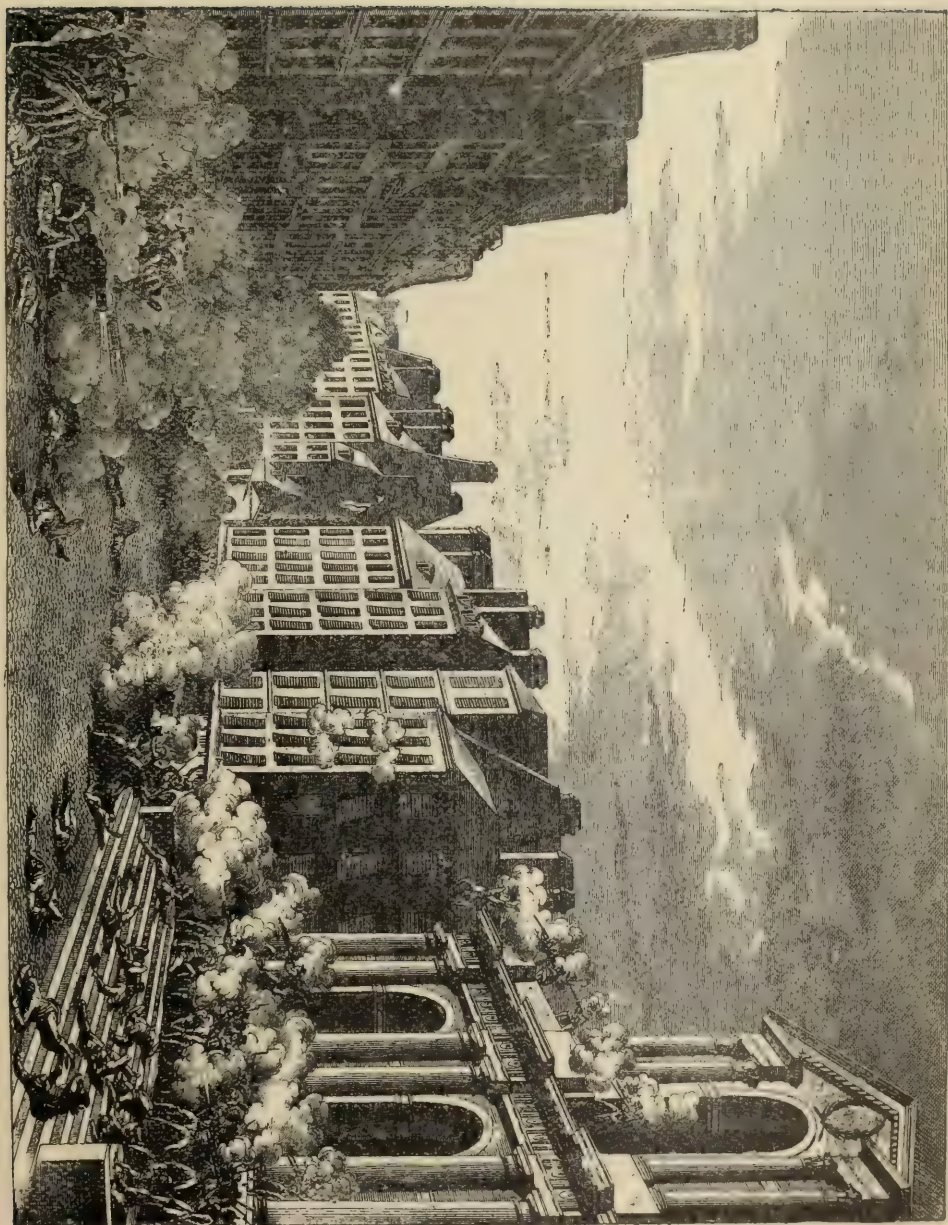
In total wreck and overthrow, what remained of the defeated sections scattered, and in terror concealed themselves in the recesses of their homes. A new and terrible power had risen in a day in Paris, and that power was *Bonaparte*.

Napoleon lost but a few soldiers. The insurgents had between five and six hundred slain, and many more wounded.

The next day Bonaparte marched his troops into the disaffected sections and disarmed the revolted National Guards. These constituted really the whole of that body. By a vote of the Convention they were immediately disbanded, and that once popular force from that hour ceased for many years to exist as a military organization. The sections, Paris, and all those parts of France which had suggested or thought rebellion, were at once cowed, silenced, and totally subdued.

The Convention created Bonaparte General-in-chief of the Army of the Interior, and by clement ways he soon pacified the city and won the affections of the people. Sympathizing with the poor in their distress, he rode freely among them, and gave them bread. Napoleon had at one bound become a great and necessary character.

BONAPARTE QUELLING THE REVOLT OF THE SECTIONS, OCTOBER 5, 1795.



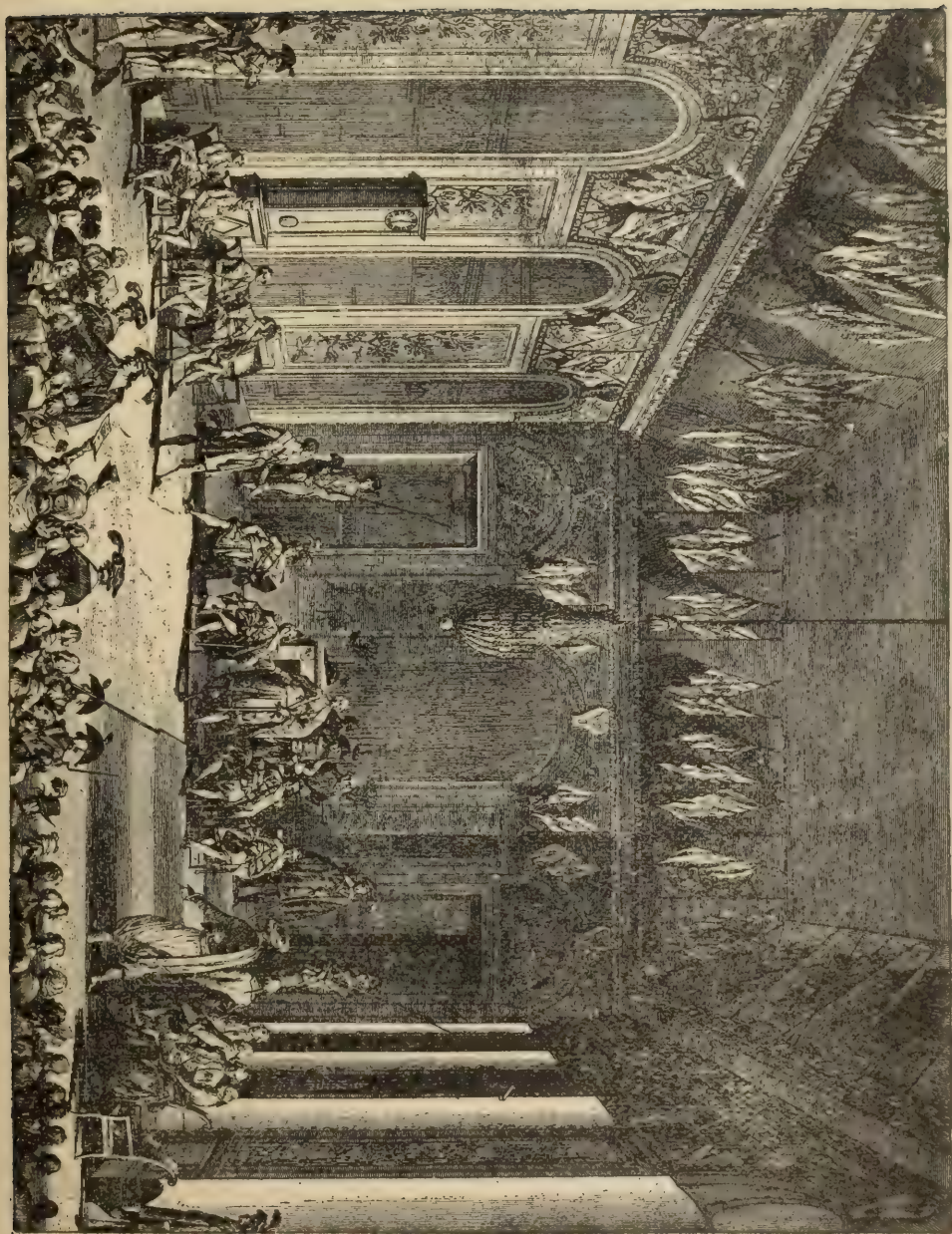
One day as he rode out—thin as a shadow, and hollow eyed and cheeked—Bonaparte saw a fierce and fat Amazon addressing a number of women. He with his staff came up. The woman cried out when she observed Napoleon, “Oh, never mind those coxcombs of officers. They feed on the fat of the land and let us poor people starve.” Bonaparte good-naturedly smiled. “Look at me, good woman,” he said, “and tell me who is the fatter, you or I.” The woman was abashed. The crowd laughed, and in great good-humor, dispersed.

The work of the Convention was now accomplished. It took but little revenge upon its enemies, and did not in any way interfere with the election of the third portion of the new Council whose suffrage was left to the people. They elected Royalists as a majority of that third. The Convention passed a general act of amnesty, and prepared to close its political existence, and hand over its power to its successors. As one of its last acts it changed the name of the Place de la Révolution into that of the Place de la Concorde.

On the 26th of October, 1795, it met for the last time as a Convention. It exhibited a merciful and clement spirit. Patriotic speeches were made, and at 12 o'clock its President declared its mission accomplished, and the Convention forever ended. On the same day the members of the Convention, who constituted two-thirds of the new councils, met in the respective bodies to which they had been elected. The five hundred re-elected members from the Convention joined the two hundred and fifty elected by the people, in the hall of the Tuileries, and the Council of Five Hundred was organized. The Ancients at the same time, with the same majority of Conventionists, met in the Riding School. The Council of Five Hundred with formal and dignified pomp submitted to the Council of the Ancients a list of fifty candidates, from which to select the new Directors.

The Council of the Ancients, as had been decided by the Convention delegates long before, selected five staunch Republicans, La Reveillere-Lepeaux, Rewbell, Letourner, Barras, and Sieyes. Sieyes declined, and Carnot was substituted in his place. La Reveillere-Lepeaux was assigned to the portfolio of the Interior and Justice, Rewbell to that of Foreign Affairs, Carnot to that of War, Letourner to that of the Navy, and Barras to that of the Police.

COURT OF THE DIRECTORY, 1796.



On the 28th day of October, 1795, the Directory, with great pomp and splendor, were installed in their office. They were conducted in procession to the palace of the Luxembourg, and immediately commenced their rule. With this event the government of Revolution closed, and a regular sovereignty was established. Thus ended one period of the most terrible, far-reaching, and bloody era, of which mention is made in any annals of mankind.

CHAPTER LII.

THE DIRECTORY, THE CONSULATE, AND THE EMPIRE.

ALTHOUGH our history of the Revolution itself naturally closes with the last chapter, yet a very brief survey of the events succeeding, until Napoleon Bonaparte was banished to St. Helena in 1815, and the Bourbon rule re-established, will not be out of place.

While the government of the Directory was feeble, inefficient, and corrupt, France was never made more powerful than by the astounding and glorious victories which at this time constantly attended the advancing and audacious banners of young Bonaparte.

Napoleon married Josephine Beauharnais in March, 1796. He received at the same time the command of the French army of Italy, and on the 27th of that month reached its head-quarters at Nice. The Italian army of France was in rags. It was half-starved, but it was composed of seasoned and disciplined veterans. It possessed in Augereau, Massena, La Harpe, Rampon and other officers, brilliant and able division and brigade commanders. Bonaparte issued a stirring address, and inspired his soldiers with an enthusiastic attachment for his person which remained his throughout his whole after-career.

Immediately putting his army in motion, Napoleon marched along the sea-coast road of the Alps, and on the 12th of April assaulted the united Sardinian and Austrian armies under General Beaulieu, on the heights of Monte Notte. He was victorious, taking many prisoners and cannons, and dividing the allied armies. The Sardinians retreated toward Turin, and the Austrians upon the Po. Young Bonaparte followed up the retreating Sardinians, and routed them at Mondovi, Millesimo, Dego, and on the road to Turin. In a month he wrested peace from the King of Sardinia, and received the surrender of the great fortresses of Tortona and Alexandria. Turning his attention to Beaulieu, Bonaparte rapidly followed the Austrians,



BONAPARTE AT THE BRIDGE OF ARCOLE, NOVEMBER 15, 1796.

crossed the Po at Valentia after a famous night march, stormed the bridge at Lodi, and entered as conqueror Milan, the capital of Austrian Italy, May 10, 1796.

He defeated a new Austrian army under General Würmser, an aged veteran, by rapid and fierce battles at Lonato, Castiglione, and St. George, and in July shut up Würmser with a wreck of his forces in the fortress of Mantua, which Bonaparte immediately proceeded to besiege. The victorious Napoleon compelled Parma and Modena to purchase peace by giving several millions of ducats, and by surrendering many rare pictures, manuscripts and books. The French general sent these literary and artistic trophies, with a vast sum of money, to the Directory at Paris, and then hurried to Florence and Leghorn, where he captured a number of English merchantmen and a large amount of English goods.

Meantime Austria, ever stubborn in defeat, sent a third army under Alvinzi down the passes of the Tyrol. Bonaparte met this new force at Roveredo, and drove it back. He encountered Alvinzi in the marshes around Arcola, and after a terrible battle of three days, fought among its dykes and lagoons, in which the heads of columns of infantry alone could meet, Napoleon defeated the Austrian forces, entering Verona (the home of Romeo and Juliet) in triumph.

In January, 1797, a fourth army was decisively defeated among the Alpine passes of Rivoli. Mantua surrendered, and Bonaparte, with greatly increased forces, reached the Tagliamento. Here he encountered the fifth Austrian army, under Austria's most celebrated general, the Archduke Charles. But the genius of Bonaparte and the devotion of the fervid French troops surmounted all obstacles. He defeated the Archduke at the Tagliamento, pursued him out of Italy into Styria, followed him from hill to hill and from mountain to mountain, routing him at New Market and other places, until, when the plains of Vienna appeared from Gratz, and the frightened Emperor fled from his capital, Austria at length demanded an armistice.

The peace of Campo Formio followed. Austria ceded to France the boundary of the Rhine, acknowledged the Cis-Alpine Republic, a creation of Bonaparte's; and in return, received all the territory of the Venetian Republic, both in Italy and Dalmatia. *This was a high-handed robbery.* So fell that historic Venice, which in the Middle Ages, and



MAGNIFICENT RECEPTION OF BONAPARTE BY THE DIRECTORY, UPON HIS RETURN TO PARIS FROM HIS ITALIAN VICTORIES, DECEMBER, 1797.

against the Turks, and in the sixteenth century, performed such miracles of valor ; an oligarchy whose merchants were, like those of ancient Tyre, "Princes" and the "honorable of the earth."

The German army of France under Moreau invaded in 1796 the Black Forest, but was defeated by the Archduke Charles. By a masterly retreat to the Rhine, in which he did not lose a musket nor a cannon, Moreau, despite his misfortunes, established his fame as a great general.

France continued at peace with Europe, outside of England and Sweden, from May, 1797, until the summer of 1798.

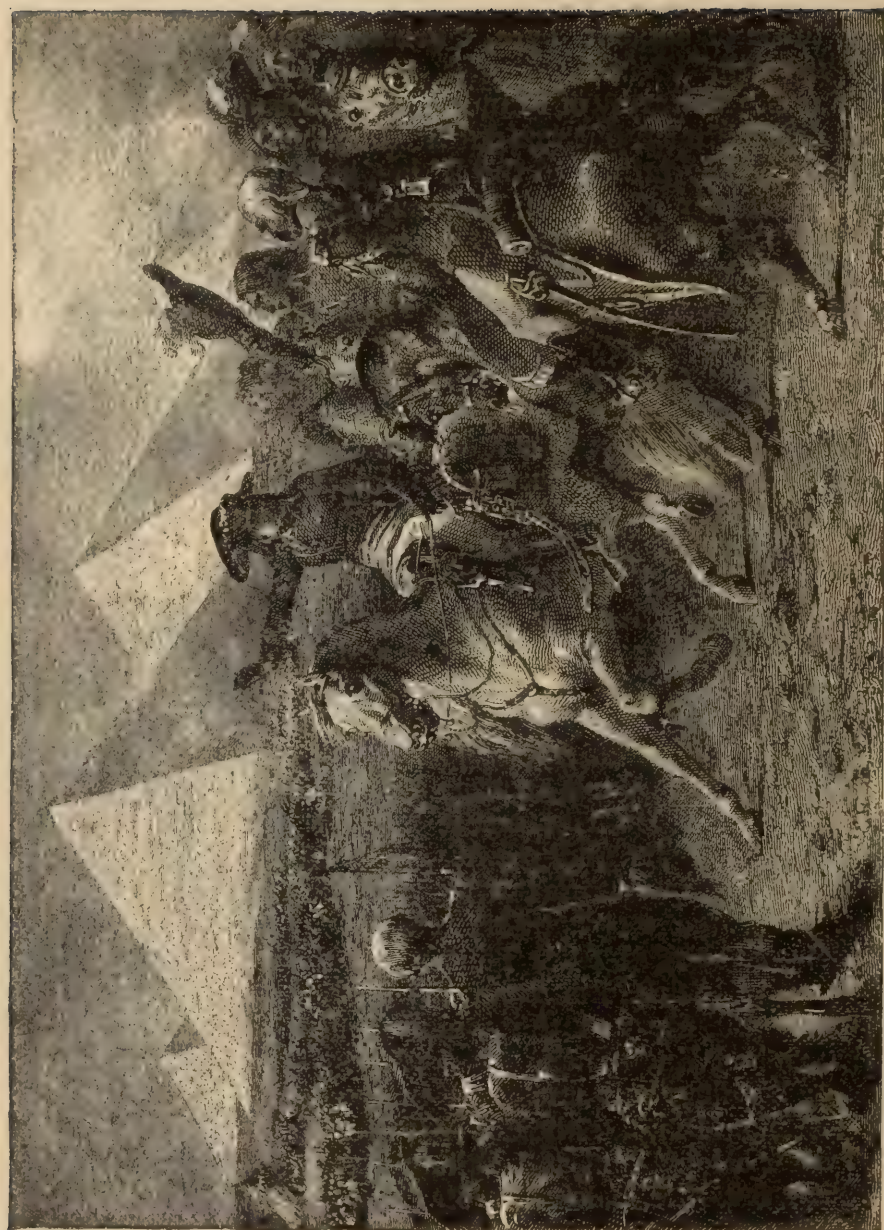
Bonaparte on his return to Paris was received with a more than a Roman triumph. Young, pale, handsome, the light of genius in his eyes and a vast military glory environing him with its halo, he was the object of the profoundest and most enthusiastic homage. The Directory feared him as the Roman Senate feared Cæsar.

The restless Napoleon, filled with dreams of Oriental conquest, persuaded the Directory to organize a fleet and army for the invasion of Egypt and to give him its command. Glad to be rid of the oppressive splendor and power of the young triumphator, they agreed to all his plans.

A great fleet under Admiral Bruyes was assembled at Toulon, in May, 1798, and an army embarked composed of forty thousand of the cream of the French soldiers. Many of them were officers and privates who had under Napoleon won the mighty victories of Italy. The destination of this immense force was kept secret.

Bonaparte sailed from Toulon on the last day of May, 1798. He took Malta from the Knights of St. John, and garrisoned it, escaped the pursuing fleet of Nelson, and in July reached Egypt, near Alexandria. He disembarked his army ; his fleet was anchored in the bay of Aboukir ; he took Alexandria, the ancient seat of the cultured Ptolemies, and after a long, hot, and thirsty march over the desert, he reached the Nile, below Cairo. The Mamelukes, who then ruled Egypt under a nominal allegiance to Turkey, raised a powerful cavalry, and encountered Bonaparte near the Pyramids. The French army was formed into squares, with cannons at the angles.

As the morning sunbeams tinted the ancient Pyramids with rose and fire, Bonaparte rode around the squares of his sol-



THE BATTLE OF THE PYRAMIDS, JULY. 1798.

diers, and lifting his "oracular" hand toward those hoary monuments, he cried: "Soldiers, from the summits of yonder pyramids, forty centuries look down upon you."

The Mamelukes, under Murad Bey, advanced with all the gleaming pomp and magnificence of silken turbans, jeweled armor, jeweled weapons, and splendid banners. Their horses were of pure Arab blood, and they were dauntless warriors. They charged with fury the Republican squares, but were received by a terrific and constant rolling fire, poured forth from the firm ranks of the French veterans, and by a hedge of bayonets. They fell in heaps, and the desert sands were strewn with the dead and wounded. Many of the Mamelukes rode their horses upon the very bayonets of the French, and mad with rage flung their pistols at the heads of the soldiers. But the stern Bonaparte directed every movement, and when the smoke of the battle had drifted away a mere remnant of the dismayed Mamelukes was seen fleeing toward the south. Egypt was conquered.

Bonaparte entered Cairo in triumphant splendor, organized a government, sent an expedition under Desaix up the Nile to pursue the flying squadrons of Murad Bey, and gave Denon an opportunity to visit those ruins of Luxor, Memphis, Thebes, and the Nile, which he has so perfectly reproduced in his magnificent work on "Egypt."

Napoleon received the title of "Sultan Kebir," the "Sultan of Fire," from the dreadful volleys of his squares during the Battle of the Pyramids, and his oriental name and this victory sent the terror of his fame far and wide through the Eastern lands.

We can only indicate that Bonaparte in March, 1799, at the head of twelve thousand men invaded Syria. He took El Arish by storm, and Joppa. At Joppa he caused all the Turkish and Arab prisoners to be taken out, chained on the sand heaps near that olden city, and *shot*. Three thousand were cruelly slain, and their bones for years remained a bleached and awful monument of French ferocity, apologized for by "necessity, the tyrant's plea."

In a battle called by the names either of Nazareth or Mount Tabor, he defeated a Turkish army, and then besieged Acre. Here he made the most strenuous efforts to win victory, but the English fleet under Sir Sidney Smith and the desperate courage of the Turks baffled all his hopes.



THE BATTLE OF THE NILE, AUGUST, 1798.

After a siege of many days he was compelled to abandon his enterprise and retreat to Egypt, harassed by the plague as well as by the enemy.

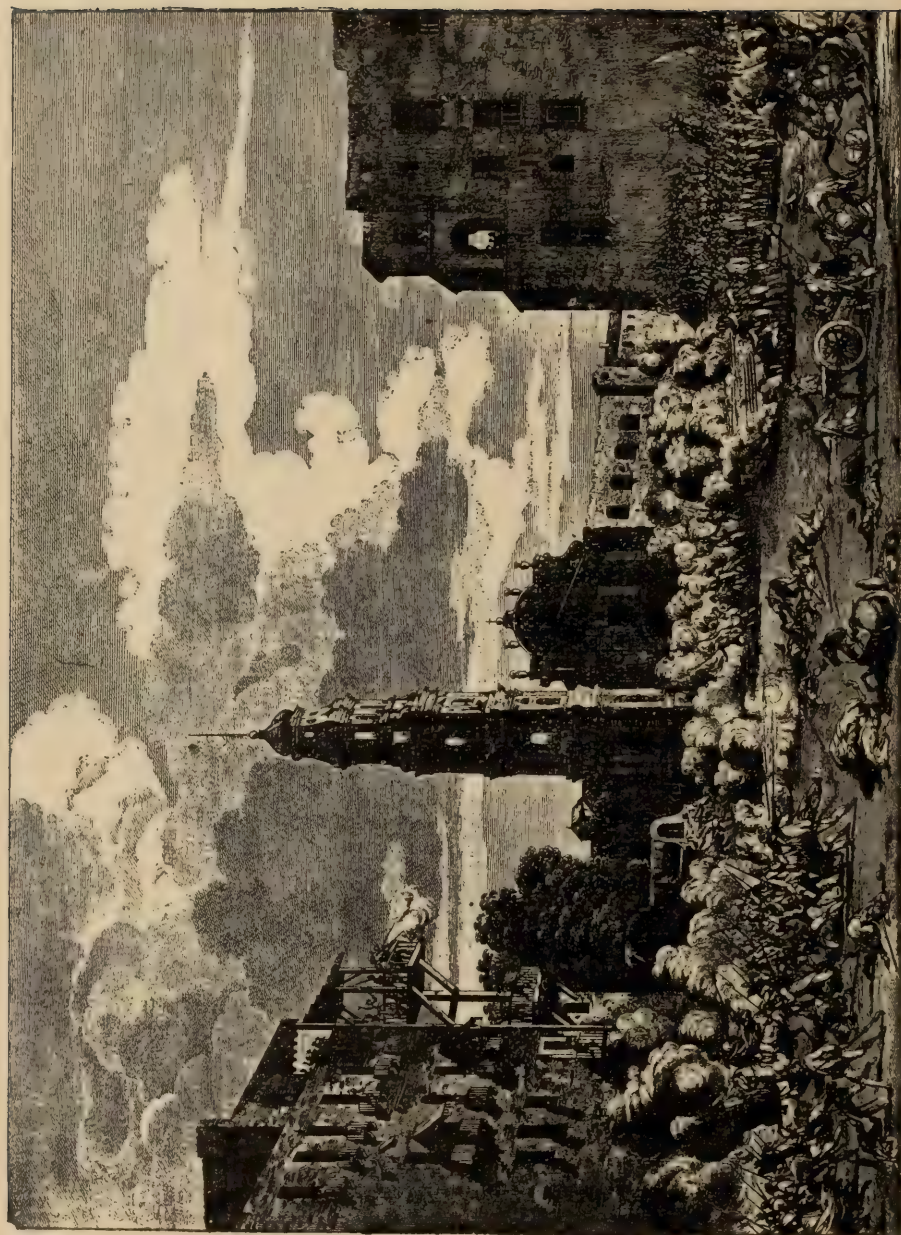
Immediately after the battle of the Pyramids Lord Nelson with the British fleet had reached Egypt, and discovered his adversary. Nelson made an instant attack upon the French ships. The battle was continued into the night of August 1st. Both French and English fought with the most devoted courage, and the brave Admiral Bruyes was killed.

In the midst of the battle the great French line-of-battle ship *L'Orient* took fire. Her heroic captain, Casabianca, was slain. His little son refused to leave his father on the ship, and the great vessel blew up finally with a force that shook the bay and land. It was so sublime and awful a spectacle that the battle paused even in the midst of its fury. Nelson won a complete victory. He captured or destroyed the whole French fleet, save two frigates which escaped. This great triumph was greeted with rapture by England and Europe, now again on the eve of war. It shut up the army of Bonaparte as though hermetically sealed in the East.

Bonaparte on his return to Egypt quelled a revolt and met an invading Turkish army in July, 1799, at Aboukir. It was totally destroyed, and its commander taken prisoner. When the stately Turk appeared before Napoleon that chieftain expressed sympathy, and affirmed that he would represent most favorably the Pasha in a letter which he proposed to send to the Sultan. "My master knows me better than thou," was the proud reply of the haughty Mohammedan.

It was at this time that Napoleon, who had received no tidings from Europe for nearly a year, learned of the renewal of war and the defeats of the French armies. "Italy is lost," he said sadly to his secretary, Bourrienne. "I must at once depart." He made secret preparations, left the army in the command of General Kleber, rode down accompanied by a few generals and officers to an obscure beach, embarked at night in the frigates awaiting him, and after a voyage of many days and some narrow escapes from the English vessels of war, landed at Frejus on the French coast in October, 1799. He was received with rapture, and greeted with ovations all the way to Paris.

During the absence of Napoleon in Egypt events in



THE FRENCH ENTERING NAPLES, 1799.

Europe transpired very differently from what they would have done had he remained. He left France great, triumphant, and at peace with the continental powers. The ambition and folly of the Directory after his departure once more plunged the Continent into war. In a cruel and arbitrary manner Switzerland was invaded and after a heroic struggle subdued, a "Helvetic Republic" being established on the ruins of her old cantonal government.

The French armies invaded the Papal territory in the summer of 1798, drove the Pope, the unfortunate Pius VI., from Rome, and so ill-treated him that he soon after expired of a broken heart at Savona.

"The Roman Republic" was organized. Advancing to the south, the Republican and atheistic armies, invited by "patriots," invaded the kingdom of Naples, and scattering the regular troops of the Bourbon King, compelled him and his wife, Caroline, the sister of Marie Antoinette, under Nelson's protection to flee to Sicily.

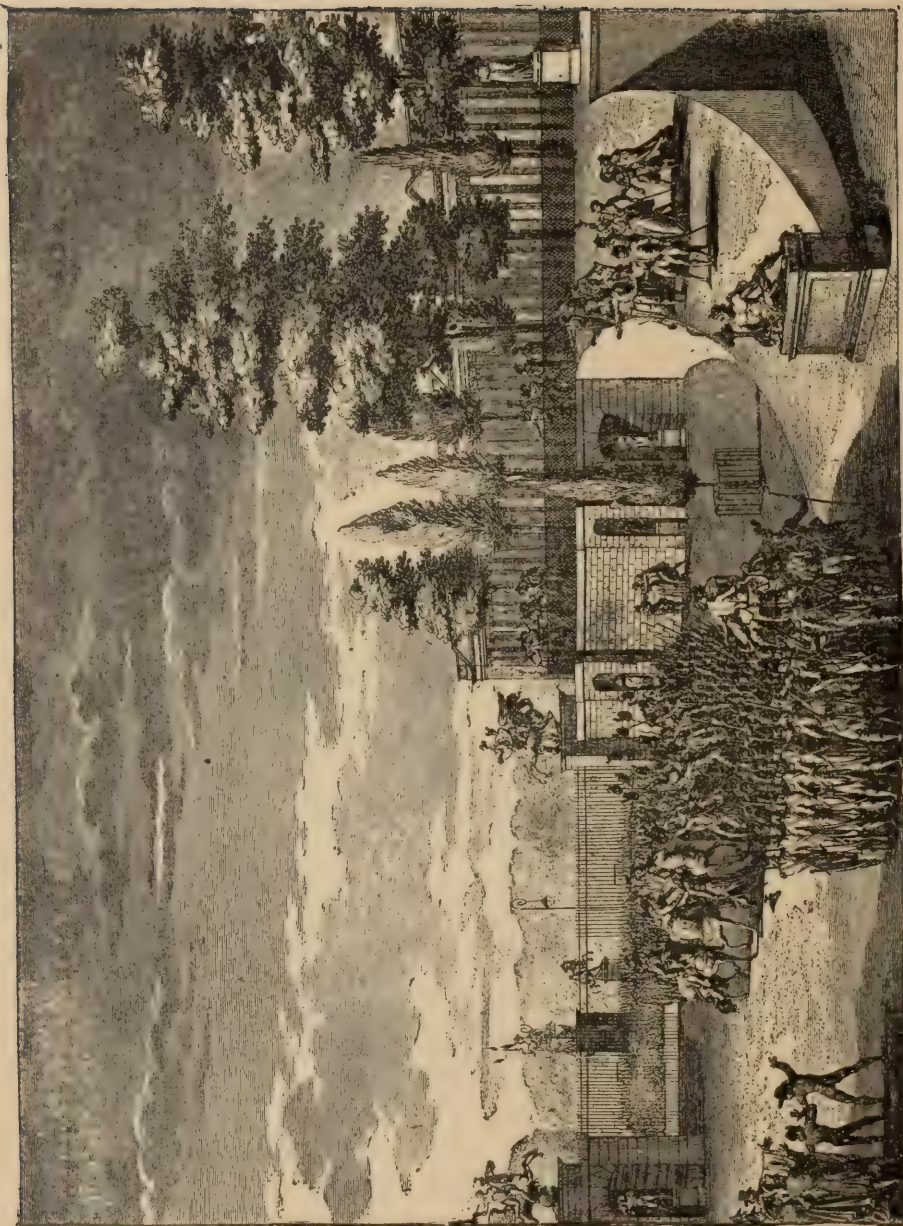
The French, under General Championnet, entered the city of Naples, and established the "Parthenopian Republic."

These aggressions and invasions aroused Austria once more to try the chances of war. The Emperor Paul of Russia, a monarch hovering constantly on the borders of insanity, sent a large Russian army under Suvaroff to aid the Austrian forces, and early in 1799 Austria renewed the conflict.

Italy became the principal battle-field. The French were compelled to concentrate their scattered forces and to evacuate Naples. Macdonald at the head of 30,000 men engaged Suvaroff and his combined Russian and Austrian forces on the banks of the river Trebbia, where two thousand years before Hannibal had routed the legions of Rome. Macdonald fought bravely, but was defeated and compelled to retreat.

Entire Italy up to the Lombard plains, Rome, Bologna, Ferrara, and Florence, were successively abandoned by the Republican armies. Other battles took place, and the French were constantly unsuccessful.

All the fruits of Bonaparte's triumphs were destroyed. In the fatal battle of Novi, in September, 1799, the French general-in-chief, Joubert, was killed, and his army, though Moreau was present, was thrown back in almost a rout. By November, 1799, the Austrians had conquered the whole of



AUGEREAU ADDRESSING THE SOLDIERS, 1797.

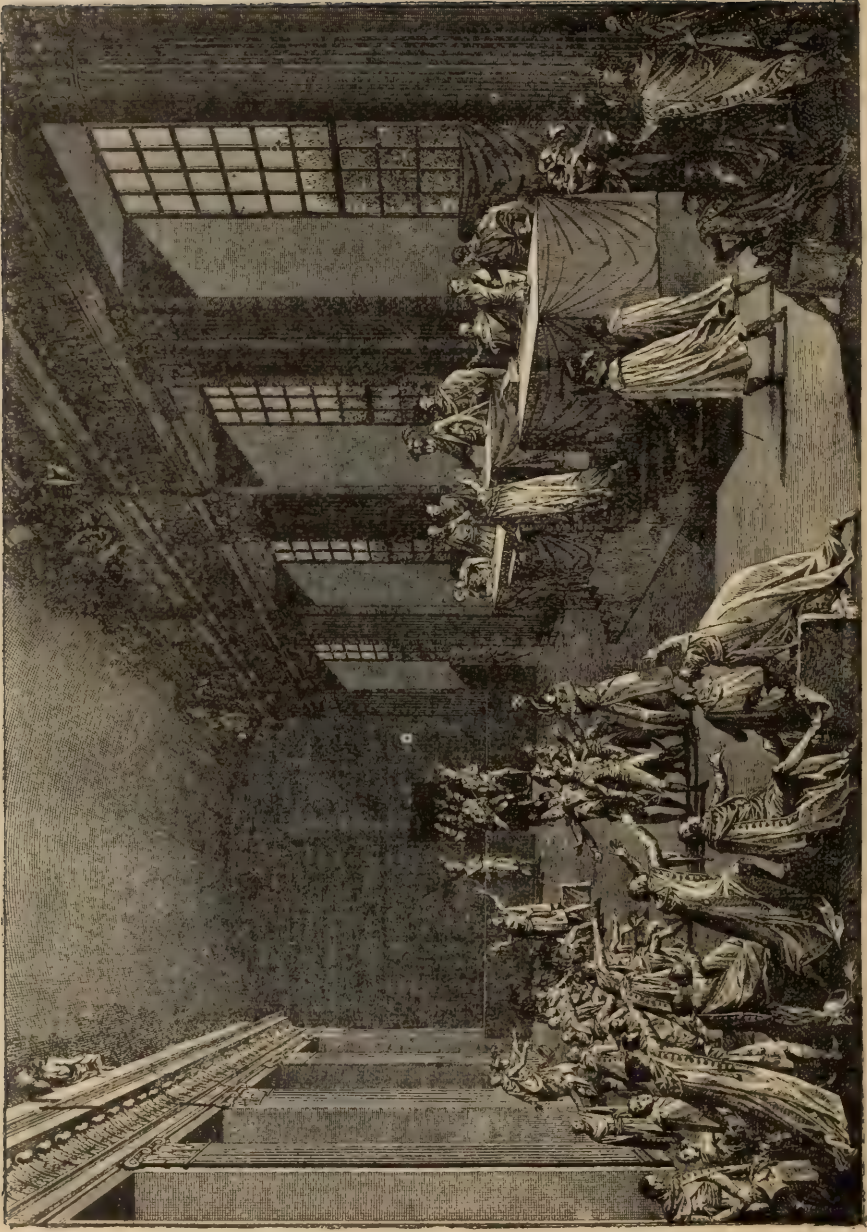
Lombardy, and, aided by the Russian troops, had entered Milan, had overrun the plains of Piedmont, had captured all the great fortresses of the Alps, and were preparing to besiege Genoa. They even threatened France itself. The Republic longed for Bonaparte. That hero at this most critical moment was hastening over the seas to its rescue. France was saved, however, for the hour by General Massena.

The Russians after Novi crossed the Alps and appeared in Switzerland. Massena and his army of determined and veteran French resolved to make one more great stand for victory. A terrible battle ensued at Zurich, where Zwingle had once lived and preached. The Russian commander, Korkasoff, fought with that resolute courage characteristic of his nature, but after a fierce struggle was fatally defeated and forced into a ruinous retreat, without cannons and almost without arms. Suvaroff came to his assistance after a dreadful march over the Gothard, but too late. The old general had been delayed by his artillery, which he was compelled to send around by the pass of the Splügen.

The defeated Russians found their way into Southern Germany, but while there the Emperor Paul, disgusted by defeat and what he believed to be the treachery of Austria, capriciously withdrew his armies from the alliance, and ordered the whole of his troops back to Russia. He received Suvaroff coldly, placing him in disgrace. Suvaroff in the gloom of the imperial frown chafed and died early in 1800. The victory of Zurich and the futile expedition of the Duke of York into Holland, from which that imbecile chief was soon expelled, placed the Directory in a more favorable position. It was at this vital moment that Bonaparte entered Paris.

The domestic government of the Directory had always been feeble and unjust. It was often cruel and tyrannical. At one time in the spring of 1797 its majority was Royalist in sentiment, and had not Bonaparte sent Augereau and some soldiers to aid the Republican minority, the Bourbon monarchy might have been restored. But Augereau rallied the regular troops in Paris. The Royalist Directors were arrested and exiled, and rigid Republicans took their place. This was called the Revolution of the 18th Fructidor, and took place while Napoleon was yet commanding in Italy.

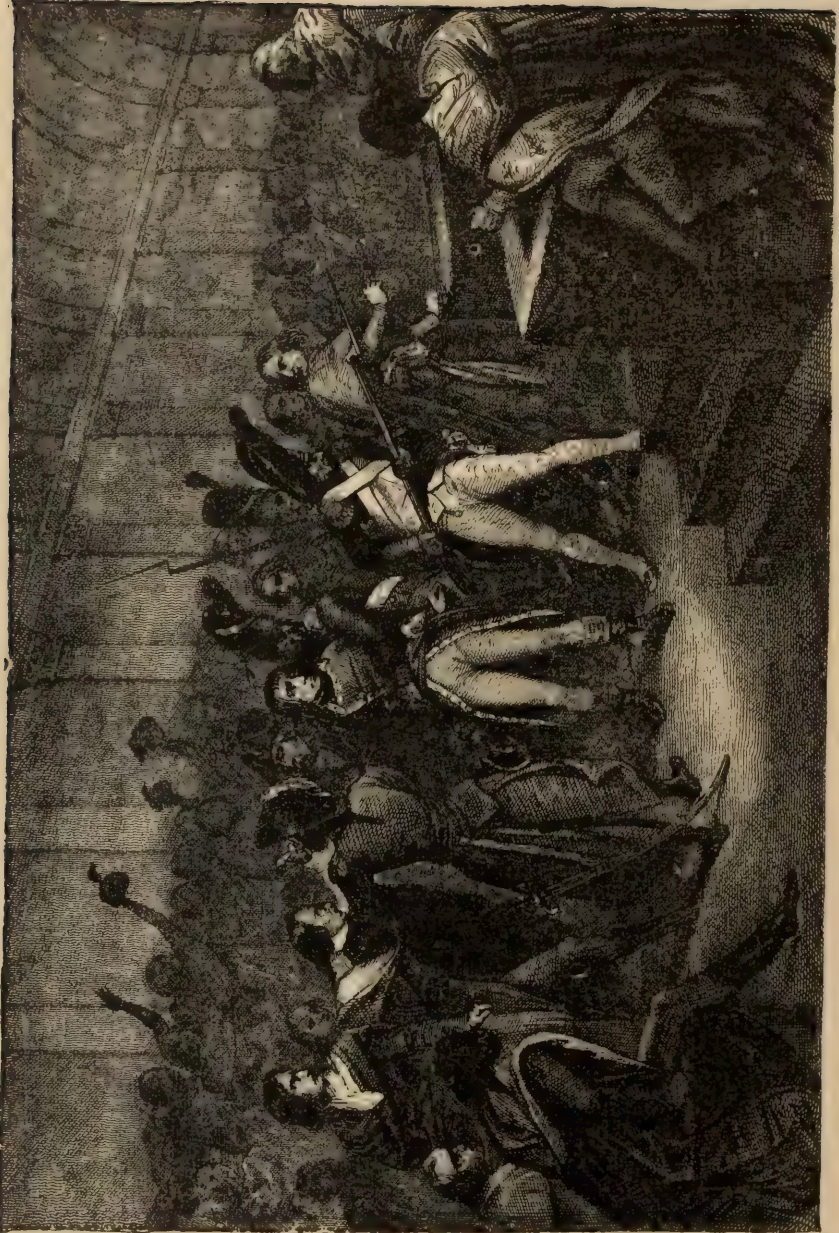
Though through 1798 and 1799 the Directory remained



BONAPARTE BEFORE THE COUNCIL OF FIVE HUNDRED, NOVEMBER, 1798.

substantially Republican, yet its influence, because of its corruption and its defeats, became less and less. The French nation turned in hope alone to young Napoleon. The finances were in wretched disorder and the bonds of society became loosened. Robbers and brigands overran the whole country. Chouanry in a thieving form infested the West. The conscription was resisted. Georges Cadoudal raised the Chouans of Brittany and the Royalists of La Vendée, and renewed on a small scale the war against the Republic. England was a constant menace, and Austria was preparing to inflict on Dauphiny and Provence what she had herself endured on the plains of Lombardy and in Belgium. At this time the Directory consisted of Moulins, Gohier, Sieyes, Barras, and Roger Ducos.

On his entrance into Paris Napoleon was received with enthusiasm by the soldiers and people, and with cold but veiled distrust by the government. From the moment that he realized the actual situation of France, the disgust of the nation with the Directory, and its affectionate enthusiasm for himself, Bonaparte resolved without further delay to seize the supreme authority. The great soldiers then in Paris were almost unanimously in his favor. The troops of the line greeted his presence, whenever he appeared among them, with "Long live Bonaparte!" Murat, Lefebvre, Kellermann, and many other generals became his active coadjutors in the conspiracy to overthrow the Directory. "Are you not tired of the rule of lawyers?" said Bonaparte to the rough and veteran Lefebvre. "Yes, yes," cried the general with emotion; "let us throw the lawyers into the river." Napoleon won Moreau to his side by presenting to that officer a splendid sabre which Bonaparte had won at Mt. Tabor. He brought to bear all his eloquence and fascination to capture Bernadotte, but that cold and selfish Republican was incorrigible. All that could be obtained from him was the reluctant promise to "keep quiet." In the ranks of the Directory also Napoleon won adherents. Sieyes and Roger Ducos became his active partisans. Barras was cowed into a forced compliance, but General Moulins and Gohier threatened resistance. Bonaparte acted with decision, and was assisted by the counsels of Talleyrand. He caused himself to be placed, by authority of a decree issued by the Council of the Ancients, in the military command of all the troops in and around Paris. He issued a strong



BONAPARTE RESCUED FROM THE COUNCIL OF FIVE HUNDRED BY HIS GRENADIERS,
NOVEMBER, 1799.

address to the soldiers, and announced his new commission. The Council of the Ancients decreed that both councils should remove their session to the Palace of St. Cloud, eight miles from Paris.

On the 18th of Brumaire, 1799, the decree was carried out. A brilliant assemblage of generals and officers filled the spacious rooms and halls of Napoleon's abode in the Rue Chanteraine. The streets were crowded with a shouting multitude of citizens and soldiery. Napoleon placed Moreau in command of the Directorial Guards and imprisoned Moulins, Gohier, and Barras in the Luxembourg.

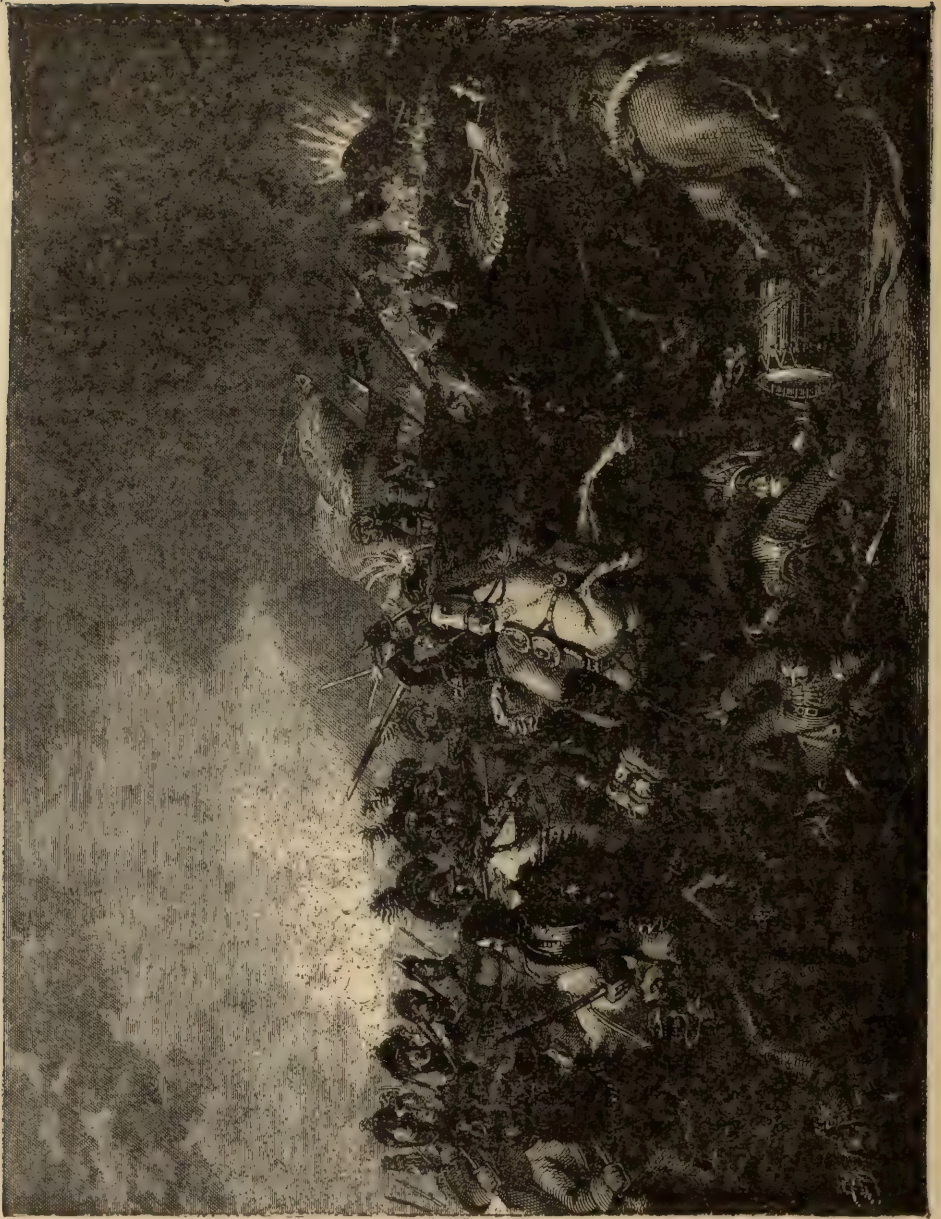
When Bonaparte heard that Santerre the brewer was seeking to rouse the Faubourgs he sent word to Moulins : "General, I hear that Santerre is trying to originate a revolt. Tell him, from me, that if he does not instantly cease I will at once have him *shot*." Santerre felt the power of the iron hand of Napoleon, and meekly hid himself.

The details of the events of the celebrated 18th and 19th Brumaire, 1799, belong to the history of Napoleon. Suffice to say that all the plans of Bonaparte succeeded.

He went with cavalry and infantry to St. Cloud. He was resisted by the Council of Five Hundred, and met with fierce cries of "Down with the Dictator !" "Down with the new Cromwell !" But Bonaparte summoned his soldiers as a last resort, and his grenadiers finally drove the enraged Assembly out through the doors and windows.

A mere rump met at midnight, and in unison with the Council of the Ancients decreed the abolishment of the Directory, and of their own existence. They substituted three provisional Consuls to administer the government until the people should decide as to their future rulers. Bonaparte, Sieyes, and Roger Ducos were nominated Consuls. Sieyes soon gave place to Cambaceres.

The elections, by overwhelming majorities, proved that however violent the changes had been at St. Cloud, yet that they were according to the popular will. Bonaparte assumed the title of First Consul, and gathered into his own autocratic hands the whole civil and military power of France. A Senate, a Tribune, and an Executive Council completed the new régime. As the English Revolution had accepted the despotism of Cromwell, so new France, tired of anarchy and misrule, threw itself into the arms of young Bonaparte.



CHARGE OF THE BRITISH CAVALRY AT WATERLOO, JUNE 18, 1815

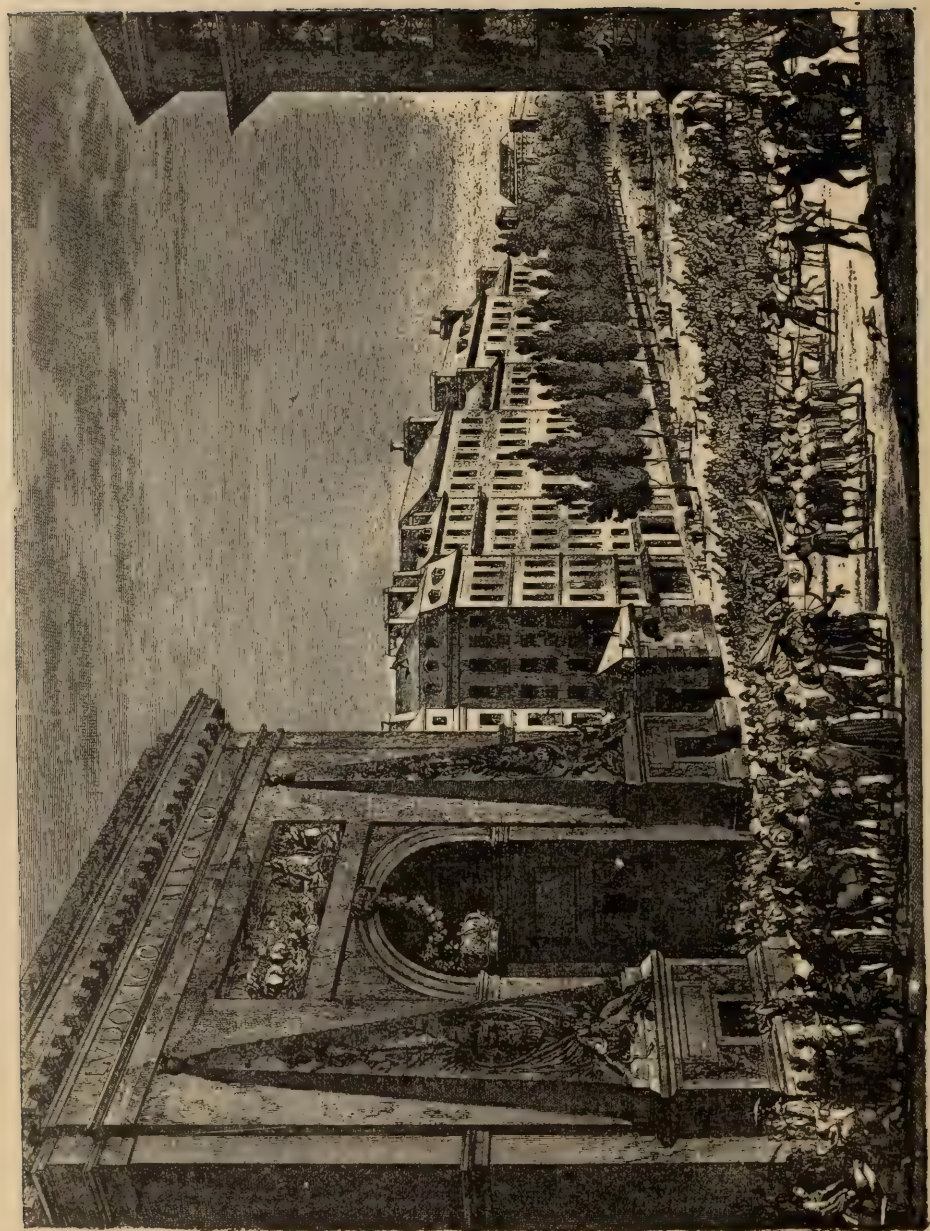
It remains for the historian of the rule of that epochal man to recount the ascending and astonishing glories of his career for many years, and the ultimate total failure of his power, and collapse of his empire. What a story can be told, unmatched in human history. Napoleon crowded into fifteen years what Rome had only achieved by centuries of conquest. He re-conquered Italy on the plains of Marengo, and wrested—after Moreau's winter victory amid the forests of Hohenlinden—a most favorable peace from Austria. He made peace with England in 1801. He restored order, law, and prosperity to France. He gave his Code Napoleon to the courts, and by his Concordat with the Pope made the Revolution bow before the cross.

Some of his old generals who hated all religion growled. "You are restoring," said one, "that which it cost the blood of a million Frenchman to destroy." But Bonaparte calmly persevered in his reorganizing work. He gave full toleration to the Protestants and to the Jews, and became the protector of the Church of the Vaudois.

In 1802, he was elected First Consul of France for life, and in May, 1804, he ascended the Imperial throne.

Passing over the conspiracies which he encountered, his murder of the Duke d'Enghien and his banishment of Moreau, we can contemplate his magnificent coronation in Notre Dame, on the 2d of December, 1804, and his almost equally splendid assumption of the Iron Crown of Italy, at Milan, in May, 1805.

Napoleon now began to exhibit his ambitious designs so openly, having broken again with England in 1803, that a vast coalition was formed against him. At Ulm, by capturing 30,000 Austrians; at Vienna, by taking that city; and on the icy plains of Austerlitz in December, 1805, Bonaparte prostrated Austria and drove back in defeat her Russian allies. In 1806 he created the Confederation of the Rhine, and made himself its Protector. He gave the Crown of Holland to his brother Louis, and that of Naples to his brother Joseph. He made his allies Kings and Princes, and restored titles of nobility throughout all his domains. When Prussia declared war against him in September, 1806, in a single day, October 14th, he beat down her power into the dust on the fatal fields of Jena and Austerlitz. He defeated Russia at Eylau and Friedland, and by the Peace of Tilsit made himself dominator of the north as he had



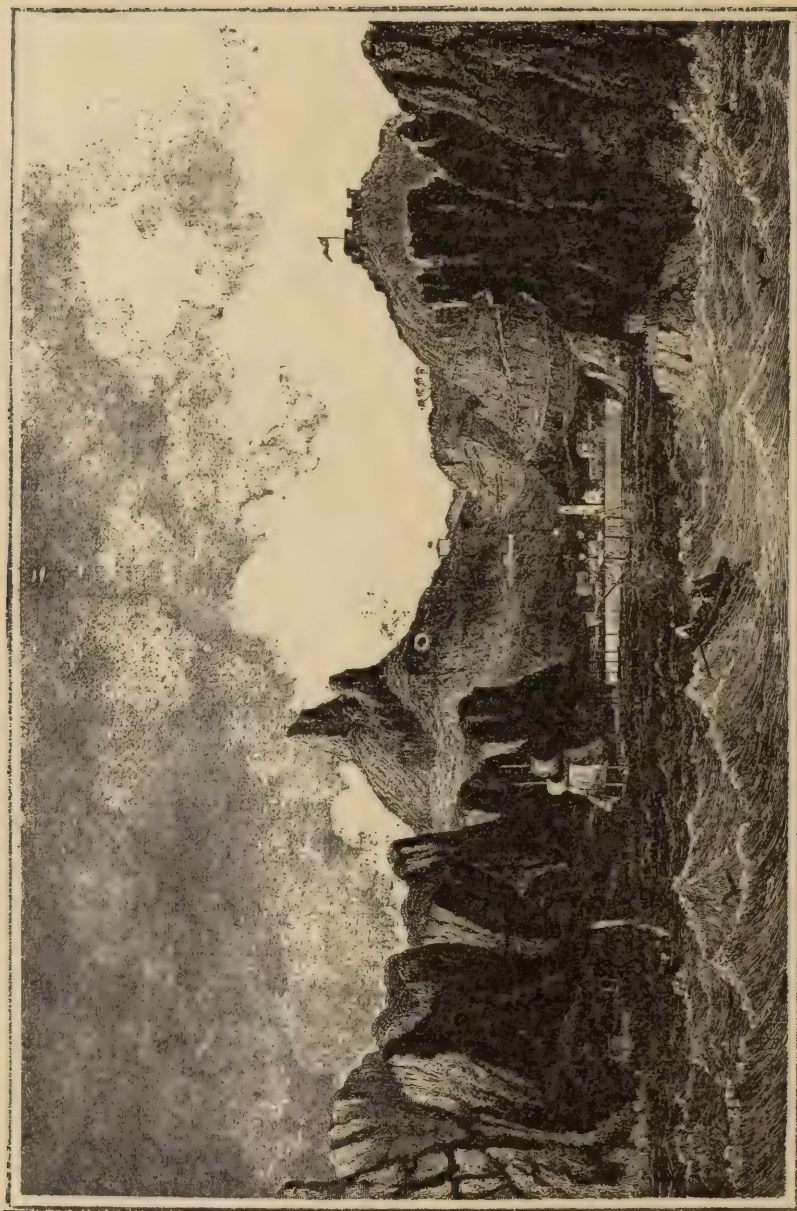
ENTRANCE INTO PARIS OF LOUIS XVIII., MAY, 1814.

so long been of the south of Europe. He carved out of subject-Germany a new kingdom, baptized it Westphalia, and made his foolish brother Jerome its sovereign. Irresistible in the North, he now turned to Spain, captured the old Bourbon dynasty, imprisoned it in France, and crowned his brother Joseph in Madrid King of Spain and the Indies. But by this vast mistake and crime Napoleon "overleaped himself." The stern, fierce, rugged Spaniards rose in terrible fury. Armies seemed to spring from the ground. England sent her troops, and in the long conflict of six years, she illustrated on her triumphal fields of Talavera, Salamanca, and Vittoria, in the trenches of Badajoz, and before the walls of Toulouse, that the same blood which had made possible in the Middle Ages Cressy, Poitiers, and Agincourt still flowed in undiminished valor through the veins of her warriors.

The Spanish ulcer undermined the power of Napoleon. In 1809 he again waged war with Austria, and at Essling and Wagram he conquered. In 1810 he reached the culmination of his immense and splendid empire. The Continent of Europe seemed at his feet. England, with revolted Spain and Portugal, were his only antagonists. He had driven Louis from the throne of Holland, and annexed everything up to the Baltic Sea to his vast sway. He had imprisoned the Pope, and made Rome the second Capital of his Empire.

He had divorced the faithful Josephine, the wife of his youth, and had married Marie Louise, a daughter of the Cæsars. In March, 1811, the booming of the cannons of the Invalides announced to loyal and rejoicing France that a son and heir had been born to the mighty Napoleon. And now schemes of Universal Empire dawned upon the intoxicated mind and swayed the fevered and restless heart of this pampered "child of victory,"—visions of a Europe with one court, one ruler, one empire, and he its chief, vexed and deluded his intellect. His giant imagination tempted onward his giant ambition, and he thought of the time when the world might be his. A partial insanity of pride and confidence clouded his mind and affected his judgment.

In June, 1812, the fated Russian war began. Napoleon led across the Niemen 500,000 of the best equipped and most disciplined soldiers Europe had ever seen arrayed under one victorious banner. That campaign has been minutely



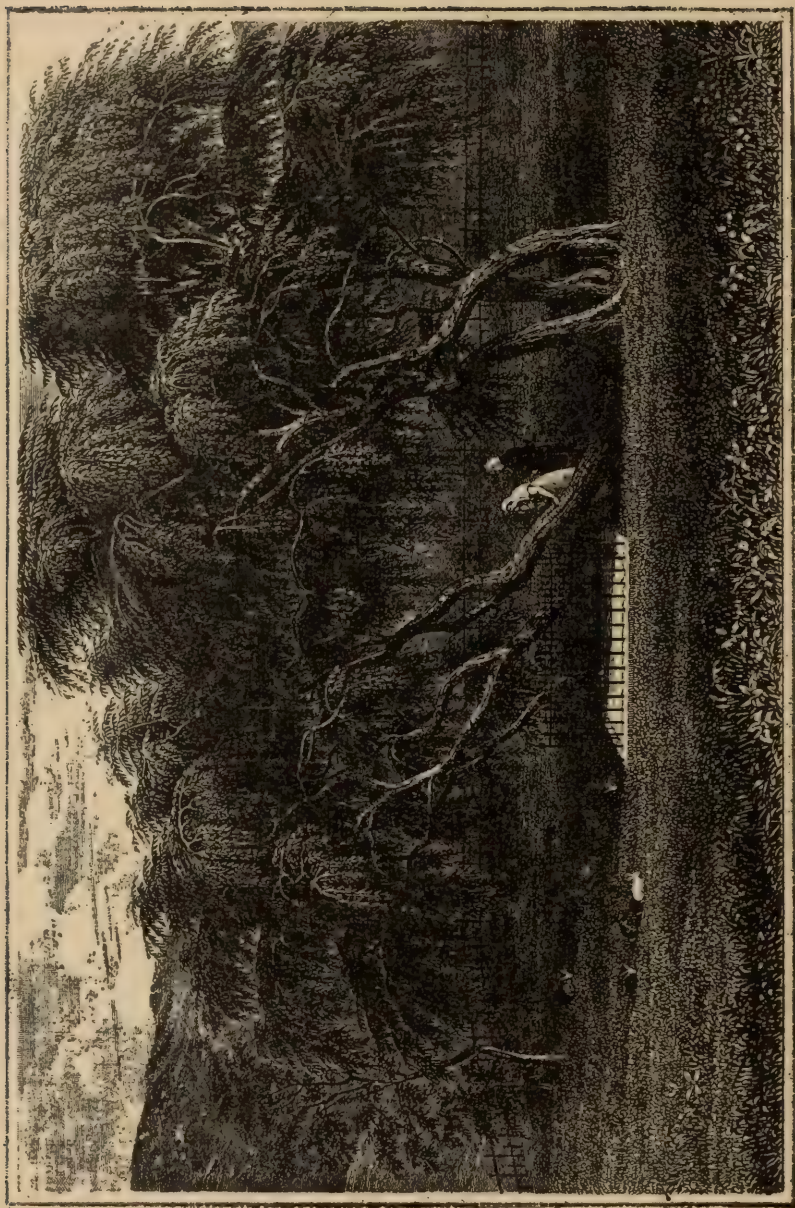
ST. HELENA IN 1816.

described in the vivid pages of Segur, Labaume, Tolstoi, and Dr. Porter. The Russians retreated, and Napoleon pursued them. The austere Scythians led him six hundred miles into the interior; they burned Smolensk; they vainly battled at Borodino; they forsook Moscow,—and when the army of Napoleon reached the famous capital of the Czars, Count Rotopschin, as he left, set it on fire. The city soon became a volcano. “It was,” said Napoleon, “the most sublime and awful spectacle the world has ever seen, a sky and clouds of flame, a great billowy ocean of fire, leaping up in giant waves to the burning heavens and then sinking back again.”

Napoleon was compelled to retreat at the commencement of the Russian winter. The awful ruin which accompanied that march must be told by other pens than ours. The snow fell, and the soldiers perished by the thousands. They fought bravely the pursuing Russians, but could not resist the cold. Their ranks were decimated, and of 600,000 men who as a whole entered Russia not more than 50,000 escaped.

The vast disaster of the Russian campaign aroused Europe to patriotic effort and resistance against the terrible despotism of Napoleon. But he raised new armies and was again a victor when Prussia rushed to battle upon the fields of Lutzen and Bautzen. But the nations were now in earnest. Austria united with Prussia and Russia, and in the dreadful three days’ battle of Leipsic Bonaparte was finally overthrown and driven in ruinous retreat from Germany.

On every side in January, 1814, he was engirdled by foes: Wellington from the south, the Allies from the east, the revolted Dutch from the north. His empire fell like a fabric of cardboards. The nations he had controlled forsook his standard. Bavaria and the South, Holland and Naples ranged themselves on the side of the victorious allies. Napoleon fought and yet won battles during his despairing efforts in February and March, 1814. But it was in vain. The Allies entered Paris, and on the 11th of April he was compelled to abdicate his throne. The Allies restored the Bourbons and the white flag, and Louis XVIII. assumed the crown. For a year Napoleon made an effort to be contented at Elba. But a little island could not restrain energies for which Europe had seemed too small. The lion broke loose again once more. Napoleon landed in France, and her armies rushed to his standard. He entered Paris



NAPOLÉON'S TOMB, ST. HELENA, 1822.

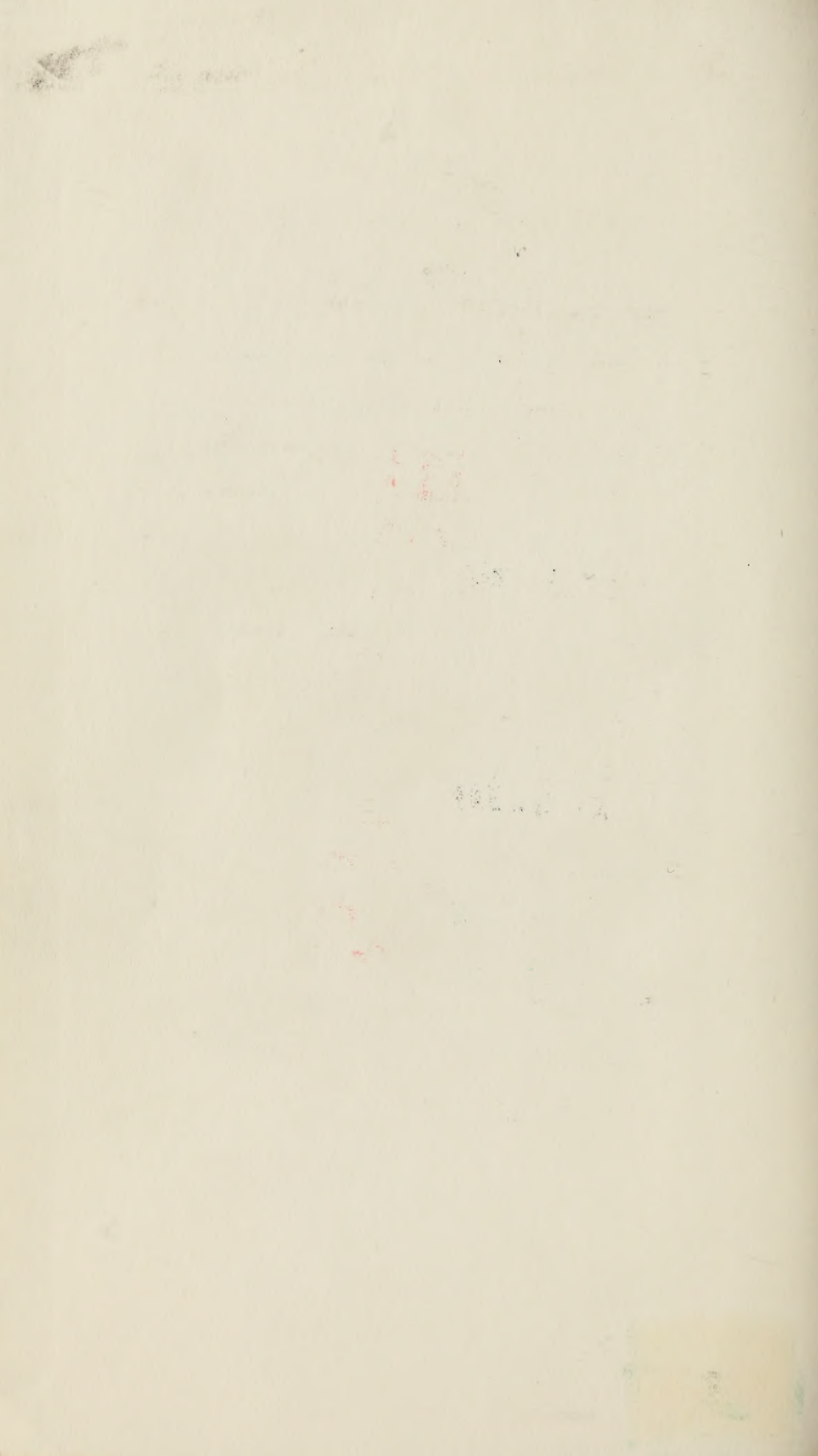
and ruled for a few weeks. But the forces of his enemies were in motion, and the Kings and Emperors he had once trodden under foot *outlawed* him. Unreconciled, they would have no peace with Bonaparte. With one hundred and twenty thousand men Napoleon met his foes on the plains of Belgium. A futile victory over the Prussians, which he won at Ligny on the 16th of June, 1815, cast a last deceitful glory over his banners; but two days after, on the terrific field of Waterloo, the army of Napoleon was irretrievably defeated and his empire destroyed.

We will not follow him in his pitiful flight to Paris; in his second abdication; in his effort to escape to America; nor tell how England received him as a guest, held him as a prisoner, hurried him over the tempestuous Atlantic, and chained him for life to the far-off and barren rock of St. Helena. There he endured six years of misery, and there in 1821, on the 5th of May, while the "thunder drums of heaven" were rolling and a hurricane lashed the ocean to foam, and shook the very rocks of that dismal island,—with the words, "France—Josephine—Head of the Army"—Napoleon passed into eternity.

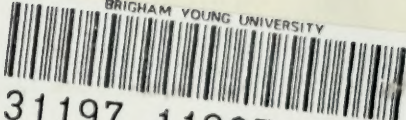
" Since he misnamed the morning star,
Nor man nor fiend hath fallen so far."

Louis XVIII. again entered the Tuileries, after Napoleon's final overthrow; and the white banner of the Bourbons once more dominated over France.

THE END.



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